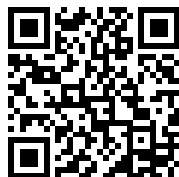
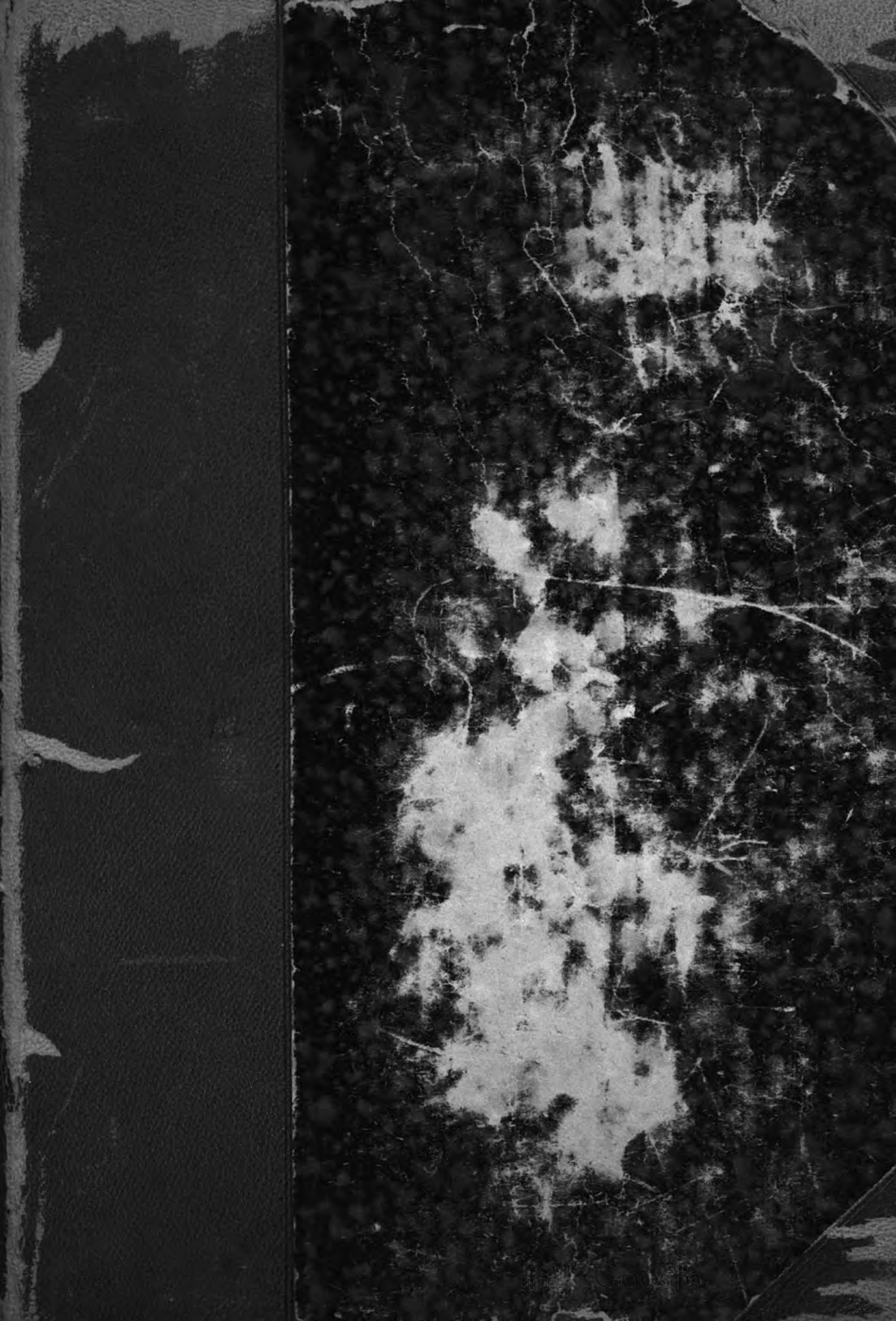

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THE PALACE OF GONDOFORUS.

(A Legend of St. Thomas.)

BY H. H.

WHEN King Gondoforus desired
To have a palace built that should
Be finer than all palaces
Which in the Roman Empire stood,

He sent his provost Abanes
To search the countries far and wide
For builders and for architects,
Whose skill and knowledge had been tried.

Then God unto St. Thomas said:
"Go, Thomas, now, and tell this king
That thou wilt build a palace which
Immortal fame to him shall bring."

Then to the saint, Gondoforus
Gave stores of silver and of gold,
And precious stones and jewels rich;
Nought did the eager king withhold.

"Now see thou build, O saint," he cried,
All proud and arrogant of mien—
"Now see thou build right speedily
Such palace as was never seen!"

Then to far countries journeyed he—
Two years and more he staid away;
At other sovereigns' palaces
All scornful gazing, he would say:
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"St. Thomas, sent from God, doth build
For me a palace. God hath said
Its splendor an immortal fame
Upon my name and reign shall shed."

Gondoforus returned and sought
With eager haste his palace site;
The field was bare as when he went,
The sod with peaceful daisies white!

"What has the man called Thomas done
With all my gold?" he hotly cried.
"Given it all unto the poor,"
The courtiers sneeringly replied.

The king, in rage no words could tell,
St. Thomas into prison threw,
And racked his brains to think what he
For fitting punishment could do.

That very day, his brother died;
His vengeance now must cool and wait;
Until a royal tomb was built,
The royal corpse must lie in state.

Lo! on the fourth day, sat erect
The royal corpse, and cried aloud,
While all the mourners and the guards
Fled terror-stricken in a crowd:

"O king! O brother! listen now.
 These ~~four~~ ^{my} days I in Paradise
 Have wander'd, and return to tell
 Thee what I saw with my own eyes,
 This man whom thou wouldst torture is
 God's servant, dear to God's own heart.
 Behold, the angels showed to me
 A palace wrought with wondrous art,

"Of silver, gold, and precious stones:
 Most marvelously it did shine;
 And when I asked whose name it bore,
 O brother! then they told me thine!

"St. Thomas this hath built,' they said,
 'For one Gondoforus, a king.'
 'It is my brother!' I exclaimed,
 And fled to thee the news to bring."

Then fell the royal corpse again
 Back, silent, solemn in its state;
 Until the royal tomb was built,
 The royal corpse must lie and wait.

Oh! swift the king the prison doors,
 With his own hands, did open wide.
 "Come forth! come forth! O worthy saint!"
 He, kneeling on the threshold, cried.

"The dead from heaven this day hath come,
 To tell me how in Paradise
 The palace thou has built for me
 Shines beautiful in angels' eyes.

"Come forth! come forth! O noble saint!
 And graciously forgive my sin.
 As honored guest, my palace gates
 Oh condescend to enter in!"

Then, smiling, said St. Thomas, calm
 And gracious as an angel might:
 "O king! didst thou not know that we
 Build not God's palaces in sight

"Of men, nor from the things of earth?
 All heaven lieth full and fair
 With palaces which charity
 Alone can build, alone can share.

"Before the world began, were laid
 Their bright foundations by God's hand,
 For Charity to build upon,
 As God and his son Christ had planned.

"No other palaces endure;
 No other riches can remain;
 No other kingdoms are secure;
 No other kings eternal reign."

Henceforth the king, Gondoforus,
 Went on his way, triumphant, glad,
 Remembering what a palace he
 Already in the heavens had.

No more the Roman emperors
 With envy could his bosom move.
 How poor their palaces by side
 Of one not made with hands, above!

His treasures in the good saint's hands
 He poured, and left for him to use,
 In adding to that palace fair
 Such courts and towers as he might choose.

And there to-day they dwell, I ween,
 With other saints and other kings:
 And roam with hosts of angels bright,
 From place to place, on shining wings.

THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

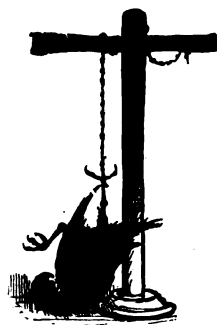
(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIÈRE.)

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

[Last winter, when I turned this charming little story into English,—for the entertainment of two small critics, who were amiable enough to accord the translation their difficult approval,—I was not aware that the interesting cat of Mother Michel had already domesticated itself in this country. Indeed, it was not until these pages were in type that I learned the fact. On finding that a translation of M. Bédollière's story had appeared in Philadelphia ten or eleven years ago, my impulse was to suppress my own version; but, on reflection, I decided to print it. There are I know not how many translations of the "Iliad." Now, the cat Moumouth is every inch as fine a fellow, in his way, as Achilles, and very much superior to many of the impossible persons who figure in the siege of Troy. In one respect, he is superior to Achilles himself—there is no weak spot in Moumouth's heel! It seems to me that two translations of the narrative recording his adventures are not too many. Moreover, if I were to destroy my work, the world would lose the exquisite series of *silhouettes* which Mr. Hopkins has prepared to illustrate the text. These drawings are so ingenious and spirited, that they form in themselves a sufficient excuse for a twice-told tale.—T. B. ALDRICH.]

CHAPTER I.

HOW MOTHER MICHEL MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HER CAT.



Roch-Eustache-Jérémie, Count of Grenouillère, had fallen gloriously at the battle of Fontenoy.



THE APE FATALLY EXPOSES HIMSELF.

on the 11th of May, 1745. The noble widow had long mourned for him, and even now at times wept

over his death. Left without children, and almost entirely alone in the world, she gave herself up to a strange fancy,—a fancy, it is true, which in no manner detracted from her real virtues and admirable qualities: she had a passion for animals. And an unhappy passion it was, since all those she had possessed had died in her arms.

The first, in date, in her affections had been a



THE COUNTESS DISTRIBUTES ALMS.

green parrot, which, having been so imprudent as to eat some parsley, fell a victim to frightful colics. An indigestion, caused by sweet biscuits, had taken from Madam de la Grenouillère a pug-dog of the most brilliant promise. A third favorite, an ape of a very interesting species, having broken his chain one night, went clambering over the trees in the garden, where, during a shower, he caught a cold in the head, which conducted him to the tomb.

Following these, the Countess had birds of divers kinds; but some of them had flown away, and the others had died of the pip. Cast down by such continuous disasters, Madam de la Grenouillère shed many tears. Seeing her inconsolable, the friends of the Countess proposed successively squir-



THE BOYS AFTER THE CAT.

rels, learned canaries, white mice, cockatoos; but she would not listen to them; she even refused a superb spaniel who played dominoes, danced to music, ate salad, and translated Greek.

"No, no," she said, "I do not want any more animals; the air of my house is death to them."

She had ended by believing in fatality.

One day, as the Countess was leaving the church, she saw a crowd of boys hustling and elbowing each other, and giving vent to peals of joyous laughter. When, seated in her carriage, she was able to overlook the throng, she discovered that the cause of this tumult was a poor cat to whose tail the little wretches had tied a tin saucepan.

The unfortunate cat had evidently been running a long time, for he seemed overcome with fatigue. Seeing that he slackened his speed, his tormentors formed a circle around him, and began pelting him with stones. The luckless creature bowed his head, and, recognizing that he was surrounded by none but enemies, resigned himself to his hard fate with the heroism of a Roman senator. Several stones had already reached him, when Madam de la Grenouillère, seized with deep compassion, descended from her

carriage, and, pushing the crowd aside, exclaimed: "I will give a louis to whoever will save that animal!"

These words produced a magical effect; they transformed the persecutors into liberators; the poor cat came near being suffocated by those who now disputed the honor of rescuing him safe and sound. Finally a sort of young Hercules overthrew his rivals, brought off the cat, and presented it half dead to the Countess.



HER FRIENDS PROPOSE SQUIRRELS, CANARIES, MICE, ETC.

"Very well," she said; "here, my brave little man, is the reward I promised." She gave him a bright golden louis just out of the mint, and then added, "Relieve this poor animal of his inconvenient burden."

While the young Hercules obeyed, Madam de la



"THE LUCKLESS CREATURE BOWED HIS HEAD."



THE CAT IS PRESENTED, HALF DEAD, TO THE COUNTESS.

Grenouillère regarded the creature she had rescued. It was a true type of the street-cat. His natural hideousness was increased by the accidents of a long and irregular career; his short hair was soiled with mud; one could scarcely distinguish beneath the various splashes his gray fur robe striped with black. He was so thin as to be nearly transparent, so shrunken that one could count his ribs, and so dispirited that a mouse might have beaten him. There was only one thing in his favor, and that was his physiognomy.

"Dear me, how homely he is!" said Madam de la Grenouillère, after finishing her examination.

At the moment she stepped into the carriage, the cat fixed his great sea-green eyes upon her and gave her a look, strange, indefinable, full at the same time of gratitude and reproach, and so expressive that the good lady was instantly fascinated. She read in this glance a discourse of great eloquence. The look seemed to wish to say:

"You have obeyed a generous impulse; you saw me feeble, suffering, oppressed, and you took pity on me. Now that your benevolence is satisfied, my deformity inspires you with contempt. I thought you were good, but you are not good; you have the instinct of kindness, but you are not kind. If you were really charitable you would continue to interest yourself in me for the very reason that I am homely; you would reflect that my misfortunes are owing to my ugly appearance, and that the same cause,—should you leave me there in the street, at the mercy of the wicked boys,—the same cause, I say, would produce the same effects.

Go! you need n't pride yourself on your half-way benevolence!—you have not done me a service, you have only prolonged my agony. I am an out-cast, the whole world is against me, I am condemned to die; let my destiny be accomplished!"

Madam de la Grenouillère was moved to tears. The cat seemed to her superhuman—no, it was a cat; it seemed to her superanimal! She thought of the mysteries of transformation, and imagined that the cat, before assuming his present form, had been a great orator and a person of standing. She said to her maid, Mother Michel, who was in the carriage:

"Take the cat and carry him."

"What, you will bring him with you, madam?" cried Mother Michel.

"Certainly. As long as I live that animal shall have a place at my fireside and at my table. If you wish to please me, you will treat him



"DEAR ME! HOW HOMELY HE IS!"



MOTHER MICHEL IS TOLD TO TAKE THE CAT.

with the same zeal and affection you show to myself."

"Madam shall be obeyed."

"That is well,—and now for home!"

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE CAT WAS INSTALLED WITH MADAM DE LA GRENOUILLÈRE, AND CONFIDED TO THE CARE OF MOTHER MICHEL.

MADAM de la Grenouillère inhabited a magnificent mansion situated on the corner of the streets Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre and Orties-Saint-Louis; there she led a very retired life, on almost intimate terms with her two principal domestics—Madam Michel, her maid and companion, and M. Lustucru, the steward. These servants being elderly persons, the Countess, who was possessed of a pleasant humor, had christened them Mother Michel and Father Lustucru.



MOTHER MICHEL.

The features of Mother Michel bore the imprint of her amiable disposition; she was as open and candid as Father Lustucru was sly and dissimulating. The plausible air of the steward might deceive persons without much experience; but close observers could easily discover the most perverse inclinations under

his false mask of good nature. There was duplicity in his great blue eyes, anger concentrated in his nostrils, something wily in the end of his tapering nose, and malice in the shape of his lips.

However, this man had never, in appearance at least, done anything to forfeit his honor; he had been able to guard an outside air of honesty, hiding very carefully the blackness of his nature. His wickedness was like a mine to which one has not yet applied the match—it waited only for an occasion to flash out.

Lustucru detested animals, but, in order to flat-



FATHER LUSTUCRU.

ter the taste of his mistress, he pretended to idolize them. On seeing Mother Michel bearing in her arms the rescued cat, he said to himself:



"OH, THE BEAUTIFUL CAT!"

"What, another beast! As if there were not enough of us in the house!"

He could not help throwing a glance of antipathy at the new-comer; then, curbing himself quickly, he cried, with an affected admiration:

"Oh, the beautiful cat! the pretty cat! that cat has n't his equal!"—and he caressed it in the most perfidious fashion.

"Truly?" said Madam de la Grenouillère; "you do not find him too homely?"

"Too homely! But, then, he has charming eyes. But if he was frightful, your interesting yourself in him would change him."



THE CAT IS WASHED.

"He displeased me at first."

"The beings who displease at first are those one loves the most after awhile," replied Father Lustucru, sententiously.

They proceeded at once to make the toilet of the cat, who, in spite of his instinctive horror of water, submitted with touching resignation to being washed; he seemed to understand that it improved his personal appearance. After giving him a dish of broken meat, which he ate with great relish, they arranged the hours for his meals, the employment of his days, and the place where he was to sleep.

They thought also to give him a name. Mother Michel and Father Lustucru proposed several that were quite happy, such as Mistigris, Tristepatte, &c.; but the Countess rejected them all successively. She desired a name that would recall the circumstances in which the

cat was found. An old scholar, whom she consulted the next day, suggested that of Moumouth, composed of two Hebrew words which signify *saved from saucepans*.

At the end of a few days, Moumouth was unrecognizable. His fur was polished with care; nourishing food had filled out his form; his mustaches stood

up like those of a swordsmen of the seventeenth century; his eyes shone as emeralds. He was a living proof of the influence of good fare upon the race. He owed his excellent condition chiefly to Mother Michel, whom he held in affectionate consideration; he showed, on the other hand, for Father Lustucru a very marked dislike. As if he had divined that here he had to do with an enemy, he refused to accept anything presented by the steward. However, they saw but lit-



THE OLD SCHOLAR LOOKS FOR A NAME.

tle of each other. The days passed very happily with Moumouth, and everything promised a smiling future for him; but, like the sword of Damocles, troubles are ever suspended above the heads of men and of cats. On the 24th of January, 1753, an unusual sadness was observed in Moumouth; he scarcely responded to the caresses which Madam de la Grenouillère lavished upon him; he ate nothing, and spent the day crouched on a corner of the hearth, gazing mournfully into the fire. He had a presentiment of some misfortune, and the misfortune came.



THE CAT GROWS FAT.

That night a messenger, sent from the Chateau



HE WILL TAKE NOTHING FROM THE STEWARD.

de la Gingeole in Normandy, brought a letter to the Countess from her younger sister, who, having broken a leg in getting out of her carriage, begged the Countess, her only relative, to come to her at once. Madam de la Grenouillère was too sympathetic and kind-hearted to hesitate an instant.

"I depart to-morrow," said she.

At these words, Moumouth, who followed his benefactress with his eyes, gave a melancholy *miau*.



HE CROUCHES IN A CORNER OF THE HEARTH.

"Poor cat!" resumed the lady, with emotion, "it is necessary that we should be separated! I cannot bring you with me, for my sister has the weakness to hate animals of your species; she pretends they are treacherous. What slander! In her youth, she caressed a kitten, who, too much excited by marks of affection, scratched her involun-

tarily. Was it from wickedness? No, it was from sensibility. However, since that day my sister has sworn an eternal hatred for cats."

Moumouth regarded his mistress with an air which seemed to say:

"But you, at least, you do us justice, truly superior woman!"

After a moment of silence and meditation, the Countess added:

"Mother Michel, I confide my cat to you."

"We will take good care of him, madam," said Father Lustucru.

"Don't you trouble yourself about him, I pray you," interrupted the Countess. "You know that he has taken a dislike to you; your presence merely is sufficient to irritate him. Why, I don't know; but you are insupportable to him."

"That is true," said Father Lustucru, with contrition; "but the cat is unjust, for I love him and he does n't love me."

"My sister is also unjust. Cats, perhaps, love her, and she does not love them. I respect her opinion. Respect that of Moumouth."



"IN HER YOUTH SHE CARESSED A KITTEN."

Having pronounced these words in a firm tone, Madam de la Grenouillère addressed herself to Mother Michel.

"It is to you, Mother Michel, and to you alone, that I confide him. Return him to me safe and sound, and I will cover you with benefits. I am sixty-five years of age, you are ten years younger; it is probable that you will live to close my eyes —"

"Ah, madam! why such sorrowful ideas?"



"MOTHER MICHEL, I CONFIDE MY CAT TO YOU."



THE POST-CHAISE IS READY.

"Let me finish. To guard against mischance, I have already thought to provide for you comfortably; but, if you keep Moumouth for me. I will give you a pension of fifteen hundred livres."

"Ah, madam!" said Mother Michel, in an impressive tone, "it is not necessary to hire my



THE CAT WISHES TO GO WITH THE CARRIAGE.

services; I love the cat with all my heart, and I will always be devoted to him."

"I am sure of it, and I shall also know how to reward your zeal."

During this conversation, Father Lustucru employed all his forces to conceal the expression of his jealousy.

"Everything for her, and nothing for me!" he said to himself. "Fifteen hundred livres a year! It is a fortune, and she will have it! Oh, no! she shall not have it!"

The next morning, at half-past seven, four lively horses were harnessed to the post-chaise which was to convey the excellent old lady to Normandy. She said a last adieu to her favorite, pressed him to her heart, and stepped into the carriage.

Until then, Moumouth had felt only a vague uneasiness; but at this moment he understood it all! He saw his benefactress ready to depart; and, trembling at the thought of losing her, he made one bound to her side.



MOUMOUTH FAINTS.

"It is necessary for you to stay here," said Madam de la Grenouillère, making an effort to restrain her tears.

Will it be believed?—the cat also wept!

To put an end to this painful scene, Mother Michel seized the cat by the shoulders and detached him from the carriage-cushion, to which he clung; the door closed, the horses gave a vigorous pull, and started off at a speed of not less than three leagues an hour. Moumouth rolled in a convulsion, and then fainted.

Madam de la Grenouillère, her head stretched out of the post-chaise, waved her handkerchief, crying:

"Mother Michel, I commend my cat to you!"

"Be tranquil, madam; I swear you shall find him large and plump when you return."

"And I," muttered Father Lustucru, in a deep voice, "I swear he shall die!"



"HE SHALL DIE!"

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH ARE SHOWN THE GOODNESS OF MOTHER MICHEL AND THE WICKEDNESS OF FATHER LUSTUCRU.



OTHER MICHEL, worthy of the confidence which had been reposed in her, displayed for Moumouth a truly maternal tenderness; she tended him, coddled him, took

such pains with him, in short, that he became one of the most beautiful cats in that quarter of the town where the cats are magnificent. She watched over him constantly, gave him the choicest bits to



FATHER LUSTUCRU'S STRATAGEM.

eat, and put him to bed at night on the softest of eider-down quilts.

Fearing that he might fall ill some day, and wishing to inform herself concerning the maladies

to which cats are liable, she procured various books on that important subject; she even went so far in her devotion as to read the "History of Cats," by François-Auguste Paradis de Moncrif, a member of the French Academy.

The conduct of Mother Michel had no low motive of personal interest. She gave scarcely a

thought to herself, the good old soul! Content with little, she would always have enough to live on; she required nothing but a small room, brown bread, a supply of wood in winter, and a spinning-wheel. But

she had nephews and nieces, god-children, whom she hoped to be able to help; it was to them that she destined in advance the gifts of Madam de la Grenouillère.

The continually increasing prosperity of Moumouth exasperated Father Lustucru. He saw with a sort of dread the approach of the hour when the faithful guardian would be rewarded; he dreamt day and night of the means to prevent it—to carry off her four-footed pupil, and bring down on her the wrath of their mistress. By dint of indulging his hatred and envy in solitary reflections, he ceased at last to draw back at the prospect of committing a crime.

"How," he said—"how rid the house of that

to put it into execution. It was difficult to get possession of Moumouth, of whom Mother Michel



THE PORTER.



THE CAT IS PLUNGED INTO THE BASKET.

rarely lost sight; and Moumouth too, not having the slightest confidence in the steward, was always on the defensive. Lustucru watched during several days for a favorable occasion.

One night, after making an excellent supper, Moumouth curled himself up near the fire in the parlor, at the feet of Mother Michel, and slept the

sleep of the just with good digestion. In the midst of this, Father Lustucru came into the room.

"Good!" he thought. "The cat sleeps. Let us get the guardian out of the way."



THE STEWARD HURRIES AWAY.

"How amiable of you to come and keep me company!" said Mother Michel, politely. "You are quite well this evening?"

"Perfectly; but everybody is not like me. Our porter, for example, is in a deplorable state; he is suffering excessively from his rheumatism, and would be very happy to see you a moment. You have gentle words to console the afflicted, and excellent receipts to cure them. Go, then, and pay a little visit to our friend Krautman; I am persuaded that your presence will help him."

Mother Michel got up at once and descended to the apartment of the porter, who was, indeed, suffering from a violent rheumatic pain.

"Now for us two!" cried Father Lustucru to himself.

He went stealthily into an adjoining room, walk-



THE STEWARD SEIZES MOUMOUTH.

miserable cat? What arms shall I use against him? Fire, poison, or water? I will try water!"

This resolution taken, he thought of nothing but



HE DANCES WITH DELIGHT.

ing upon the tips of his toes, and took a covered basket which he had hidden in the bottom of a closet. Then he returned to Moumouth, whom he seized roughly by the neck. The unfortunate animal awoke with a start, and found himself suspended in the air face to face with Father Lustucru, his enemy. In that horrible situation he would have cried, and struggled, and called for assistance, but he had no time.

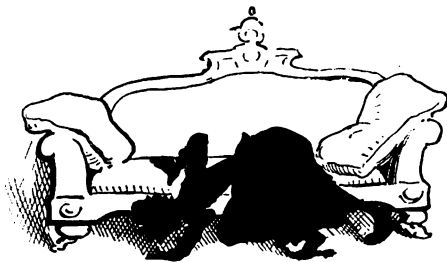
The odious steward plunged the poor cat into the basket, quickly clapped down the solid cover, and ran rapidly to the staircase, his eyes haggard and his hair standing on end, like a man who commits a crime.

It was a beautiful night in February, with a clear sky and a dry, cold atmosphere. The moon shone with all her brightness; but, at intervals, great clouds drifted over her face and rendered the obscurity complete. Father Lustucru was obliged to cross the garden, in order to pass out by a small door, of which he had taken the key. He glided from bush to bush, carefully avoiding the paths, except when the clouds veiled the moon. He had half-opened the door, when he heard a sound of footsteps and voices outside. He started back involuntarily, then stood still and listened.

"What foolishness!" he said, after a moment of silent observation. "I had forgotten that it was carnival-time; those are masqueraders passing."

It was, in effect, a band of masqueraders from the Palais Royal. Lustucru waited until they were gone; then he hurried out. When he reached the quay, in the joy of success, he began to whistle a dancing-tune and cut capers; his transports resembled those of a cannibal who dances around his victim.

He went up the Seine as far as the bridge of Notre Dame, in the middle of which he halted, and holding the basket over the parapet, turned it



MOTHER MICHEL LOOKS FOR THE CAT.

suddenly upside down, and launched the luckless Moumouth into the icy waters of the river. The cat, in dropping through space, gave a cry that seemed to come from a human voice. The assassin shuddered, but his emotion did not last long. He thrust his hands into his pockets and said, in a tone of bitter mockery:

"Pleasant voyage to you, dear Moumouth; endeavor to arrive all right! By the way," added he, "I think cats know how to swim; that brigand is capable of getting himself out of this business. Bah! it is a long distance from the bridge of Notre Dame to Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre!"

Re-assured by this reflection, Lustucru continued on his way home, re-entered by the door of the garden, climbed cautiously up to his room, and held himself in readiness to enjoy the lamentations of Mother Michel.

Mother Michel was detained some time by the porter; finally, she left him, to give her cat the cup of milk and sugar with which she regaled him every night.

She ascended to the parlor with measured steps, calmly, not anticipating any catastrophe. Failing to see Moumouth in the place he had occupied, she simply believed that he had smuggled himself behind the cushions of the sofa. She looked there, and beneath the sofa, and searched under the other



SHE KNOCKS AT THE STEWARD'S DOOR.

pieces of furniture. Then, running to the staircase, she called: "Moumouth! Moumouth!"

"He does n't answer me," said she. "But when



THE CAT IS THROWN INTO THE RIVER.



EVERY NOOK AND CORNER IS RANSACKED.

I went down-stairs, Lustucru was here; may be he can tell me what has become of the cat."

She knocked without delay at the door of the steward, who pretended to rouse himself from a deep slumber, and, in a gruff voice, demanded what was wanted.

"Is n't Moumouth with you?"

"Does your cat ever come where I am? You know very well that he can't bear me."

"Alas! where is he? I left him in the parlor, near the fire, and I cannot find him."

"Can he be lost?" said Father Lustucru, feigning the most lively anxiety.

"Lost! Oh, no, it is impossible! He is somewhere in the house."

"He ought to be found," said the villain, gravely.

"He ought to be searched for this very instant. Moumouth is a precious animal, whose merit makes it well worth while to wake up the servants."

All the inmates of the house were soon on foot, each armed with a candle. They ransacked the nooks and corners, from the cellar to the garret, from the court to the garden. Lustucru directed the operations with apparent zeal. After ineffectual searches, Mother Michel, exhausted by emotion and fatigue, threw herself helplessly into an arm-chair.

"Alas!" said she, "I left him only an instant, and it was to do a good action."

"I begin to believe that your cat is really lost," replied Lustucru, in a severe tone. "It is a great misfortune for you! What will Madam de la Grenouillère say when she comes back? She is capable of turning you out of doors!"

"Turn me out of doors!" cried Mother Michel, suddenly drawing herself up to her full height.



THE SHOCK IS TOO MUCH FOR MOTHER MICHEL.

Then she sunk down again, her face grew pallid, her eyes closed, and she fell back without consciousness.

Father Lustucru regarded her with a dry eye, and without feeling the slightest remorse. He laughed, the infamous man!

(To be continued.)

WHAT THEY SAY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

WHAT does the brook say, flashing its feet
Under the lilies' blue, brimming bowls,
Brightening the shades with its tender song,
Cheering all drooping and sorrowful souls?
It says not, "Be merry!" but, deep in the
wood,
Rings back, "Little maiden, be good, be good!"

What does the wind say, pushing slow sails
Over the great, troubled path of the sea;
Whirling the mill on the breezy height,
Shaking the fruit from the orchard tree?
It breathes not, "Be happy!" but sings, loud
and long,
"O bright little maiden, be strong, be strong!"

What says the river, gliding along,
To its home on far-off Ocean's breast;
Fretted by rushes, hindered by bars,
Ever weary, but singing of rest?
It says not, "Be bright!" but, in whisperings grave,
"Dear little maiden, be patient, be brave!"

What do the stars say, keeping their watch
Over our slumbers, the long, lone night;
Never closing their bonnie bright eyes,
Though great storms blind them, and tempests
fright?
They say not, "Be splendid!" but write on the
blue,
In clear silver letters, "Maiden, be true!"

THE POSTMAN'S BOY.

(A German Game for the Little Folks.)

BY JULIA STENDWICK TUTWILER.

YOU have all heard a great deal about kindergartens, and if you live in a city you have perhaps visited one. But I am not going to take you into one of these, but into an old-fashioned *klein kinderschule*, or infant school, much older than any of the kindergartens; in fact, the latter have drawn a great many things in their system from this—so far as I can learn, the first school ever established in Prussia for children too young to go to the public schools. The story of its origin, more than forty years ago, is very interesting; but I must make it here very short. When the good Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswertz, saw how hard it was for the poor laboring women to go away in the morning to their work, leaving their little ones exposed to all the dangers that can befall the careless, meddlesome little bodies, he opened a knitting-school and playing-school in a little stone summer-house in his garden, which I see every day; there the younger children were amused and taken care of all day, and the elder ones, in the evenings, taught to knit their own stockings, like true little Germans, singing all the time they worked, the merriest little

knitting songs written, or selected, for them by the good pastor. Aunt Hetty, as the children called the good young woman who took charge of them, showed such skill in her work, that first one and then another young girl came to stay with her and learn from her how to take care of a similar school. The busy pastor, who found time for everything, took great interest both in the little scholars and the grown ones; for the former he invented all sorts of pretty games, and set them to music with suitable words.

I want to tell children outside of Germany how to play some of these games. Somebody once said that there are two great heaps in the world, one of human happiness, and the other of human misery; and that everybody in the world is busily engaged all day long in taking something from one heap and carrying it to the other; also that each of us should strive every day to let it be the heap of misery we are diminishing and the heap of happiness we are increasing, if only by one little grain. What a large armful that man added to the heap of human happiness who invented blindman's

buff, or puss in the corner! I do not know but that I, for my own part, would have preferred to be that benefactor of humanity, rather than the man who invented the steam-engine. But the names of the inventors of these time-honored pastimes are forever lost to the world; however, in Pastor Flidenr we can honor the representative of their class—the grown-up man who really went to work and invented all sorts of games which the German children will play as long as the language lasts.

I live in Germany, and when I am tired, even of interesting lectures on German literature, I slip away into the klein kinderschule for an hour of play; the school grew too large for the summer-house long years ago, and the children have now three comfortable rooms. I come back so refreshed and pleased from these visits that I want to let others share them with me. I think the children who speak another language would enjoy playing these games, and singing these songs, just as much as little Germans do; so I have written some of them out in English; and I want American boys and girls to try them with a party of their younger brothers and sisters and their playmates.

Here is one, music and all: this game is called "The Postman's Boy;" the players must provide beforehand a military cap for the postman's boy, a satchel for him to hang over his shoulder, in which to carry the letters, and a tin or paper horn. Also quite a number of letters and packages must be made up beforehand, their number depending on that of the little players, or the number of times the game is to be repeated. If the postman's boy is very young a stick horse, if possible with a stuffed head, will be an improvement.

All the children clasp hands in a circle, except the postman's boy; he puts on his official cap, swings his satchel over his shoulder, takes his horn in his hand, and comes running or riding post-haste into their circle, round and round, on this side and on that, singing:

"Good folks, I wish you joy!
I am the postman's boy!
I ride post-haste from morning light
Till fall the dews of night;
I bring you valentines,
Letters and magazines;
Or packages of books and rings,
And lovely Christmas things.
That you may hear,
When I am near
I always blow my horn! tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!
I am the postman's boy! tra-ra!
I am the little postman's boy,
I am the little postman's boy,
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Every time he sings "tra-ra," he raises his horn to his lips, and pretends that the note comes through that. I have made the translation exactly in the measure of the German song, and send the music

with it; so that, if the editor will be so good as to print the music for us, a little American postboy, with help from sister or mamma, can sing it quite as well as the young Germans do.

Then the circle of players sing the next verse, extending their arms toward the postman's boy and keeping time to their music with bows and waving hands. They sing only the last twelve bars of the music; and whenever "tra-ra" comes, raise both hands, hold them before them, and move the fingers as if they were using the keys on a flute or horn:

"What brings the postman's boy? Tra-ra!
What brings the little postman's boy?
What brings the little postman's boy?
What brings the little postman's boy?
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Then the little postman's boy opens his satchel, and gallops round the circle on his gallant steed, distributing his mail, singing as he goes:

"A letter, { sir, } for you. Tra-ra!
I bring for you a magazine;
I bring for you a valentine,
I bring for you a valentine.
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Then all the circle, with polite gestures, sing in reply:

"We thank you, postman's boy: tra-ra!
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!
"Adieu, now, postman's boy: tra-ra!
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

And the postman's boy gallops off on his steed. Does it all seem too simple to be pretty? Try it! I assure you when thirty little folks play it together with spirit, it is quite as pretty as the prettiest dance you know. Only try it with half a dozen or more little sisters, and cousins, and brothers, at the next children's party, and I think all other young folks present will soon be glad to join the game.

If the children are quite young it will do just to read the superscriptions of the letters to them, and then give them back to the postman for the next time, and if they are large enough to enjoy it, you can prepare beforehand comical letters, with comical addresses, complimentary or otherwise: "For little Miss Muffet, who sat on a tuffet;" "For Lord Blue Beard;" "For little Blue Eyes;" "For Lady Bird;" "For Mrs. Scroggins, of Nubbin Ridge;" "For Mr. Squeers, of Do-the-boys Hall." (This last one for the teacher, if he has condescended to play with you.) Names from fairy tales will always be pretty for the children; and if any of the grown folks have enough of the child left in them to enjoy

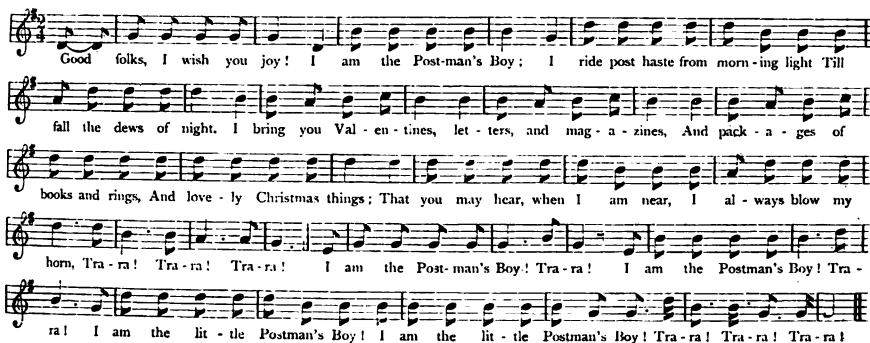
taking part in these games as much as I have done, there will be no end of suitable addresses to be found.

One of the letters should be a large envelope, resembling exactly a number of others; and that it may be used over and over again, not sealed. In this must be placed a pasteboard badge, as gay as possible, with the words "Postman's Boy" in bright letters upon it; the one who receives this envelope puts on the badge, and becomes the second post-

man's boy; and so on until the game has been played as often as the little folks wish.

A pretty way to close it, will be for the last postman's boy to hand to every one of the circle a package containing a cake, bonbons, or whatever else mamma has provided for refreshments.

An accompaniment to the song, played on the piano, or violin, or both together, will add very much to it. In fact, the game will be nothing at all without the music—so here it is:



ANIMATED SHOT-GUNS.

ANIMATED, not because they kick, like so many of the guns our readers are familiar with, but because they swim; because they shoot themselves off, not accidentally, like ordinary guns, but purposely; because they shoot to kill, and to eat what they shoot; more remarkable still, because they load themselves with water, which they live in, and shoot their game in the air, which they can't live in.

They are about six inches long, and the naturalists call them *Toxotes jaculator*. You will see on the next page a picture of one in the act of shooting a fly that is resting on a leaf. They look very much like perch, only more beautiful. Their general color is greenish above, and greenish silvery-gray below. Across the back are four short dark brown stripes, shaded with green. Those who have seen them flashing through the water, speak with enthusiasm of their lovely and ever-changing hues. No wonder they are a favorite with the pet-

loving Chinese, who keep them in jars, as we do gold-fish, and amuse themselves by tempting the fish to display their skill by dangling a fly over the water.

The Toxotes are natives of the waters of Java, but have been widely distributed throughout the East as an ornamental fish. It is said that their aim is so accurate that they can bring down an insect from the height of three or four feet above the water.

This fish has a near relative, *Chaetodon rostratus* by name, which inhabits the Chinese seas and rivers,—a beautifully colored fish, which may be called an animated rifle, from the fact that it shoots, not a shower of drops, like the Toxotes, but a single drop, bringing down its game with wonderful certainty and precision. In this fish the jaws are prolonged into a sort of beak, which serves as a rifle barrel. In other respects it resembles the scaly shot-gun above described, although we may



AN ANIMATED SHOT-GUN.

suppose that a fish furnished with a rifle is able to bring down its game with greater accuracy and at a longer range than one which is obliged to shoot with a shot-gun, and a single-barreled one at that.

BURNING PEACHES.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

ONE day last summer our peaches were found to be decaying so fast, that I excused my nieces from their morning lessons, to have their help in preparing a quantity of the fruit for preserving.

We were sitting on the piazza working when my brother Ned came home from his office, somewhat earlier than usual.

"I should think you were having a paring bee," said he.

"So we are," I answered. "Will you join us?"

"With pleasure, if you will let me do my part by eating," he replied, sitting down on the steps and helping himself liberally from Susie's plate.

"It seems to me there is a good deal of combustion going on here," he added, presently.

"Combustion?" said Annie, inquiringly.

"Yes," he answered, "look at that dish of burning peaches," and he pointed to a pan into which we were throwing such as were too much spoiled for use.

"Burning!" exclaimed Susie. "Why, they are only decaying."

"What is that but burning?" asked Fred.

"Decaying is slow combustion, Susie," said I.

"And so is starving," said he; and then we both laughed at the girls' look of astonishment.

"Uncle Ned," said Susie slowly, after a moment's thought, "what do you mean? Was that kitten I found starving on the road the other day burning? I did n't see any fire, and grandmother was n't afraid of its burning the carpet, for she let me take it right into the sitting-room."

"Susie, what are you talking about?" asked Harry, joining us and beginning to help in the same way as his uncle.

"About fire," said Ned.

"But what has that to do with Susie's forlorn kitten?" asked the boy. "It has n't died of spontaneous combustion, has it?"

"No," said I; "but it would if Susie had not put out the fire with meat and milk."

"Rather," said Ned, "she keeps it regularly supplied with fuel, so that it may not burn itself out."

"Quite true," said I, and the children looked more than ever puzzled.

"I don't believe you know what fire is, children," said Ned.

"Why, yes, we do," said Annie, indignantly. "It's something burning."

Annie does n't like to have her knowledge questioned.

"But when is a thing burning?" asked Ned.

"When it's on fire," said Annie; but the instant the answer had passed her lips she was blushing at its foolishness.

"I do not see that you have told us what fire is," said Ned, with a provoking smile, and Harry laughed outright.

"I don't believe we, any of us, know. Tell us, please," said Susie, coming to the assistance of her discomfited sister.

"It is oxidation," answered he. "If it is so rapid that we can perceive the heat and light, we call it fire; and when it is so slow that neither is noticeable, we speak of it as rust, decay, or starvation, as the case may be; but the chemical process is always the same."

"Now, Uncle Ned," said Susie, "you must tell us what oxidation means."

"Do you know what oxygen is?" he asked.

"You do, Annie," said I, seeing that her recent discomfort made her hesitate to speak, and that Susie did not know.

"Yes," she answered. "It is a gas that forms one-fifth of the air we breathe and eight-ninths of the water we drink."

"Good," exclaimed Ned. "Do you know what it was first called, and why?"

"It was called *vital air*, because it was necessary to life," she answered, trying to recall the very words in one of her recent lessons.

"But can an animal live in pure oxygen?" he asked.

"Not long," she replied. "It is so powerful a stimulant that it soon causes fever and death."

"Capital," said he. "You talk like a book. Oxygen makes life possible, but it also does its best to destroy it. It is constantly uniting with such elements of organic bodies as will combine with it, and setting free such as will not; and this process, whether slow or rapid, is combustion, or fire. Hence oxygen has been compared to a destroying spirit, clasp[ing] the world in its arms and striving to reduce every living thing to dust and ashes."

"There was much aptness in many of the names given by the old alchemists," said I, "and I think in none more than in the term gas applied to the invisible forces with which they dealt."

"No," said Ned, "for its original meaning was ghost or spirit, and it was very natural that the superstitious should apply it to the strange lights and poisonous vapors found in grave-yards and

marshes, and to the invisible forces that burst the strongest vessels, in their experiments in alchemy."

"And they called their vessels crucibles, because they marked upon them the sign of the cross, to keep the evil spirits from breaking them," I added, by way of helping Uncle Ned.

"But, Uncle Ned," said Susie, "I don't understand yet why starving is burning."

"No, pet," he answered, "I do not suppose you do, but I'll try to make it plain to you. But, first, are you sure you know what fire is?"

"You said it was oxidation," she replied.

"And what did I mean by that?"

Susie hesitated, and Uncle Ned answered for her: "That when a thing is burned, the oxygen from the air unites with such of its elements as it can, and sets the rest free."

"Now," said he, "what makes a fire quick or slow? To make the stove give out more heat, what would you do?"

"Open the drafts," said Harry.

"Exactly," replied Ned. "You would give the fire more air, and, of course, more oxygen. The rapidity of fire depends upon the amount of oxygen consumed in a minute. The difference between consuming a piece of iron in a flame and consuming it by dampness is only in time. The same quantity of oxygen is used in each case, but in the one the light and heat produced are easily perceived by us, and in the other they are not. The iron is just as much burned in one instance as in the other."

"And is the same true of vegetable matter?" asked Harry, beginning to be much interested. "If I should throw that pan of spoiled peaches into the fire they would burn quickly, and if I do not they will burn slowly, but the chemical process and the result are the same. Is that it?"

"That is exactly it," answered Ned. "When the peach was cut off from a supply of nutriment the burning kept on, and will continue until every-

thing combustible is used up; and it is the same with animals."

"Now he is coming back to your kitten, Susie," said I.

"Yes," said he. "Kitty, when she was eating nothing, was supplying no fuel to the fire that was constantly burning within her."

"You don't mean that we are all burning all the time!" cried Susie, in a horrified tone.

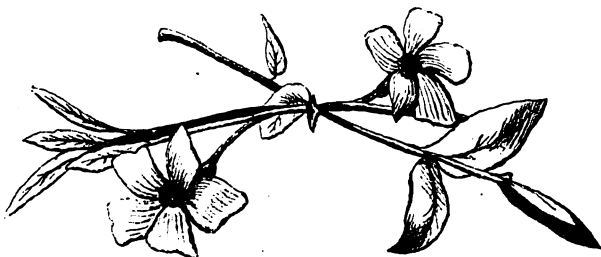
"Yes, I do," he replied. "Our bodies are furnaces in which continual fire is kept. The oxygen is supplied by the air we breathe, and the other elements by what we eat and drink; so you see if either supply is cut off the fire goes out, and death is the result. That is what I meant by saying that starvation was burning. Do you understand now, Susie?"

She did, and so did Annie and Harry, who, being several years older, and knowing something about chemistry, had comprehended what their uncle meant with much less difficulty.

"Ned," said I, when he had eaten a few peaches in silence, "I do not like a term you used several times. You spoke of substances being destroyed by being burned. They are not destroyed, only made over."

"You are right," said he. "Nothing is ever lost or wasted in this world. Nature is too thrifty a housewife for that. Whenever changes take place the elements are re-arranged in some new and useful form. Gas and vapors, poisonous to animals, are eagerly taken up by vegetables, and made over into forms suited to our use. A constant interchange is thus kept up; the vegetable world supplying the animal with food, and the animal returning it to the vegetable in a form to be again used by it, each serving the other."

"And teaching us a lesson, that you and Harry will please to obey, by throwing this rubbish to the hens, while the girls and I clear up here," said I, stoning the last peach and beginning to scrape the skins together.



THE DOTTERELS' LUCK.

BY JOHN RIVERSIDE.

It is a very queer story, that about the way the Dotterels found gold. The Dotterels, you must know, were not all men whose names were Dotterel. They went to California, in early times, from a small town in Missouri, and that town was Dotterel, in Pike County. You need not look on the map for it; it is too small to be put on any map, unless it might be a county map. But Peletiah

gold. How hungry everybody was for gold! You would have supposed that gold was the only thing that could save the lives of these excited men. From morning until night, it was nothing but gold! gold! gold! in the talk of everybody.

The Dotterels would not have been human if they had not been stirred up by all these stories. Obe Murch could scarcely eat, he was so excited



THE VISITORS AT THE DOTTERELS' CAMP.

Persimmons, Sam Handy, Obed Murch, and Sol Taggart were from that town, and that is why they were called "The Dotterels." In those early days it seems almost nobody was known by his right name. Men had nicknames given them before they had traveled half way across the continent. For instance, Sam Handy wore a suit of buckskin that he had bought of a Winnebago Indian, so emigrants whom they met on the road called him "Buckskin Sam," and Buckskin he is to this day, for all I know to the contrary.

When the Dotterels, who were a pretty jolly party, had crossed Honey Lake Valley and got into the thick forests that cover the Sierra Nevada, they began to be very much interested in the stories of gold-digging brought to them by men who were wandering about everywhere, hunting, hunting for

now, although he and the rest of the Dotterels had expected to hear just such tales when they first started from home.

"Tell yer what," said Buckskin Sam, "this yer gold business aint near so fillin' as corn-dodgers and side-meat." For Sam liked his "regular rations" of corn-bread and bacon, even if he was hunting for gold.

So when they had climbed to the dividing ridge of the Sierra, and had begun to go down on the other side, Sam was more intent on shooting game than he was about anything else. Somehow the Dotterels began to grow suspicious of each other, and while one was "prospecting," or trying the creeks and rivulets for gold, the others would watch as if afraid that he would keep his findings to himself if he discovered anything.

One evening, as they were sitting about their camp-fire, eating their scanty supper, a party of men came up from an adjoining camp, and the spokesman said:

"See here, boys, we'd like to chip in with you on supper, if you've no objection. We've lost our cooking outfit down by Dry Creek ford."

The Dotterels said that they had no objection to the strangers sharing their meal if they had anything to put into the common stock.

"Well, we allow we've got a right smart show of bread left over yet, and here's a bunch of ducks one of our fellers brought in to-day. How's that?"

It was agreed upon, and the strangers sat down, helped dress the ducks and prepare the supper, which was all made over by this welcome addition. The Dotterels liked game, especially Buckskin Sam, who went into the work of dressing the ducks with a great deal of gusto.

Cutting through the craw of one of the birds, Sam's knife struck something hard and gritty. "Gravel stones, most likely," thought Sam, as he turned the contents of the thing to the light. Gravel it was to be sure, but in the midst of the pebbles shone a bit of bright yellow gold!

"What makes yer hand tremble so, stranger?" asked one of the visitors, as Sam hurriedly dropped the whole mass into his pocket. Sam muttered something that meant nothing, and went on with his work, his heart thumping against his ribs.

It was the first piece of gold he had ever found. He had no idea how much it might be worth. But it was the genuine metal, he was sure, although he had no real knowledge of the ore. He felt it almost burning in his pocket, as he sat by the fire with his supper a little later.

"Pears like you are off your feed, Sam," said Persimmons, who noticed that Sam eat almost nothing. The fact was that he could not enjoy even stewed wild duck while he was hot with the gold-fever.

"Where'd you shoot these yere birds, stranger?" he asked of his visitor.

"Over on the south fork of the north fork of the Feather," said he. "And there's as good shootin' around those parts as you'll find in all Californy."

"Ponds?" queried Sam.

"Mostly; that is, mostly ponds where the ducks flock in; but the Feather's a right good stream for trout. And it was trout I was after when I knocked over them yer ducks?"

"Any gold over there?" spoke up Sol Taggart. That was just what Sam wanted to ask, but dared not.

"No, none so high up as this. There's good



PERSIMMONS' DISCOVERY.

diggings lower down, but no color up this way."

Sam made a mental calculation as to how far from camp the ducks had been shot, how long the gold had been in the bird's craw, and he began to speculate on the nearness of the place where the golden ore had been picked up.

He thought the strangers would never go, they lounged about the fire so long after supper. But, gathering up their blankets, they went off to their

own camp, and left the Dotterels to themselves. Sam got up, followed them stealthily until sure they were out of sight and hearing, came back softly, and, putting his hand into his pocket, took out the little wad of sand and gravel, and said: "Boys, we've struck it!"

"Gold!" everybody exclaimed. Yes, there it was, shining in the fire-light, about the size and shape of a good-sized bean. Gold at last! and Sam was the hero.

He told his story, and before they went to sleep—only to sink into uneasy golden dreams—they resolved to strike over to the south fork of the north fork of the Feather River next morning.

Bright and early they were up and away. Crossing a sharp ridge, they descended into a narrow valley filled with enormous trees and tangled with undergrowth. A charming stream, foaming and fretting, ran down in the midst; and as they scrambled over the mossy rocks, a flock of black ducks whirled away from a pool where the dimpling water softly flowed round and round.

"The very spot!" shouted Persimmons. They divided, Sol Taggart and Persimmons going up the spring, and Murch and Sam going down. These latter took the "prospecting pan" for washing out the dirt for gold, while Persimmons and Murch took the "cradle," a rude but useful contrivance for the same purpose. For hours they "panned out" the dirt, but without finding anything.

"We're too far up, I say. Those chaps allowed gold was never found up here away," said Taggart, who was nearly discouraged after all. "Besides,"

he added, "my back aches powerful," and he straightened himself up as he spoke.

Just then Persimmons dropped his pick, leaped into the air like a wild man, and yelled: "Struck it! struck it! struck it!"

Sol stooped down and saw, just in the edge of the stream, a yellow mass which Persimmons was too excited to do more than look at. He picked it up. It was a lump of gold as big as a hickory-nut, with a small bit of straw-colored quartz sticking to it.

Persimmons moderated his raptures and suddenly said: "Shall we keep it to ourselves?" Sol Taggart put his two hands by his mouth, trumpet-fashion, and bawled, "Ho! Dotterels!" until the forest rang again, and a flock of ducks passing over sharply turned their course from east to south, as if alarmed by the din. In answer to the call, Buckskin Sam and Murch came hurrying up the stream, crashing through the brushwood like mad.

"There she is, boys!" said Persimmons, with great dignity, for he had, by this time, laid bare quite a streak of ore and "pay-dirt."

"That was a lucky duck for us, boys," said Sam excitedly, and much relieved to find that his mates had been fair with him.

There they camped, built a cabin, and mined all summer. How much they dug I never knew. They all went back with money, in a few years. Buckskin Sam lives in Pike County, in a big house full of children. On the top of his cupola is a large gilt duck that serves for a weather-vane. Sam regards it every day with great pride and affection, "for that there bird," he says, "brought luck to the Dotterels."

A NEST WITHOUT EGGS.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

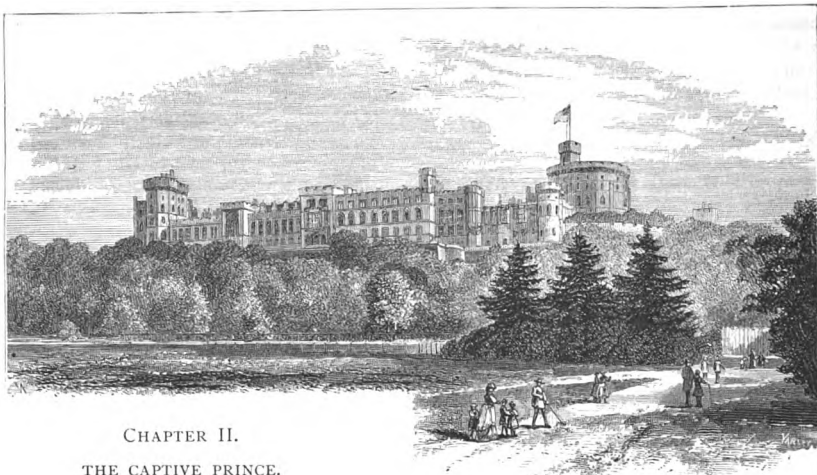
SOME crushed shells lie, 'neath the tree, in the grass—
And there's so much room in a rifled nest!
And ah! for the poor little, brown little mother,
With no eggs under her lonely breast!

Oh, there's too much room in a rifled nest!
Just to think how hard, in the still, black night,
When in dreams she cuddles them closer and closer,
To wake and to find they are all gone quite!

The poor little drooping, limp-winged mother!
She counted those blue speckled eggs too soon!
Now nothing is left but some broken shells,
That gleam on the grass, in the light of the moon!

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.



CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE.

WE will make a leap over more than half a century of history, to come to the next incident in the long story of our great Castle, which I think will interest you. During that half century a great many stirring events took place; and if you are as fond of Shakespeare's historical plays as I used to be at your age, you will remember how, with more power and vividness than any historian, our great poet brings before us the gay and thoughtless Richard II., beginning with so much light-hearted folly and vanity, and ending in such sad and utter downfall; and how Bolingbroke, his cousin, took the crown from him, and became Henry IV.; to be followed in due time by Henry V., one of those bold, generous, open-hearted men whom the English people are fond of taking as types of the race. All this, however, you will find in your Shakespeare and in your histories; in which latter you will also read that the young Prince of Scotland, who was afterward James I. of Scotland, was taken a prisoner by the English during the reign of Henry IV. of England, and kept in confinement for many years—some of which, and the most important, were spent in Windsor. I must tell you first, however, who Prince James of Scotland was, and how he got there into the hands of the hereditary enemies of his family and kingdom.

You have all heard of the Stuarts, one of the fated races of kings who have done more mischief and

suffered more misery in their day than ever falls to the lot of families in a less distinguished position. There is scarcely one of them who is not more or less interesting—brave, beautiful, accomplished, wicked, wrong-headed, unhappy people!

King Robert III. of Scotland was one of the mildest and weakest of the race; and he had, like his contemporary, Henry IV. of England, a mad-cap son, the Duke of Rothesay, as wild and wayward as Prince Hal himself, but without the strength of mind to reform and amend—or perhaps only it was the time this poor young fellow wanted; for he did not live long enough, even if he had possessed the higher impulse, to turn into a great soldier, and noble, honest, chivalrous king, as Henry V. did, who began as foolishly.

King Robert's brother, the Duke of Albany, was the able man of the family, and, unfortunately, he was bad as well as clever, and took advantage of the foolish young Rothesay, and was believed to have murdered him in the cruellest way by starvation. When the poor, sickly Scotch king heard that his heir had been killed, he hurriedly sent away his younger son, James, a boy of eleven or twelve, to France, to be educated there, and kept in safety out of the reach of cruel uncles and all the dangers of the time. But alas! King Robert had not reckoned on the dangers of the way. Before the rude little ship in which the Prince was

had got beyond the rugged coast of Northumberland, an English vessel coming up with it, though there was peace between the two countries, took the boy prisoner, with his attendants. He was the only remaining hope of his father, who, helpless, heart-broken, and aged, had taken a little comfort from the thought that his child was safe. When he heard of this new calamity, poor old King Robert bowed his head and died of it; for though those times were so different and so distant, love and grief were the same then as they are now. King Robert died, and little James in his English prison became King of Scotland, though it was but an empty title, for nineteen weary years.

This young prisoner grew up to be not only a brave and able man, but a poet; which is the reason why we know a great deal more of him than we do of most kings; for writers, though they are often not very highly esteemed in their life-time, are much more easy to remember than the great people who have no power of expressing themselves. The King of England, perhaps, was not very kind to the boy, but he had a sense of what was due to his rank, and gave him a good education, so far as was attainable in that age. But the early days of James's captivity seem to have been dreary enough. He has left a poem called "The King's Quhair," which many writers think might almost have been written by Chaucer himself, who was still living when the little Scottish prince came to England. In this poem he tells us how his days were passed "in strait ward and in strong prison," and how he would often question with himself and with his imprisoned companions what he had done to be thus deprived of everything that made life sweet to others.

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom, each one in his kind.
And I a man, and lacketh liberty!
What shall I say—what reason shall I find
Why fortune should do so —?"

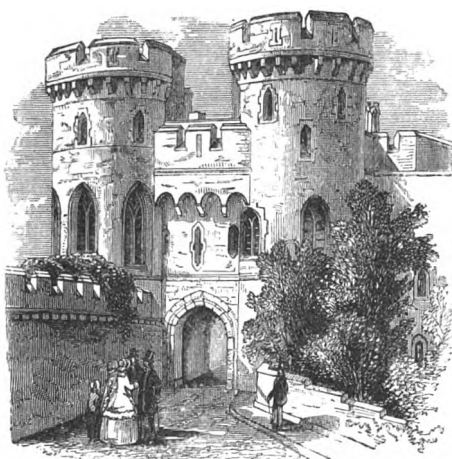
This question the young prisoner would argue with his "folk," the little band who had been taken along with him, and who now, no doubt, in the lingering days of captivity, made many a beautiful picture for him of the fresh breezes and healthy hill-sides of their own country. They must have had hard work sometimes to answer the lad, who was shut up now in the gloomy Tower of London, where so many prisoners have languished, now in other strong castles, at the age when nature most longs for movement and freedom. He writes as if he had been shut out from the natural pleasures of his early age; and if you will think of it, what a dreary time it must have been for him, and what a dismal thing to *grow up* in a prison!—worse than being merely imprisoned in mature

years,—though even that is bad enough. How sorry you are, you vigorous boys, for the invalid who cannot go out with you—cannot know anything of your games and your delights! Young King James, though he was well and strong, must have been like an invalid. No breezy rush across country on foot or on horseback for him—no wanderings by river-bank or sea-shore. The paved court-yards and strong battlements of the Tower, the dark and stony rooms, already with inscriptions on the walls made by other prisoners—and all the while the old father dying broken-hearted, and poor Scotland, which we Scots love next to our mothers, pining under the bloody hands of the cruel uncle who was supreme, and longing for her young monarch! And the boy must have been a patriot-boy, as he was a patriot-man. So his lot was a hard one, as you will perceive.

However, after awhile, brighter days dawned for James Stuart. Old King Henry IV. died, and a new King Henry came to the throne, whom no one understood as yet,—whom some people were afraid of, and many people doubted, but who turned out to be the king whom we know as Henry V.,—one of the bravest, most popular, and most generous of monarchs. The first thought of the young King was of the Scottish prince in the Tower of London, whose boyhood had been so melancholy. Eight long years had he languished there in prison, getting to be a man. He was somewhere about twenty at the time of the other young man's accession, and you may fancy that Henry had been sorry for him many a day, when he himself was playing his pranks in London or at Windsor—his cousin, as kings call each other, a pale, sad prisoner, while he, young Henry, was making all that commotion.

So one of the first things that the new king did was to send for the prisoner, to change his confinement in the Tower for at least a much lighter confinement in one of the towers of Windsor looking out upon the fresh, green woods, and the silvery windings of the river. His life, too, was changed, as well as his locality. What was then a princely allowance, seven hundred pounds a year, was set apart for his expenses; and such pleasures and splendors as were going on at Windsor, you may be sure young James had now his share of. Henry took him with him to France even when he invaded it. The historians say this was because the King of France had many Scots in his army, and Henry believed these brave soldiers would not fight against the invader when once they were aware that the King of Scots was with him, although as a prisoner. We may hope, however, that bold King Henry, who was not of the calculating kind, had less cunning and more

kindness in his meaning; and that he wished the pale prisoner to know something of the larger excitements and commotions of life, the management of fighting men, and of war itself, and to get accustomed to the clang of arms and battle, which



NORMAN GATE-WAY.

in those days were so much more frequently encountered, and more necessary, than now.

How the captive acquitted himself, or if he was allowed to fight, we have no information; but are only told that he accompanied Henry through at least one of his brilliant campaigns. And he was present at the coronation of Henry's queen, Katherine of France, and had a place of honor at her left hand at the feast afterward. So that he had his share both in the battles and banquets, and was allowed to enter into the life of the gay, triumphant young court, full of success and merry-making and prosperity. For Henry, you remember, had carried everything before him in France and was, as foolish people supposed, to be the king of that conquered country, and his children after him, for ever and ever; and all wars between France and England were henceforward to cease.

It does not seem, however, that young King James was quite happy, notwithstanding all the pleasures around him. You can fancy that to be kept out of your rights and away from your home, and obliged to spend your time doing nothing, when in your own place there are a great many things that ought to be done, is too great a misfortune to be made up for by feasts and merry-makings; and when James was in his turret-prison

at Windsor, though he was better off than before, his heart was very heavy still. He knew that poor Scotland was suffering sadly: the common people oppressed, the great people spending their time in feuds and quarrels among themselves, and the whole country bleeding and torn asunder, with no government to speak of, no just laws, nor firm authority. Did you ever see some one else doing very badly what you could do well, but were not allowed to do? This is a thing which is always very hard to bear. James felt that he had it in him to be a good king, and his heart bled for his people, who were being crushed and ruined by rulers who were not good, and who never thought of the people, but only of themselves. When he went to his window, as prisoners are always fond of doing, he could see nothing but the flat, rich English plain, waving with green woods and golden corn, happy and rich and peaceful; and, no doubt, his heart ached for the blue hills which appeared more beautiful to him in recollection than any landscape ever is in reality—"a woeful wretch that to no wight may speed" (*i. e.* that could come to no strength or heroic use), he calls himself. But while he "bemoaned his fortune in this wise," something happened to him of which I am going to tell you now.

There is a tower close by the foot of the great Round Tower of Windsor, which you have already been told about, overlooking the steep slope of turf and the old garden which occupies what might once have been the moat around the donjon. This tower forms part of what is called the Norman gate, and I think this Norman tower is the very place where James Stuart was languishing when the event, of which you shall now hear, happened. The lady who at present lives in the house adjoining—one of the ladies of Queen Victoria's court—has lately cleared out the ancient rooms, and penetrated, through partitions and false roofs and layers of old paper-hangings, to the real walls of the old prison, and its vaulted roof and curious windows; one of which, reached by a high step from the floor, was covered up altogether, and its very existence unknown. The small window with two lights in the front of the Norman tower, given in the accompanying picture, answers exactly to the description which King James gives of his prison. It looks down upon the old garden, deep below the level of the road, narrow and rich and warm between the old gray walls on one side, and the steep sunny mound of the Round Tower on the other, which is still a wilderness of sweets in summer-time.

If you were there now, and were wakened by the sweet sunshine on a May morning, no doubt you would do as James did, and rush, if not so

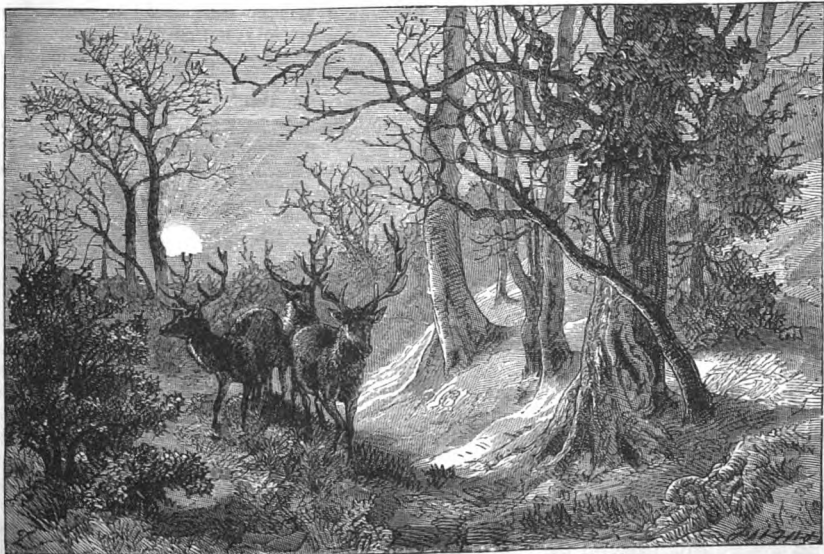
early as he, to the deep recess raised from the floor in which this little window shines—from which you would see, low at your feet, the greenness and the sweetness of the garden, all fragrant with old-fashioned flowers, nestling under gray walls so thickly covered with green net-work of jessamine and flush of early roses that you scarcely can see the stone; and beyond, a great soft plain losing itself in haze of distance, the Thames winding through it, the trees waving, the red roofs of Windsor town burning in the sunshine.

Thus the royal prisoner, James Stuart, one summer morning, got up to look out,—“as early as day,” he says, “to see the world and folk that went forby,”—trying to forget his dreary thoughts a little. He had been “despairing of all joy and remedy”—with nothing to cheer him, yet feeling that “to look, it did me good,” for he was not churlish, poor captive prince! but glad, if he could, to be distracted from his heavy thoughts and made for a little to forget his trouble. The description of the garden which he gives in his poem is too long to be quoted, and you might find it difficult to understand the old English in its quaint spelling.

consecrat of luvis use;” that the walls rang with the “sweet harmony.” When he saw nature so joyful, and all the birds singing and flitting about among the branches, the heart of the prisoner grew full. “Ah! what have I done,” he cried, “that I am thrall, and the birds so free?” But lo! suddenly, while he was thinking these melancholy thoughts, a beautiful vision appeared to him. Coming through the shady alleys toward his prison, he saw walking under the tower a lady—“the fairest or the freshest young flower” that he had ever seen.

“In my head I drew right hastily,
And ofsoons I leaned it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight more, but only women twain
Then ‘gan I study in myself and sayne:
“Oh, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?”

What a thing it is to be a poet, greater than to be a king! Cannot you see the young man at his window drawing in his head in his surprise at this sudden apparition, yet quickly looking out again, dazzled and eager to see all he can of her in her fresh beauty, wondering if she can be “a worldly



SCENE IN WINDSOR FOREST.

He tells us that it was “fast by the tower’s wall,” closed round with hawthorn hedges, with green bowers, and thick boughs and leaves which “be-shaded all the alleys that there were;” and how on the branches sat “the littel swete nyghtingale and song so loud and clere the ympnis (hymns)

creature” or some dream-lady out of heaven? Then he tells us how she looked, and how she was dressed, and how lightly she passed, walking “so womanly,” underneath the green shadows, while he stood holding his breath, in the early quiet of the morning. Her hair was like gold; “there was

no token in her sweet face" of pride or haughtiness. Her dress made of "white tissue" was rich with pearls, twisted "fretwise" over it, and adorned with other jewels, one "great balas (ruby?) lowing like the fire," fastened the feather, let us suppose, in her velvet cap; another ruby, in the form of a heart, hung by a little gold chain "burning upon her white throat" like "a spark of lowe" or flame. This wonderful dress, so rich and splendid, was "halflyng loose for haste," held but by one clasp this early morning, too early for any one to see her. Is not this a beautiful picture? When young ladies walk out in the morning nowadays they do not wear such magnificent robes. You might see our young Princess Beatrice, the only royal maiden left to England, from King James's window often enough if you were fortunate, but never brushing the dew from the grass in such a royal gown. The fret-work of pearls and the great balas rubies, red like flame, never meet the sunshine now except on very splendid occasions indeed. Fashions change, but nature does not change, and what so natural as that the young prisoner should forget all his troubles as he gazed breathless at this beautiful creature?

"On whom to rest mine eye, so much good
It did my woful heart. I you assure
That it was to me joy without measure."

The young lady in her flowing white robes, upon whom the imprisoned King looked down from his window, was of royal blood like himself, and a very fit partner for him. She was not called Princess, but only the Lady Jane, niece of the late King, cousin-german to Henry, the very woman of all the world whom James Stuart ought to have married. So you perceive it was very unusual good fortune on his part that it was she and not any one else who happened to be in the garden on that "fresh May's morrow," and thus decided the happiness of his life.

Those of you who may have got so far on in literature as to read Chaucer, will find a story very like this of King James and the Lady Jane in the Knight's Tale, where Palemon in prison sees Emily walking in the garden and forgets all his troubles in so sweet a sight. Chaucer had been clerk of the works at Windsor Castle not so many years before the true romance happened, and perhaps the very same narrow prison window and low-lying dewy garden were in the greater poet's thoughts. And if you came there this very year, "on a fresh May's morrow," with the lilies-of-the-valley like a white sweet carpet in all the angles of the old walls, and every spring flower bursting out of the husk, and the hawthorns white upon the slope, and perhaps in the early morning here and there a belated nightingale forgetting in the fullness

of her song that the day had broken, you would find the old prison window as fit a place as ever for a romantic lover, and the old garden as beautiful a setting for the lady of his dreams.

This gentle pair were married in the year 1424, when James was freed from his long captivity, after nineteen years of prison and exile. He was then just over thirty, having spent the whole of his youth in England. But sorrowful things had happened before this conclusion came to the love-story. Henry V. had died in France, and poor little Henry VI. had been born in Windsor—a helpless, wailing little king in his cradle. Poor child of woe! I will try to tell you something in the next number about the baby-king.

In the meantime, you will like to hear that our present King James, after his long trials, turned out the best king that Scotland had known since Robert Bruce recovered her independence. It was he who set in order the confused system of Scotch law, reformed the ancient parliament, improved arms and modes of war, and took energetic measures to check the private strife of feud and family quarrel which kept the country in trouble.

But he was too patriotic for his age, and after a reign of twelve years, on a cold February night, when he lingered unarmed over the fire with his wife and her ladies, a mad party of infuriated rebels poured in and killed the royal poet and patriot. To keep them back for a moment, when they were heard approaching, Catharine Douglas, one of the Queen's ladies, thrust her arm through the staples of the great door, from which traitorous hands had removed the bolt. You may fancy that delicate bar did not keep off the murderers for more than a minute or two, but long enough to win for this brave girl a place of honor in the history of her country. And I am sure many an American girl when she reads this, will feel with a swelling heart, as many an English and Scotch girl has felt, that she, too, would have done the same.

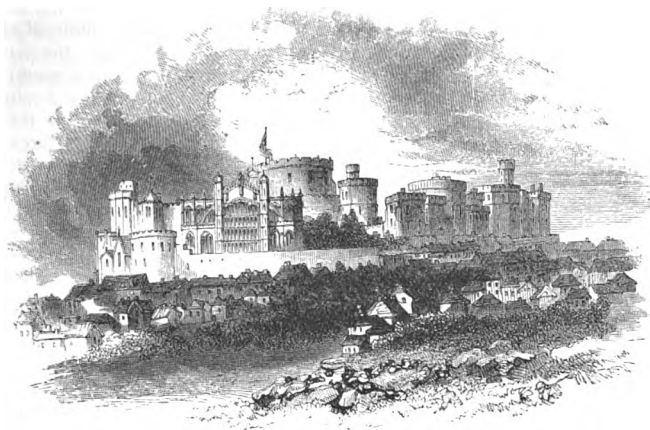
So you see that the first James Stuart, notwithstanding the beautiful romance that crowned his youth, had but a tragic life, accompanied from beginning to end with sorrow. Nineteen years a captive, twelve years a king, and then death, bloody and violent—his body pierced with many stabs; his heart, no doubt, with one sharp sword of anguish, to think of the work he left incomplete, with only an infant heir to take it up after a long interval. He was the first remarkable Stuart, and almost the only entirely noble one—blameless, brave, and true, but beginning with a tradition of misfortune, which was never broken, the story of his race.

This ending, however, of King James's life has

nothing to do with our Windsor, where he saw that beautiful vision at his window. "Thanked be thee, fair castle wall, where as I whilom looked forth," he says, and so goes on thanking the green branches, and the sweet nightingale, and the goddess of love,—

"That has me given wholly mine asking,
Which has my heart forever set above
In perfect joy that never may remove."

Thus he had great and perfect happiness given him by God, to make up for the tedious, sad beginning, and the tragical end of his life.



CLOUGH'S TOP-KNOT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

THERE was once a little boy who had no brother or sister; but he did have a white pullet, and the white pullet had a top-knot,—after awhile. She had been given to the little boy, Clough, when she was in pinafores; that is to say, she would have been in them if chickens wore pinafores. But they don't, you see. They are so neat that they don't need bibs and napkins at all.

Clough had proposed, immediately on the pullet's arrival, to call it Toppy.

"Toppy's such a pretty name for a little chicken what's going to have a top-knot!" he said. "Mamma, when do you think the top-knot'll be along?"

"By and by," said mamma, in an absent-minded way. She was trying to write out a muffin-recipe for Mrs. Podhammer.

"When will by 'n' by be, mamma?" Clough

asked, with a puzzled look in his face. "When will by 'n' by be, mamma?" repeated Clough, when his mother did not answer. "To-morrow, mamma? Will it be this week? When will the top-knot get growed, mamma?"

"When you have beaten it fifteen minutes," said mamma, intent on getting Mrs. Podhammer's recipe just right, and unconscious, except in the vaguest, dreamiest way, that Clough was speaking to her.

You must know that Mrs. Podhammer was very particular about her recipes.

"Be sure," she had said to Clough's mother, "that you tell me *exactly* how you make muffins, —just how long you beat the eggs and the batter; how long you bake; what kind of an oven, and all about it. And please don't leave anything to the judgment; I never cook by judgment; I go. by

mathematics; figures can't lie, you know. I do hate a recipe with 'a pinch of salt;' 'a sprinkle of pepper;' 'a handful of flour;' 'a stick of cinnamon;' as if all sticks were exactly the same size. A handful of flour! I dare say there'd be a difference of the eighth of a pound between my handful and Mrs. Pollock's. What tremendous hands she has! Her pinch of salt I could n't lift between my five fingers. Such recipes are the cause of the poor cooking, and the dyspepsia, and the heart-burn, and the liver complaints that are depopulating the country. A woman who cares anything for the interests of humanity will never send out one of these hit-or-miss recipes."

So, with the fear of Mrs. Podhammer before her eyes, Mrs. Spitts was writing the muffin-recipe. She had written "beat well," and then "beat till light," and had successively drawn her pencil through both, sure that Mrs. Podhammer would object to either as indefinite, and come flying over to demand the exact time in minutes and seconds. And Mrs. Podhammer made such endless talks and stays when she flew over, especially if she claimed to be in a great hurry, as she seemed generally to be.

"Oh, mamma!" said Clough, sorely bewildered and distressed, "must I beat it fifteen minutes? I can't; I love Topsy too much. Wont it grow till I beat it, mamma?"

Clough fairly shouted these last words, with a desperate determination to get his mother's attention.

"Beat what?" asked his mother, with a look in her face as though she had just got back from somewhere. "What *are* you talking about?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Clough, with an accent of despair, "did n't you hear? Have I got to tell it all over again? It's so far back to the beginning!"

"You poor little Clough!" said mamma, laughing, when she at last comprehended the situation, "I'm such an absent-minded body that I'm not fit for a mother."

But Clough declared that she was fitter for a mother than anybody that ever was. Mamma laid down her portfolio. Clough climbed on her knee, and soon everything between them was explained.

One would have thought that the only chicken of an only child, as in the case of Topsy and Clough, was destined to be handled, petted, spoiled; and cook was "certain sure" that Topsy would become a nuisance—"all round the house, under everybody's heels." She just knew it would be getting at her shelled peas, and that not a dish or a pan could ever be left uncovered on the kitchen dresser. Papa said it would spoil the gar-

den; mamma feared it would scratch up the flower-beds for its dust-baths; Clough was sure it would be good.

But Topsy disappointed all prophecies. The very first afternoon, she escaped from the coop to the vineyard. Day after day, Clough's fat legs ran up and down between the latticed rows of grape-vines, trying to overtake the runaway. But Topsy made a good fight for her liberty. She ran; she spluttered and fluttered with her stubbed tail and unfinished wings; she darted in and out among the vines, hid in the weeds, and altogether wearied Clough out, body and spirit. Finally, he tried coaxing. He went to the vineyard, his pocket filled with corn. He threw this at Topsy exactly as he would have thrown stones at her if he had meant to kill her. Perhaps Topsy thought he did mean to, for she ran away as fast as her two legs could carry her, which was very fast, indeed, considering their size. Clough pursued her bravely, shouting "Chickey! chickey! chickey!" in a desperate way, all the while dashing the corn at her. This he thought was coaxing.

Soon the corn was exhausted. Then he went to the barn and climbed into a corn-bin. He found a basket there, which he filled with loose corn that had fallen from the cobs. The basket was too heavy for one arm, so he took both hands to it. If you ever carried a heavy basket with two hands, you know it's an awkward thing to do. I don't suppose the boy expected Topsy to eat all that grain, but before he got through with his race Clough had sown that vineyard with corn. There was forage enough there for one little pullet for weeks. Topsy doubtless decided that her quarters could not be bettered, for she did not leave the vineyard that summer. In the mean time, Clough might have been often seen, walking up and down between the grape-rows, peering through the vines with eager, expectant eyes, trying to be cautious, but making a great deal of noise. And very occasionally he would catch sight of a white pullet with a top-knot, that would stretch up her graceful neck, and turn her neat tufted head to one side in a listening attitude, and then with a frightened cackle would start off on a wild run, like some bird of the woods, and not at all like a civilized chicken, as she was supposed to be.

In the fall, anybody who listened at the right seasons might have heard from the vineyard as exultant "kut-a-kut-dah-kuts" as the boldest, sauciest hen ever uttered. There is never a lady-chicken so youthful, or so shy, that she can forbear telling it to the world when she has laid an egg.

Poor Clough! He was as proud of Topsy's achievements as Topsy herself. Every time he

heard that "kut-a-kut-dah-kut," he'd rush to the vineyard, calling out, "Topsy's laid an egg!" You would have thought, from his eagerness, that he was going to bring back a golden egg; but he never brought back any. Topsy's nest could n't be found.

After awhile, Topsy's kut-a-kut-dah-kuts ceased to ring out on the air, and for days Clough did not get sight of her top-knot. He thought she must be dead; but his mother suggested that she was probably setting. One day, Topsy showed herself about the kitchen door-steps, the cross-stick-looking bird that Clough ever saw, or hoped to see. She clucked as though she was quarreling with the whole world. She seemed to be frowning all over. Her tail was spread out, and turned back toward her head, and so was every other feather on her body. She looked as though somebody had been rubbing her backward, and she appeared ready to fly in the face of the whole world. If she had possessed the gift of speech instead of simply the gift of cluck, she would have probably said:

"I'm no longer a giddy, harum-scarum pullet. I'm a matron,—a hen, with life's responsibilities on me. I have rights,—a great many of them,—and I'll scratch anybody's eyes out who dares meddle with them."

Clough seemed to read this threat in her new aspect. He was mortally afraid of her, in her changed character, though proud of his property, and very glad to see her. Through a crack in the kitchen door, he threw out crumbs and pop-corn to her. Cook went out and set a basin of water for her refreshment. Topsy ate and drank in a fretful, ungrateful manner, and then went away, warning everybody, by her scolding cluck, not to follow her.

You are doubtless expecting to hear that shortly after this, Topsy appeared, the proud head of a magnificent brood of chickens. Can't you see them in your mind's eye?—red, white, black, speckled, gray. Now listen:

One morning there was heard about the kitchen door an important, defiant cluck! cluck! accompanied by the appealing peep! peep! of a baby chicken. Cook looked out. There was Topsy, striding and strutting over the earth, and running after her, with twinkling little feet, was a solitary chick,—a downy-white little thing, that seemed draggled and cold. How lonely it looked! Cook called Clough to come and see, saying: "Here's your white pullet come ag'in, and it's got the homesickest-looking chick at its heels that ever I set eyes on." But Clough thought it was a beauty, and acted as proud over it as though it had been his grand-baby, cook said.

Mamma suggested that Topsy, in her vanity

and inexperience, had left her nest with the first chicken that showed its head, abandoning all the unhatched young to perish; that if this favored chick could be taken from the foolish mother, she might return to her nest and save the rest of the brood. So Clough undertook to abduct Topsy's baby. My patience! you ought to have seen the outraged mother fly at him. Clough thought he was murdered. He ran trembling and crying to his mother, "Topsy's the hatefulest top-knot chicken I ever saw!" he declared, with tears in his astonished eyes. "I wish I did not have her!"

Mamma and cook and Clough went out to the vineyard, and found Topsy's nest in a basket that somebody had left hanging on a grape-post. The eggs were cold; the little chickens in them probably dead. But they concluded to make an effort to save the dozen lives, if possible. Topsy's chicken was taken from her, and she was put back on her nest, over which a piece of mosquito-netting had been stretched. But Topsy would not cover the eggs. She paced back and forth in the vacant part of the basket, clucking and looking askance at the eggs. All the folks went away, hoping that Topsy's nervousness would be sooner allayed if she were unwatched. An hour later, the net showed a most ghastly sight. Every egg except two had been picked and torn open by the ruthless young mother. She was released from her prison; the two unbroken eggs were taken to the kitchen and kept warm. In the evening, one of them began to peep. Clough was wild with delight when he heard the little voice shut up in the egg, as he said. Cook carefully pecked a little hole in the shell, and Clough saw that the chick had a red head.

He was so interested that they could n't get him off to bed, and after awhile he had the satisfaction of seeing a little blotched chicken staggering about, and cheeping as though it was lost in a great strange world. As it was without its mother's brooding wing, it was put with the white chicken in a basket lined with light, fleecy wool. Some more fleece covered them; a cloth was spread over the whole basket, and it set behind the kitchen stove, which never got cold. Papa said the two chickens were as much trouble as a pair of twin babies.

The next morning the little things seemed well and bright, and were put with their mother. But, shocking to relate, Topsy pecked both of the innocents to death. Clough cried, and said he knew Topsy was crazy; she'd always acted like "a raving-go-stracted idiot."

Mamma thought she was wanting in the maternal instincts; that she'd never make a good mother, yet she'd be forever attempting the part of mother, and so would be a perpetual aggravation.

"We'd better make a Thanksgiving chicken pie of her," papa suggested.

"No," said Clough, stoutly; "she belongs to me, and I must have the good of her."

"There is n't any good of her; she's bad from her top-knot to her toe-nails. Clear case of total depravity," said papa, who was a funny man. "Besides, you may eat all the chicken pie at Thanksgiving."

"I can't eat a whole chicken pie to onct," said

Clough was delighted with the solution of the difficulty. He'd thus get the good of her, and he'd get rid of the bother of her, and yet do no violence to his feeling. He wanted to start right off to market with her, but papa said she was so worn by her family cares that she needed to be fattened.

So Clough rushed to the bread-box and crumbed up three biscuits, a rusk, and two ginger-snaps for Toppo's dinner. For the next few weeks he was



MR. MERRYMAN IS EXCITED ABOUT HIS GOLD DOLLAR.

Clough, pouting slightly. "'Sides, I could n't eat any of Toppo. I love her so."

"After all her *wicket puffawnances*?" said papa, imitating black Judy's pronunciation.

"Mamma loves me when I'm naughty as well as when I'm good; but she does n't love my naughty ways," Clough argued. "That's the way I feel about Toppo."

"Sell her for a spring chicken," said papa, snapping his brown eyes at the happy suggestion.

very industrious in throwing shelled corn at Toppo, and in scattering it under her nose, if she had one. Mamma said more was wasted on the pullet than it was worth, but papa suggested, "For every grain Toppo gets, she gives a peck." I don't think this was original with papa, but it pleased Clough very much when it was explained to him.

At length Toppo was pronounced in good condition, and the impatient Clough had permission to put her on the market. The Spitts family lived

in a village where a weekly paper was published. Clough wanted to advertise a splendid fat top-knot pullet for sale; but this, he was shown, would delay matters. Then he proposed posters with a life-size likeness of Topsy. That would be irresistible. But he finally decided that it would be jolly to go from door to door among the villagers until he should find a purchaser. As most of the villagers kept chickens, Clough had a weary tramp before he found even a bid. One came at length, from old Mr. Merryman, whose character did not harmonize with his name. He was an old bachelor who lived all alone in a shanty of two rooms, and did his own work. He was rich,—had thousands of dollars in bank, and might have lived in comfort if he had n't loved his money too well to part with it. When he examined Topsy, he found she was very fat, and would make him many nice gravies.

"She's awful fat," said Clough. "I most know she's at a hundred bushels of corn in two or three weeks, 'sides biscuits, cakes, and things."

"Don't tell lies, boy," said Mr. Merryman, severely. "How much do you want for your chicken?"

"Thirty-five cents," said Clough, remembering what his mother had told him to ask for Topsy.

"Too much!" grunted the miser. "I'll give you twenty-five cents for it; and that's enough, because I'll have to dress it myself."

By this time Tony Simpson had come up. He was a big boy who liked Clough, and who did not like Mr. Merryman. The old man had beaten Tony's dog Trip, one day. Indeed, none of the boys liked Mr. Merryman. He was hard on them, as well as on the village dogs and cats.

"No," said Clough, "I charge thirty-five cents for Topsy. Mamma said I must."

"And she's worth it," said Tony Simpson, determined to stand by Clough.

"I won't give thirty-five cents if I never eat another bite of chicken in my life," the miser declared. "Take a quarter, and be done with it"—and he opened his purse.

"Don't you do it," said Tony.

Just then a gold dollar from Mr. Merryman's purse fell into Topsy's basket. I have no doubt but that Topsy thought the coin was a grain of yellow corn, such as Clough had been in the habit

of throwing to her so lavishly. At all events, she snapped it up instantly, and swallowed it.

"She's swallowed my dollar!" cried the miser, excitedly. "I'll wring her neck. I'll have my dollar"—and he roughly seized poor Topsy.

"No you don't, though," said Tony Simpson, with determination. "You dar' n't harm a feather of her body till you pay for her. I'll call the judge, and the constable, and every lawyer in town"—and Tony forthwith began to shout to one and another passer-by to bring this and that officer of the law, till quite a crowd was assembled, when there was much laughing and chuckling at Mr. Merryman's expense.

"Of course he's got to pay for the chicken to get his dollar," said one.

"He's no right to the chicken's life till he pays for it," another remarked.

"The chicken's worth a dollar and thirty-five cents now. Make him pay a dollar for it," Pete Martin advised.

"Go for him!" cried Mr. Walters, who owed the miser a grudge.

In the mean time, Mr. Merryman was raving and whining by turns. The spectators were a pack of thieves who meant to rob him, a poor lone man. They wanted to bring him, their neighbor and fellow-citizen, to the poor-house; they'd like to see his gray hairs in a pauper's grave; he'd never harmed a living thing.

"'Cept dogs, and cats, and boys," put in a lad of twelve.

The crowd laughed and hooted at the miser's remarks, while some continued to urge Clough to demand a dollar for the pullet. Young as he was, the child saw that he had the advantage of the old man. But he also saw, in a vague way, that it would n't be noble to make use of his advantage. Besides, he meant to "mind his mamma." She had told him to ask thirty-five cents for Topsy. So he said resolutely, he did n't want a dollar; he wanted thirty-five cents. He got it, 'mid the cheers of the crowd. Then he started home, escorted by a squad of boys, such as always follow a small boy who has money of his own, as flies follow a honey-jug. At the first candy-shop Clough stopped and treated. He got home with a one-cent piece and two peppermint-drops.

THE KING OF THE HOBBLEDYGOBLINS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



HIS eyes are green and his nose is brown,
His feet go up and his head goes down,
And so he goes galloping through the town,

The King of the Hobbledygoblins!

His heels stick out and his toes stick in,
He wears a calabash on his chin,
And he glares about with a horrible grin,

The King of the Hobbledygoblins!

Now, Johnny and Tommy, you'd better look out!
All day you've done nothing but quarrel and pout,
And nobody knows what it's all about,

But it gives me a great deal of pain, dears.

So, Johnny and Tommy, be good, I pray!

Or the king will come after you some fine day,
And off to his castle he'll whisk you away,

And we never shall see you again, dears!

READY FOR EUROPE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A GOOD many of you girls who read ST. NICHOLAS will go to Europe some day or other. Just now, perhaps, you don't think or care much about it; but by and by, when you are older, and hear people who have been there talk of their doings and seeings, the desire to go will strengthen, and you will wish it very much indeed. There are some persons who will tell you that this desire is foolish and wrong; that going to Europe is just now the fashion, and silly folks who like to follow the fashions go for that reason. But I think this a mistake. To travel anywhere, intelligently, has a great deal of education in it, and for an American to go to Europe, where is so much we cannot as yet have in our own country, is education of the very best sort.

I want, therefore, to talk about this journey which some of you are to take, and the way in which to get the greatest good and pleasure out of it. This is not to make any one discontented who cannot go. That would be a pity, indeed. But nobody knows beforehand what their chances are going to be; and as business, or sickness, or unforeseen changes of various kinds may bring the opportunity to any of you when it is least looked for, it will not be lost time to get ready to take advantage of it should it come. Then, if it never comes, you will at least have had the improvement of getting ready, which in itself is a very good thing.

First, then, let us decide what it is that makes it worth while to go at all. To be amused, to buy pretty things, and have what you girls call "a good time," is not enough. Good times and shopping and amusement are to be had in America; it would scarcely pay to cross the Atlantic in search of them, though they are nice things to catch at by the way. A great many do go with no other wish or idea in their minds; but something higher there must be, or the wise would not follow their example.

To begin with, then: there are better chances for study in certain branches than we can have at home. The most famous masters for music and painting live in Europe, and languages can be acquired there more readily and perfectly than with us. To pick up French or German by the ear as a little child does, is indeed learning made easy. It is thus that children on the Continent are taught. It is nothing uncommon to find a girl of eighteen who speaks and thinks equally well in four or five tongues. She has had a French nurse,

and a German and an Italian; or has gone to school in the different countries; and as people about her are using the languages continually, her chance for practice is perpetual, and a good accent comes without trouble. Each little Russian boy, when admitted to the Government schools, is required to speak French and German; and Russian parents often carry their families to spend a year or two in France and Germany, so that they may absorb languages, as it were, without knowing that there is any difficulty in the matter.

But apart from actual study,—for some of you will not have time for that,—there is great and constant instruction to be gained by what you see. We read in books about wonderful things, such as cathedrals, temples, Alpine scenery, Raphael's Madonnas; but, however hard we try, we cannot distinctly picture them until we see. One hour spent in a real cathedral teaches more of the true meaning and glory of architecture than weeks spent over books. One glance at a snow-peak sets an image in our brain which never could have been there without that glance. I once heard a lady say that she was sure she knew just how Mont Blanc must look, because it was just twice and a half as high as Mount Washington, and she could easily imagine two and a half Mount Washingtons piled on top of one another, and covered with snow! But when she came to see the actual Mont Blanc, she found that none of her imaginary pilings-up had in the least prepared her for the look of the real thing.

Then, it is not only certain great objects which are made real to us by seeing them, but also everything, however small, which we have learned about or been told of. We read Hume and Gibbon, and that this or that happened in such a year or such a reign, but it is all dim and fabulous, and must be, so long as it is merely a statement on a printed page. One visit to the Tower or the Forum makes a sudden change. The fabulous becomes distinct. It is like sunlight flashing into a dusky corner. And the best of all is, that the sunlight stays; and facts never go off again into the vague distance where they were before, but remain near and clear forever to your mind.

I want to warn you of one disagreeable thing sure to happen, which is, that the minute you visit any of these celebrated places, a sharp and mortifying sense of ignorance will take possession of you. "Dear me, who was Guy, Earl of War-

wick?" you will ask yourself. "And Lady Jane Grey's father,—I can't recollect his name at all,—and why was it that they cut off her head?" Then the guide will lead the way into a dark cell, and tell you it was Sir Walter Raleigh's bed-chamber during his long imprisonment, and you will conjure up a vague recollection of the great Sir Walter, as a young man flinging his cloak down before the Queen, and will long to know more, except that the party is moving on, and you are ashamed to ask. Or, if it is in Rome that you happen to be sight-seeing, you will trip down the long steps which lead into the great Forum, and look at the beautiful groups of columns and the broken arches, and all at once it will come to you with a shock that you know nothing at all about the Forum; that up to this time it has only been a name in your memory. In a general way, you have gathered that it was the place where the Roman Senators and people met to discuss public matters, but it does n't look in the least as you had expected it would; and besides, you hear of other Forums, many others, in different parts of the city, and instead of enjoying intelligently, you stand bewildered and confused, and listen helplessly while some one reads a few bald pages of Murray's guide-book; and the guide explains what he does n't know, in Italian which you don't understand. You long to go straight home, hunt up the proper books, study the subject well, and then come back and see the Forum again. But, alas! the books are in the home book-case in America, and the Roman Circulating Library seems to have nothing in it but novels; and even if it had, what time could you find to read where there is so much to be seen and done? All that is left is for you to put the matter aside, with a dull, unsatisfied feeling, and resolve to find out about it when you can; but before that time comes, the full, fresh interest will have worn off. And, oh! what a pity it was that you could not have been prepared before you went there!

Every traveler feels this want at times, even the best-educated ones, for no education is so complete as to prepare its owner on all points and against all surprises. What the ill-educated ones lose cannot be calculated! It is like voyaging with one eye blinded and the other half shut. You see, hear, feel only a little piece of things, impressions enter your brain only part way, and what with the puzzle and vexation at your own ignorance and the sting of a missed opportunity, you go about with so much annoyance in your mind that you but half enjoy the delightful chance which perhaps will never be yours to enjoy again.

So, dear girls, take my advice, and while you have libraries and leisure, and people ready to explain things, and a mind free to receive the

explanations, get yourselves ready to profit by what may come. You will be very glad afterward. Every subject carefully looked into, every bit of history tucked away into its proper place in your memory, every little interesting fact, every cell made ready for the reception of mental honey, will prove, when the right moment comes, a thing to be thankful for. Each scrap of French, or Italian, or German will find its place; each hard word which seems so dry now, will be useful then; every fragment of scientific knowledge—nothing will be lost or valueless, and the most casual and unlikely thing may turn out to be a friend at need and a friend indeed.

If you go in Rome to see the mosaic works belonging to the Government, you will find that the great pictures which you have admired on the walls of St. Peter's are made up of an immense number of small bits of stone and marble, chosen for their color, and fitted, each into exactly its prepared place. The mosaic workers who make the pictures would never think of beginning till the bits of marble were all ready, polished and sorted out. It would be awkward indeed to stop in the middle of the work, because there was no blue left with which to finish the Madonna's eye, or to leave a hole in the Saint's robe for the lack of half a dozen little red stones.

I want you to imitate their carefulness, and get ready these precious small bits of knowledge before the time comes to work them into the beautiful whole. Then, when the great chance arrives, your material will be ready, and fitting one with another, a valuable thing will grow of them, which will be yours for life. But don't let the pattern be spoiled for lack of a tiny scrap of this or that which you have not had the forethought to prepare in time.

And just one thing more. Let your minds grow as fast as they will, but let your souls grow too. Don't go about regarding the nations of the earth in general as "queer foreigners," who must be undervalued and scorned because their ways are not like our own. To us our own ways seem best, but there is good everywhere, and things are not necessarily ridiculous because they differ from those which we are accustomed to. And then, though you must n't think I want to preach, God has made all men of one family, and, in spite of varieties of complexion, tastes and habits, all have the same needs, the same human nature, the same death to die, the same Everlasting Father, and so all, in a sense, are brothers and sisters to each other. This thought going along with you, charity, patience, and kindness will go too, blessed fellow-travelers these, and good helpers on the road. Your mind will widen, your sympathies grow big, and all the world become wonderful and delightful,

as it must always be to people whose hearts are large enough to take it in. After a journey made in this spirit, you will come back, as American girls should come, not merely with Paris bonnets and Genoese filigree, but sweeter and stronger than when you went away; wiser, too, and better fitted

to see the meanings of things at home, and take your place as dwellers in a free land. For, beautiful, and instructive, and full of charm as Europe is, to be an American in the true sense of the word is better yet; and I hope you will all continue to feel that, however many times you go abroad.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

"WAUGH! how I hate hog-meat!" exclaimed Barnard, looking into his plate of fried bacon, with an expression of extreme disgust.

"And no game since week before last," added Arthur, dolefully.

"When you can't get butter, you must make salt pork do, my old grandmother used to say," was Mont Morse's wise comment on this outbreak of discontent. "We enlisted for the campaign with hog-meat, boys, and you wont back out now, will you?"

"But we did reckon on more game, you know," argued Barney; "and we have had precious little since we got out of the antelope country."

"You disremember the dogs and frogs," said Hi, with a grimace.

Both the Stevens boys laughed. When they were in the prairie-dog region, they had killed and eaten all of those animals they could get at. But Hi had steadfastly refused to "eat dog," as he expressed it, and his brother Tom had thought it necessary to follow his example. It was in vain that Mont had urged that "prairie-dogs" were not dogs at all, but a species of marmot; that they fed on roots and vegetables, and that their meat was as sweet and wholesome as that of rabbits.

"You need n't tell me," was Hi's constant reply. "They set up on end, and bark just like dogs. They live with rattlesnakes and owls, and they're not fit for a white man to eat. General Fremont may eat dogs, but I wont, until I'm starving."

His refusal to partake of this strange food, as he considered it, gave the others a larger share. The prairie-dogs, numerous though they were, were never plenty in the camp. They sat up cunningly on their haunches and barked at the hunters, very much in the squeaky fashion of toy-dogs; but,

when shot at, they tumbled into their holes and were seldom recovered, even though severely wounded. They posted themselves by the opening of their dens, each one a sentinel to warn of danger. When they fell over, their comrades below dragged them into the burrow, where the young hunters could hear them whining and crying, in a half-human fashion, over their wounds. They were good to eat, but tender-hearted Arthur, much as he desired a change from their diet of "side-meat," never could take pleasure in killing the pretty little creatures.

As for frogs, when the party occasionally reached a pond of melted snow-water, warmed by the summer sun and musical with frogs, Mont rolled up his trousers, and, armed with a thick stick, waded in and slew them, right and left.

"But Boston folks consider them a great luxury," he remonstrated, when Hi and Tom expressed their profound disgust at such proceedings. "Take off the hind-legs, skin them and fry them—what can you want better?"

"Hog-meat," replied Hi, sententially.

But it must be confessed that Hi looked on with interest while Mont and Barnard daintily nibbled at the delicate bones of the frogs' legs, nicely browned and having all the appearance of fried chicken.

"Stands to reason," muttered Hi, with his mouth watering, "that frogs is vermin, and vermin aint fit to eat."

"Frogs is toads, and toads is insex," sneered Tom. "Dad told me so. Think yer know more'n dad, do yer?"

They were drawing near Salt Lake City now, and even the small game which Hi and Tom despised was no longer to be had. Occasionally, they shot a hare,—one of the long-eared, long-legged kind known as the jackass-rabbit. Sage-hens, too, had been plentiful in some localities, and, though the flesh of these was dark and bitter

with the wild sage on which they fed, the addition of a brace of them to their daily fare was a great event. Now, however, they were reduced to their staple of smoked "hog-meat" once more.

They had been lying by for a few days, hoping that they might find some game while they rested their stock. John Rose and Mont had scoured the country with their rifles, but they brought back nothing to show for their long tramps. Flour biscuit, fried salt meat, and coffee without milk, formed their regular bill of fare now. The cows in the drove had ceased to give milk, and the boys were reduced to the "short commons" which they had been taught to expect.

Nevertheless, they were better provided than many emigrants whom they met on the way. A company of Germans, with whom they traveled, had nothing in their stores but smoked sausages, flour and coffee.

"No sugar?" asked Arty, in amazement.

"Nein," civilly replied the genial German.

"No baking-powders? no salt?"

"Nein. No kraut," responded the traveler, with gloom in his face.

Nevertheless, the light-hearted Germans had a merry camp. And, when they marched on by day, they locked arms over each other's shoulders, and kept step to the music of their own songs, chanting as they went.

"Queer chaps, those singing Dutchmen," mused Hi, as he watched them, day by day striding along and singing the marching songs of their native land. The boys heard one of their favorite pieces so often that Mont caught the words and wrote them down. So one day, to the astonishment of the rest of the party, Mont and Arty locked arms and marched down the trail, singing thus:

Wohlauf in Gottes schöne Welt!

Ade! ade! ade!

Die Luft ist blau, und grün das Feld—

Ade! ade! ade!

Die Berge glüh'n wie Edelstein;
Ich wandre mit dem Sonnenschein
In's weite Land hinein.

Ade! ade!

Du traute Stadt am Bergeshang,

Ade! ade! ade!

Du hoher Thurm, du Glockenklang,

Ade! ade! ade!

Ihr Häuser alle, wohl bekannt,
Noch einmal wink' ich mit der Hand,
Und nun seitab gewandt!

Ade! ade!

An meinem Wege fließt der Bach—

Ade! ade! ade!

Der ruft den letzten Gruss mir nach—

Ade! ade! ade!

Ach, Gott! da wird so eigen mir,
So milde weh'n die Lüfte hier,
Als wär's ein Gruss von dir—

Ade! ade!

Ein Gruss von dir, du schlankes Kind—

Ade! ade! ade!

Doch nun den Berg hinab geschwind—

Ade! ade! ade!

Wer wandern will, der darf nicht steh'n,
Der darf niemals zurücke seh'n,
Muss immer, weiter geh'n.

Ade! ade!

"But that's Dutch!" exclaimed Hi. "Give us the English of it!"

"No; it's German," said Arty, laughing at his success as a "Singing Dutchman."

"What's the odds?" replied Hi. "It's as Dutch as Dutch kin be. I don't see no difference between Dutch and German."

"Well," said Mont, "we will give you the English of it some day." And when, not long after, Mont read his translation of the verses by the night camp-fire, the whole party were loud in their praises of their marching-song.

"It's a great thing to be a scholar," sighed Hi, with a glance of envy at the rude verses of the young "Boston feller." And he murmured, with a thrill of honest admiration: "And that thar feller kin set a wagon-tire with any man on the plains. It do beat all how some folks is gifted!"

They overtook the "Singing Dutchmen," one bright day soon after this, and great was the delight of those sturdy tramps to see our boys marching by, sedately singing as they went Mont's free translation of their own song, something like this:

Forward in God's beautiful world!

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

The sky is blue, and green the fields—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

The mountains gleam like jewels bright;
I wander in the warm sunlight,
Far into distant lands.

Farewell! farewell!

Dear village by the mountain-side,

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thou lofty tower, ye chiming bells,

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Ye happy homes, well-known to me,
Toward you once more I wave my hand,
But turn away mine eyes!

Farewell! farewell!

Beside my pathway flows the brook—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Which calls to me a last farewell—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Ah, Heaven above, so sad am I!

The zephyrs float so softly by,
As if they brought from thee a sigh—
Farewell! farewell!

From thee a sigh, thou fairest maid!

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

But down the hill-side now I speed—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

For he who wanders must not pause,
Nor once behind him cast his glance,
But forward, forward march.

Farewell! farewell!

"Ach! it is better as never was," cried the honest Germans.

"Where get you so much good song, mine friendt?" asked one of the party, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"We borrowed it from you," said Mont, modestly. "I hope you don't think us rude."

"Rudt? It is a what you call a gompliment, and we to you are much obliged," was the hearty reply.

"He did it, all by himself," said Hi, proudly. "He turned it into English from Dutch, and he sings it both ways like a reg'lar medder-lark—so he does."

"Yaw," answered the German emigrant, as if in doubt whether he understood Hi's explanations.

Barnard, not to be outdone, drilled Arthur and Tom in a marching song of his own, and one day produced this novelty.

"When we lived in Vermont," said Barney, "there was a military company in our village. There were not men enough to make two companies, the place was so small. So the same men appeared as an infantry company one month, and as an artillery company the next. They had a snare drum and a bass drum when they turned out as infantry; but when they paraded as artillery, with one cannon, they had a spare man, so they used to carry two bass drums and the snare drum.

Marching tune to the statelier music of the artillery band.

"Here go the two bass drums and the tenor," cried Arty."

"Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!
How's your marm?
Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!
How's your marm?
Oh, she's boozey, boozey, boozey, boozey!
Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!"
&c., &c.

"Ho! ho! what nonsense!" roared Hi. "But it's just like a couple of bass drums. I think I hear 'em now"—and, lying back on his pile of blankets, Hi laughed again, Mont and the rest joining in the chorus.

The boys practiced this marching song as they had the others, and their fellow-travelers were often thereafter edified with the rough music which the party made as they stepped out with alacrity, chanting—

"Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!
Boom! boom! boom!"

Or they assumed a more funereal gait as they walked, and sung—

"Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!
How's your marm?"

Their laughter was hushed when Nance, whose family had come up with them lately, marched up to their tent one night with the solemn announcement of "The baby's dead!"

"What baby?" they asked, with a startled air.

"Just like stooipid men-folks, you air!" replied the girl. But she added, with a softened tone: "Why, it's the Messer folkses baby. Them that was upstot in Dry Creek and had a lovely bonnit along."

"It was the sick baby that we tended down there just this side of Papeses, yer know, Arty," said Tom, with solemnity.

Old Mrs. Rose, Captain John's mother, who sat near by, said: "I knowed she'd never raise that there child. It allus was a weakly thing. It's a marcy it's took away now"—and the good old woman knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and sighed.

"Death in the camp," thought Barney to himself, and he looked around and wondered how it would seem if death was in their camp as it was in their neighbor's. His eyes rested lovingly on his brother's golden head, and he asked: "Can we be of any service, do you think, Nance?"



A FAMILY WAGON.

This is the way the infantry band went." And Barney got up and marched around the camp-fire, Arty and Tom following with—

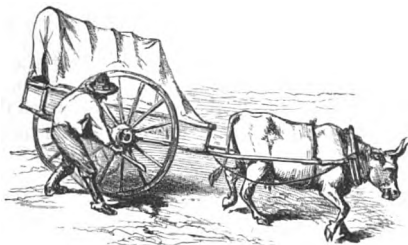
"Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!
Boom! boom! boom!
Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!
Boom! boom! boom!"

Everybody laughed uproariously at the whimsical sight of the lads, who were half-dressed for the night, as they paraded about and about, chanting the odd melody of the village drum-corps. Then, with solemn step and slow, they changed their

"I reckon. The baby's to be buried at sun-up to-morrow; and dad said if one of you fellers would go down to the mouth of the cañon with him to-night, he'd help dig a little grave." And the girl turned away to hide her tears as she uttered the word so full of sadness to all ears.

The boys eagerly volunteered to assist in everything that was to be done; and by the edge of a dry ravine, under a lone tree, they hollowed a little cell before they slept.

Next day, before the camps were broken up, all of the emigrants on the ground gathered about the



BUSH'S GO-CART.

wagon of the Messers, where a little white bundle was lying on a square pile of yokes, covered smoothly with a blanket. On this white shape was laid a poor little knot of stunted cactus-flowers, the only blooming thing which the arid plains produced. Near by sat the mother, crouched on the ground and moaning to herself, "Such a little thing!—such a little thing!"

"It's powerful rough to have to bury the baby out yer in the wilderness-like," complained the father. "I wished I had n't a-come."

"Don't take on so, ole man," said his wife. "He's better on't—he's better on't."

The youngest boys raised the burden at a signal from Captain Rose. They bore it to the open grave, all the company following with uncovered heads. Then the little white bundle was lowered tenderly into the earth. The tearful mother picked up the yellow cactus-flowers, which had fallen to the ground, kissed them and cast them in. Then stout branches of sage-brush were laid over the figure beneath, forming a shelter from the soil.

Now a white-haired old man, the patriarch of one of the companies, lifted up his hands and prayed by the open grave. There was a stifed sigh here and there in the little assemblage when he spoke of "the loved ones left behind," and of others "who had gone on before." Then he said a few pleasant and cheery words to the mourning parents, who were leaving their only child here alone in the heart of the continent.

"And yet," he said, "not here, but up yonder," and he pointed upward, where Nance, whose wondering eye involuntarily followed the speaker's, saw a little bird cheerily winging its solitary way across the rosy sky. She plucked her mother's sleeve and whispered: "I'm so glad I picked them posies!"

The grave was filled up, the simple ceremony was over, and each party betook itself to preparing for another day's journey.

"Poor little thing!" said Mont. "His journey is done early; and he rests just as well here as anywhere."

"I'm glad they buried it in the morning," added Arthur. "It is not nearly so sorrowful as it is in the evening, when the shadows creep and creep, just as if they would never stop creeping. Seems to me it's a good thing to bury children at sunrise. I don't know why, though."

"Neither do I, Arty," said Hi; "but a buryin' is a solemn thing, for all that. I allow it's the solemnest thing agoin'. I was a-thinkin' just now, when we was takin' down the tent, of a hymn my sister Pameley Ann used to sing. By gum, now! I've forgot the words, but they're powerful nice," added Hi, looking rather foolish. "Something about pitchin' your tent, anyhow."

"Oh, yes! I remember," said Arty, brightly; "it is this:

Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

"That's it! that's it! Good boy, Arty!" said Hi, with shining eyes. "Now, d'yer know, I often have them thar words a-buzzin' through my head when we set up the tent, nights, all along this yere trail?"

"So do I, Hi," answered Mont. "And so I do when we take it down next day, because, somehow, the place where we have spent even one night seems like home when we leave it out of doors, as it were, and go on, knowing we shall never see it again."

"Well, we're getting really sentimental, Mont," said Barnard, "and all along of that little funeral."

"I allow that a funeral, big or little, is the solemnest thing out. Whoa haw! Star! whar in thunder are yer goin' ter?" And Hi drove on in the train that moved out of camp.

Nance trudged along in the dust behind the Missourians' wagon, holding on by one hand to the tail-board, by way of speechless sympathy. The poor mother sat looking out from the wagon-cover as the team moved slowly away. She saw the deserted camping-ground, where a few dying fires were smoldering in ashes. She even marked the lame and worn-out steer that some emigrant had

left behind, and which now stood looking wistfully after the departing train. But most she noted the little mound, fresh with yellow earth, and decently fenced about with broken wagon-tires, by the lone tree. The morning sun gilded the small heap of disturbed soil and deluged all the plain with unsupportable brightness. She shaded her eyes with her hand and moaned: "Such a little thing!—such a little thing!"

Nance's brown hand closed tenderly on the woman's gown, and a few gracious tears dropped in the dust as she walked.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN MORMONDOM.

THE way now grew more and more crowded. It seemed as if the teams sprang out of the earth, they were so numerous, and they collected on the trail so suddenly, day by day. Desperate characters, too, became more frequent as the tide of emigration drew near the city of the Great Salt Lake. There was much talk about hostile Indians. The boys had heard this before, when passing through the Rocky Mountains. Once or twice, they knew of Indian attacks before or behind them; and one day they had overtaken a party of emigrants who had lost three of their party during one of these attacks. They saw, with their own eyes, the bullet-holes in the wagons of this company, and they had helped to bury the men left dead on the ground, after the firing was over and the cowardly Indians were gone.

During that exciting and alarming time, they had mounted guard every night with the full consciousness that they might be fired upon before morning. The cattle were kept near the camp, and the wagons were placed close together, so that, in case of an attack, they could be arranged in the form of a circle, like a fort. In those days, while in a hostile country, they had plenty of company for mutual assistance, however, and they almost lost the pleasant little privacy of their own camp. They traveled with a crowd; they camped with a crowd. Nance's father, Philo Dobbs, and her mother, and Nance herself, formed one small party; and they were glad to keep along with the Roses and our boys, for the sake of better security from danger.

Now there were rumors of the Goshoots being about, and as the Goshoots were a marauding tribe of Indians, though not so warlike as the Cheyennes, then very unfriendly, the emigrants were uneasy. Between Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City, was a very bad section of road. The country was sandy and dry. Here and there were poisonous springs of water, and the undulating surface of the ground

was dotted with clumps of grease-weed and sage-brush; there was nothing for the animals to feed on, and no water fit to drink. To get through this desolate region, the emigrants traveled night and day, or, rather, one day and one night.

The moon was nearly at the full, and the night was pleasant and cool. As they drove on through the shadowy hollows and over the ghostly ridges, in the moonlight, utterly in the wilderness, even the cattle seemed to think something unusual was going forward. Tige turned his head, every now and then, and looked at Arthur, as much as to say, "Queer doings these, my boy." And Pete, who never barked except on great occasions, stalked along by the side of the team, growling with suppressed excitement. Everybody felt nervous and "scary," as Bush expressed it, but very little was said, and the company swept on, wagon after wagon, bands of cattle, men on foot and men on horseback, silently pressing on in the night, in the midst of a wild, strange country, with danger lurking near and an unknown and untrodden space before them.

About midnight, when the men were beginning to feel drowsy, when the women had climbed into the wagons to sleep, and the oxen showed their fatigue by lagging, a sudden panic seized the whole line. Instantly, and as if all agreed to scatter, the droves of loose cattle darted off in all directions, to the right and left of the road, scampering among the bushes, with their tails in the air. The yoked cattle followed them, jolting and bouncing the wagons over the hillocks and rough ground, and shaking the women and children, who fell out screaming and terrified. All along the line was



AN EARLY SETTLER.

confusion and dismay. The men yelled at their cattle, but in vain. The animals ran like mad buffaloes, and careered through the sage-brush pursued by their drivers, who could neither stop nor turn them.

The ground was speedily strewn with camp-stuff, loose garments, and mining "traps." Here and there, a wagon was overturned, and the frantic oxen dragged it a little way and then stopped in sullen despair. Tige and Molly joined in the general stampede, and Arthur and Hi breathlessly pursued, Barnard having tumbled out of the rear end of the wagon, where he had been taking a nap. As Arty caught up with the team, and ran around their heads to turn them back, he suddenly saw a dusky figure rise up from behind a wild-sage bush,

was now broken and scattered in all directions. Some of the loose cattle had disappeared in the night, and not a few wagons lay overturned and half-wrecked among the bushes. People went wandering around seeking for their comrades or gathering up their goods and animals. But the panic was over.

"It was only a stampede, after all, Arty," said Hi, cheerily.

"Well, if that's a stampede, I allow I don't want any more of 'em," said Tom, with his teeth still



THE STAMPEDE.

within a few feet of him. He felt his hair rising on his head, and he instinctively reached behind him for his revolver. It was gone!

Just then, the figure stumbled and fell, rose again, and said:

"I just allow this yer is the ornerest, toughest piece of ground I ever traveled."

It was Messer, whose team had disappeared in the struggling mass which had now gathered at the foot of a rise of ground. Arty breathed freer, and, with Mont's help, he and Hi quieted their oxen, stopped them, and began to look about.

The long procession, which had been moving along so quietly and steadily a few minutes before,

chattering. "I own up that I was orful scared. Wha'—wha's that?" he exclaimed, starting back as he spoke.

"Nothin', nothin'; ye're scart of yer own shadder," replied Hi, who looked in the direction of Tom's fears, but with a little shake in his voice.

It was only Johnny, who was hunting about in the brush for Arty's pistol.

"Come out of that thar brush, you young one," remonstrated Hi, with some asperity, as he began to straighten out the team before driving back to the road. "'Spos'n' yer'd be ketched by the Goshoots, who'd hev yer share of the outfit, I'd like to know? Haw there, you Tige!"

"D'yer 'spose there's Injuns about, Hi?" said Tom.

"Could n't say—could n't say, Tom. Mont here allows that Injuns hev a way of stampedin' a train like that, and then firing into the crowd and pickin' off the heft of 'em."

"Yes," exclaimed Mont, "they say that the Indians will sometimes scare cattle and make them stampe in that way, and then fall on the disordered train and destroy the people and capture the property. But we have seen no Indians. They had a chance to attack us just now, if they wanted to."

"Well, then, why did the cattle all run like that?" demanded Arthur. "They must have been scared by something."

"I just allow it was shadders. The cattle were skittish and scary-like," said Hi. "And I must say I was sorter panicky myself, before the stampede began. Shadders creeping along side of the road, shadders stealing along behind in the moonlight. Ouch! what's that?"

Everybody started, and then everybody laughed. It was Pete who came bounding in from the sagebrush with Barney's cap, which he had picked up somewhere. Barney had not missed his cap, he had been so taken by surprise when he was shaken out of the wagon. Arty picked up his pistol near where the stampede began, and, after recovering the other things scattered along the path of their sudden flight, they went back to the road. Many hands make light work; the overturned wagons were righted, the cattle were gathered in, and the train moved on once more. As usual, however, the panic-stricken oxen did not easily recover their peace of mind. Once again in the course of the night, terrified by the weird shadows, perhaps, they bolted from the track; but they were soon recovered, and they plodded on until daybreak.

In a short time after this great scare, the young emigrants passed into Echo Cañon, then a famous resting-place for the gold-seekers. High walls of red, yellow, and cream-colored rock rose on either side. These walls were topped out with pinnacles, towers, and steeples. It was like a fairy scene. Below were charming groves, overshadowing a winding stream. Above were fantastic rocky shapes resembling castles, donjon-keeps, cathedral spires, battlements, and massive walls. Trailing vines grew in the high crevices of the precipices and swung in the breeze. The cañon was rich with grass and wild berries, and here the boys camped for several days, trying curious experiments in cooking the fruit which grew so abundantly about them. "Sass," as Hi called it, was the easiest to manage. They made a few pies, too; but the pastry was made with bacon-fat and lard, and Bar-

nard turned up his nose at it, with the remark that "it was hog-meat in another shape."

They attempted a berry pudding, and Nance lent them a cloth to boil it in. Arty would not permit the cover of the camp-kettle to be taken off, as that would "make the pudding heavy." Nance had said so. When the hungry company gathered about the kettle, at dinner-time, to see that famous pudding taken out, Arthur poked around in a thin purple broth with a long stick, only to fish out an unpleasant-looking cloth. The bag had been tied too tight. The pudding had burst, and was now a porridge of flour, water, and "sarvice-berries."

"I allow the proof of that pudd'n' aint in the eatin' of it," solemnly remarked Hi.

But Nance consoled Arty by informing him that this was an accident which happened to the very smartest folks, sometimes.

"It aint nigh so bad as scaldin' yer bread, Arty," said the girl, with a sly laugh.

When they reached the mouth of Emigrant Cañon, a few days later, one fine August morning, they gazed with admiration upon the city in the wilderness—Great Salt Lake City. The cañon opened to the west, high up among the mountains. Below stretched the broad valley, north and south. Above their heads rose snowy peaks; beneath, was a vast plain, belted with winding streams, and green and gold with grass, orchards, and grain-fields. In the midst of this lovely panorama shone the City of the Saints. It was like a fairy city, or like a dream. Nearly three months had passed since they had seen a town, and here was a great, well-built, and beautiful city. The houses were gray-tinted or white-washed, the roofs were red, and innumerable trees embowered the whole. The plain, in the midst of which the city was set like a jewel, rolled far to the westward, where it was bounded by the shining waters of Great Salt Lake. Beyond this towered a range of purple mountains, their sharp peaks flecked with silvery snow.

"This is a view from the Delectable Mountains!" murmured Mont, as he sat down.

"Putty as a picter," said honest Hi, leaning on his whip-stock, and gazing at the wonderful panorama. "But it minds me of the hymn—

'Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.'

They do say them Mormons will steal like all possessed."

It was a difficult and a zigzag road down the mountain-side. Many a wrecked emigrant-wagon lay by the side of the descent, now continually crowded with the trains of the gold-seekers. At one place, looking over a low natural parapet, they saw a wagon and four oxen, lying in a heap of ruin,

just where they had fallen from the dizzy height above. So, with much trembling and anxiety, they crept down by rocky slopes, beetling precipices, and foamy mountain-torrents, and reached the grassy plain at last. Here was comfort—an easy road, plenty of feed and water for the cattle, and fruit and vegetables growing in the neat farms by which they passed. It was like paradise.

Driving into the city, which was only a huge village, with orchards and grain-fields all about, they were directed to an open square where emigrants were allowed to camp. Fresh meat, vegetables, and new flour were to be had here, and in these unaccustomed luxuries the boys revelled with great delight. It seemed as if they were near their journey's end. The mishaps, discomforts, and perils through which they had passed, were far away now. Here were flower-gardens, people living in houses, and here were families abiding, not camping out for a night. Their tent, which had become their home, almost beloved as such, appeared frail and shadowy by the side of these substantial and comfortable houses, in which people actually lived.

"We must get up and dust out of this. I'm homesick," was Hi's plaintive remark.

"Lor!" said Nance, whose family was on the spot when they drove into town. "Lor! the wimmen is orful ornery. So old-fashioned, you can't think! Nothin' but sun-bunnits and caliker gownds. I aint seen a sunshade since I've bin here. Ugh! such a place, I want to git."

The boys thought that they never could "git," when they woke up one fine morning and found their cattle gone. They had been chained to the wheels of the wagon when they "turned in" to sleep the night before. Mont had waked in the night and heard Star, who was a restless creature, chafing with his chain. Now they were gone!

They looked in blank amazement, wondering how the thieves could have taken them away without disturbing anybody. It was useless to look for tracks. The turf was trodden by numerous hoofs, coming and going.

"Where's that rascal Pete that he did n't bark? If there had been a chipmunk about the camp, he'd have wakened up everybody," stormed Barnard, with great anger.

"Sure enough, where's Pete?" asked Arthur. He was not to be seen. The boy whistled for his old friend, but had no response. Pete had disappeared.

This was a great calamity, and, leaving the younger ones to get breakfast and watch the camp, Mont, Hi, and Barnard went out to look for the stolen cattle. They came back, late in the morning, one after another, without tidings. Everybody

had told them that the Mormons would steal the tires off the wagon-wheels; that it was more dangerous here than in the Indian country; and then, there were dreadful rumors of emigrants—"Gentiles," the Mormons called them—disappearing suddenly and never being heard of again. If strangers made trouble about being robbed, they were quietly "put out of the way," nobody knew how.

The boys looked at the useless yokes, left piled on each other by the wagon, thought of their stolen cattle, and sat down to a very gloomy breakfast. Sympathizing friends and acquaintances from neighboring camps came in with offers of help, but they could not give up all hope of finding their own again. Arty confessed to himself that he rather enjoyed the celebrity which the affair gave his party, though he was not pleased when some rough stranger laughed at "the youngsters who had their cattle stolen from under their blankets while they slept." But next day, after they had spent one whole day in hunting for their stock, they heard that another party, on the west side of the city, had been robbed of a horse and three yoke of cattle.

Mont went to a Mormon justice of the peace and stated his case. He was received with great grimness, and a constable was sent down to the camp. This official looked at the wagon, tent, and camp-stove, asked if they had any tea to sell, and went away. They never saw him again.

On the third day, Mont, Hi, and Arthur were prowling about on the outskirts of the city, where the denser settlement melted away into small farms. The boy had strayed away from his companions, and was attracted by a neat little cottage built of adobe, or sun-dried brick. The roof was of thatch, and in the trim door-yard bloomed marigolds, hollyhocks, larkspur, and other old-fashioned flowers. A cat purred in the sun, and a flock of white-haired children played on the low door-step.

"This seems like home," murmured the poor, dispirited and lonesome boy.

A sad-looking, sallow-faced woman, coming to the door, said: "Would you like to come in among the posies, my lad?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am," civilly replied Arthur. "But I should like a sprig of that lavender, if you can spare it."

As the boy spoke, a short, sharp bark, strangely like Pete's, sounded from the house. He heard a man's voice, then a whine, and, as the woman gave him the spray of lavender, a low-browed, dark-faced man put his head out of the window, and said:

"What are you tolling these tramps about the place for? Get out of that!"

Two more sad-looking and sallow-faced women now appeared in the door-way, and Arthur walked away, half-angry, but muttering to himself:

"That man's a Mormon! Those are his wives!"

This discovery aroused the boy from his gloomy thoughts, and his curiosity was stirred to find out how a man with at least three wives could live. Loitering down a lane by the side of the cottage, he passed by a neat hedge which inclosed a paddock behind the house. He stooped in an aimless way and peered through an opening in the bottom of the hedge. The inclosure was about fifty feet long and twenty-five wide. The upper end was bounded by a paling which separated the Mormon's garden from the paddock. The lower end opened, by a pair of bars, covered with cut boughs, on a common uninclosed space. In the middle of this cattle-yard, quietly chewing their cud, were eight or ten cattle. Among them, to his amazement, Arthur recognized Tige, Molly, Star, and his mate.

Scarcely believing his eyes, Arty looked once more, and then dashed away across the fields and over the ditches, to find Hi and Mont. They were sitting disconsolately by some wild raspberry bushes, making a poor pretense of picking the fruit, when Arty rushed up, his eyes sparkling, his face all in a glow, and his breath coming and going fast.

"What luck?" exclaimed Mont, whose quick eye saw that something had happened.

"Found 'em!—found 'em!" panted the boy. "The whole lot are together in that corral with the hedge around it!"

"Gosh all Friday!" said Hi.

The three boys now walked rapidly back in the direction of the adobe house, which was about a mile off, but in plain sight. Arriving at the opening in the rear of the paddock, they reconnoitered through the brush which was ingeniously twisted into the bars, so that the hedge, from the outside, seemed unbroken.

"There's Tige, and Molly, and all hands," whispered Hi, with glistening eyes.

"We've two pistols among us. Let's march boldly in and drive them out," said Mont.

Without a word, Hi tore out the screen of boughs, let down the bars, and strode in. Just then, the back-door of the house opened and the dark-faced man appeared.

"Get out of that corral, or I'll shoot you!" he cried, and he raised a fowling-piece to his shoulder as he spoke.

"Don't be afeard, boys; it aint loaded!" called one of the sad-looking women, who suddenly came around the corner of the house. The man muttered an oath, and pursued her as she disappeared among the hollyhocks.

The boys hastily separated their cattle from the rest, and drove them down the paddock. Just then, the man, who had run around the hedge, appeared at the opening and began to put up the bars.

"Leave those cattle alone," said he, savagely.

"They're our cattle, and we are goin' to take 'em," was Hi's dogged reply.

The man went on putting up the bars. Then Mont drew his pistol,—a wicked-looking little machine,—and, pointing it directly at the fellow's head, said:

"Put down those bars, or I'll shoot you! Now then: One!—two!—three!"

The man turned and fled.

Arty ran down, dropped the bars, and the cattle passed out. The opening was closed behind them, and the little party, triumphant, but not without fears, took their way back to town. They were received at the camp with great acclamations, Barnard having returned in the worst possible spirits. The neighboring emigrants gathered in to congratulate them on their good luck, as well as their pluck.

"But suppose that chap takes it into his head to come down on us with legal documents, constables and things!" said Barnard.

Captain John Rose took up his favorite rifle, which was lying in the sun, and remarked:

"If thar's Mormons enough in this yer city to capture the gang of Gentiles lyin' around loose in this yer squar, let 'em come on. No better fun than that fur me!"

As a matter of precaution, however, it was thought best to get out of town as soon as possible. The few necessary purchases had been made. Letters were written home; and, yoking up their recovered team, they hastily departed out of the city.

The affair had been noised about, and several Mormons came around them as they drove away, threatening dreadful things. The dark-faced man did not appear. "If he wants his property, let him come and take it," said Hi. Strange to say, he did not come. The emigrants were numerous, lawless, and angry.

The boys drove out to the north-west, their road leading them by a cluster of boiling hot-springs, across the Weber, and so on to Box Elder. The first part of their way was through broad fields thick with grass and yellow with wild flowers. Across these they saw behind them the City of the Saints, now no longer attractive, as they drove away. Something came bounding toward them across the grassy plain, now lost in the tall growth, and now springing into the streams which laced the plain. It seemed an animal, and yet it appeared like a man running on all fours with marvelous swiftness.

It came from the direction of an adobe house, on the edge of the city, in the midst of the fields. As it leaped nearer and nearer, it gave a joyful bark.

"It's Pete! it's Pete!" cried Arthur, and his tears must needs flow. In another instant, Pete, with a ragged rope about his neck, was in Arty's arms, on Hi's back, on Barnard's neck, and knocking little Johnny over in his paroxysm of delight.

"Whar hev yer b'en, old feller?" asked Hi. "What a powerful shame it is that yer can't talk!"

"I just believe that the man who stole the cattle took Pete away," said Arthur. "I was sure I heard him in that house. He heard me outside talking with the woman, and he barked."

"But how could he get Pete away without poisoning him?" demanded Mont.

"Drugged him," suggested Hi.

"There's that knowing old Tige," said Arthur, playfully. "He looks around as if he could tell all about it."

But he never did.

(To be continued.)



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

THE SPARROWS' MAY-DAY.

BY ALFRED NELSON.

SAID Mr. Sparrow to his wife,
One morning in the early spring :
" Dear Mrs. S——, upon my life,
I've come across the grandest thing—

" A brand-new house, with floors to let,
A mansard roof, and all complete !
We'll take a floor to-day, my pet,
And you must keep it nice and neat.

" The situation is tip-top—
None better wheresoe'er you hop,
And quite within the reach of all
The windows where the crumbs do fall."

So off they flew in haste, to see
The brand-new house ; and, deary me !
Did n't they flutter in and out,
Scarce knowing what they were about !

Good Mrs. S., with straw in mouth,
Picked out a room that faced the south ;
For, very prudently, thought she :
" The sun will warm both eggs and me."

But Mr. Sparrow did declare
The sun would surely scorch her there ;
And as the room was very high,
Their little ones would fall and die.

At last they settled with each other
The first floor front to be the best ;
And how they did help one another
To build a cozy little nest !

They both flew up, they both flew down,
With threads, and rags, and bits of straw ;
They were the busiest birds in town,
And each day busier than before.

At last, the nest is all complete,
And Mrs. Sparrow stays inside,
And keeps the house so nice and neat,
That Mr. S. looks on with pride.

And when the little birds appear,
Wont Mr. Sparrow hop and sing,
And sa to Mrs. S. : " My dear,
Our brand-new house is just the thing !"

ROBIN AND CROCUS.

BY EMMA BURT.

CROCUS peeped out of the earth, in the chill April weather. The sky was gray, and not a spear of grass was to be seen, nor a single green leaf ; a few old ones clung to the vines and trees, withered and brown.

But Crocus, brave and sweet, lifted its cup of gold out of the earth, close beside a patch of snow, and looked shyly about, contented and glad, though so quite—quite alone, and so cold

" Forward thing !" said a voice. Crocus started and shuddered—it was *not* alone.

" Forward thing !" repeated the voice, dismally. " It would be more becoming were you to wait until your betters had come—not flaunt out your prettiness uninvited."

Now, poor Crocus knew that the Pine-tree was

near, and had rebuked it ; and the Pine was tall, and old and great.

Just then Robin came hopping blithely along.

" How do you do, little Crocus ? Well met again !" said he. " Hey-dey ! What is the matter ? Why so sorrowful, dear ?" he gently added.

But Crocus was so very cast-down, it could scarcely reply. At last it told Robin how it came out of the dark earth so early, because the world was so very lonesome ; and that by and by, when the fast company of grand and lovely flowers appeared, so simple a flower as itself would not be needed.

" And when one means to do right, it is very bad to be thought wrong by those who are great and wise," added Crocus, sadly.

And Robin answered, he felt so sorry he hardly knew *what* to do:

"Those who are cruel are never great, though they reach to the very skies! But never mind, little Crocus. Let me tell you. Whenever I plume

North, to tell them the spring is coming—for fear they will all be discouraged.

"And is it not something to make people glad, even if we must be chided?"

Just then Claribel came down the path, and saw



"OH! THE FIRST ROBIN! I SHALL HAVE MY WISH!"

myself ready to flit away from the sunny South, every one says to me:

"Foolish bird! Foolish bird! 'T is chilly and drear up there. Wait a little. You will find no leaves to hide away your nest.' But the more they say the merrier I sing; and away I fly to the chilly

the Robin and Crocus together. She sang out:

"Oh! the first Robin! I shall have my wish!"

Then she paused with lifted hand, thinking which of all the delightful things in the world she *now* most wanted.

"It shall be a hat with blue ribbons, and a

flower like Crocus in the blue, for me to wear at Easter."

So Robin, when he heard this, soared away well pleased. And Claribel tenderly picked the flower,

saying: "Dearest blossom of all the year, you are like a drop from the sun, after the winter days. I will put you very near my heart." So she fastened the flower on her dress, and Crocus was comforted.

A PEEP AT OLD LOMBARDY.

BY EMMA D. SOUTHWICK.

As the traveler enters Italy from the north, he finds himself in the midst of a rich and fruitful valley, where olives, mulberries, and grapes abound, and the peasantry seem industrious, and most of them free from want. But as he passes along, although he finds large cities, in which the people seem as full of life as in ours, he notices continually evidences of great antiquity in their churches, public buildings, bridges, and monuments, and naturally wishes to know something of their history. But no doubt he is surprised, as you will be, to learn that the cities of Northern Italy are many of them older than Rome, some being so ancient that nothing is known of their foundation. Among them, Cremona is the most important, it having been taken by the Tuscans in the fifth century, who found it a great and powerful city. Then it was overrun and destroyed by the Gauls, after which it lay a ruin for two hundred years. Later, there came down from about the Danube a horde of Teutonic people, called Longobardi (or Long-beards), who swept over and took possession of Northern Italy, their king making Pavia his capital and giving their name to the country, which they held one hundred and fifty-seven years. Then, when Lindprand, their greatest king, tried to extend his territory too near Rome, the Pope, Gregory II., called upon the French to aid him, and, crossing the Alps twice, they conquered Lindprand, and placed his kingdom under control of the Pope, who ruled by exarchs (or governors).

The cathedral, of which we have a view, was begun in 1107, just after a sharp struggle with a neighboring city; but soon after, the Normans, under Hastings, crossed the Alps, and the Hungarians came over from the east, so that between their conflicts the Cremonese only finished the nave and aisles ninety-seven years later, when it was consecrated. Then came the German emperor Frederick Barbarossa, or "Redbeard," claiming these cities as his; and as some of them joined

him, and others adhered to the Pope, a new war broke out, which lasted until he had destroyed so many cities that the people formed a league against him while he was gone to Rome, and on his return he was stopped by a new fortified city—which, although he called it a town of straw, was strong enough to keep him in check—and an army before the gates of Milan sufficient to entirely defeat him. The "Lombard League" was formed in 1167, but it was eighty years before there was a lasting peace, which the tower beside the church was built to commemorate. Being the highest in any city of Northern Italy, it was called the Great Tower, and all the cities joined in paying for it. The Cremonese are so proud of it, that an old Latin rhyme is repeated by them to this day, which says:

Rome has *the* St. Peter's,
Cremona *the* tower."

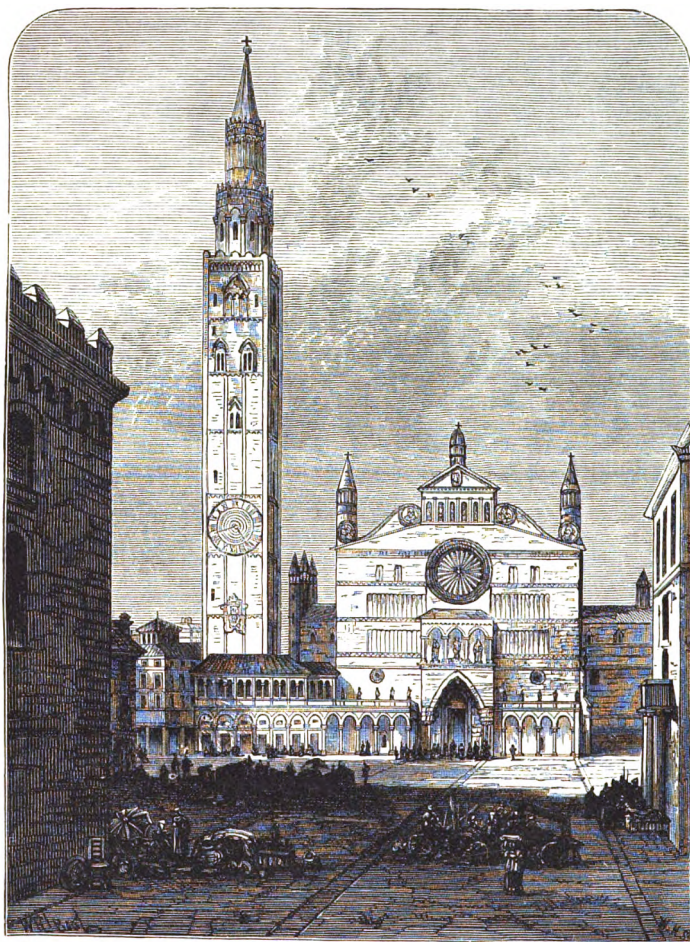
It is three hundred and ninety-six feet high, and in two years was carried up to where the square portion terminates, while the top was not added until 1518, when it was needed to cover the great bells; and the enormous clock was placed in the third story in 1594. It is of brick, and has a stairway of four hundred and ninety-eight steps leading to the highest cupola; and the old watchman who lives away up in some of the dark nooks, is always ready to point out the beauties of the landscape to any visitor who has the courage to mount to his eyrie.

A story is told that, in 1414, the Emperor Sigismund and the Pope came to Cremona to consult with its ruler—a cruel, treacherous man, but wise and crafty, who, after gaining all he desired, invited his guests to mount to the top of the tower, to see the magnificent prospect. He went up alone with them, and they all came down in safety. But a few years later, when brought to the scaffold at Milan, he said the one thing he regretted most of all in his life was, that he had not had courage enough to

push the Pope and Emperor over the battlements of the tower at Cremona, which he had then planned to do, and make himself emperor.

But to go back to the church. After the tower was raised, and an arched loggia connected it with the cathedral, the front, as you see it here, was

time; and the pillars in the arched door-way are supported on the backs of lions and griffins, while all about on the sides are sculptured strange figures, all of which were peculiar to the Lombards, and belong especially to their churches. But the glory of gilding and painting in the interior makes



THE CATHEDRAL OF CREMONA.

commenced, but was not finished for three hundred and thirty years; and although all of marble, is, of course, of many different styles, according to the tastes of those who carried it forward. The great rose window is surrounded by a rich molding, with delicately carved vine, executed in 1274 by Porata of Como, one of the most famous workmen of that

up for all the dimness and want of beautiful exterior. To perfect it cost one hundred and thirty-five years of labor, and it has long been considered a rival of the Sistine Chapel at Rome in magnificence, being very lofty and almost covered with frescoes by great artists, most of them representing Bible scenes.

The dome of the choir is especially beautiful, illustrating the life of Christ from the manger to the cross; and the south transept fairly glows with pictures from the Old Testament, painted by Giorgio Caselli in 1383. The beautiful wood-work in the choir, too, which all visitors admire, was executed nearly three hundred years ago; and all about are fine pieces of ancient sculpture.

The baptistery is very interesting also, having been built about 800. It is octagonal, and has high small windows, like those of a Norman castle. The great font in the center is a curiosity, being formed of a single block of marble.

Besides these, there are all about the city interesting buildings, affording perfect specimens of middle-age architecture, and highly ornamented with terra cotta statues, vases, and plant. The municipal palace, begun in 1206, is supported on lofty arches, has two fire-towers, and is even now occupied by the government. The market, as you see, is held in the great square in front of the cathedral, and although it seems rather a strange

place for it, we find the same custom in most of the cities of Europe. And if one rises early enough to see the peasants as they come in from the country, I assure you he is fully repaid by novel sights. Their carts, of the rudest pattern, are drawn by —what shall I say?—sometimes a pair of oxen, sometimes one ox, then by a cow and donkey, and again by a cow or donkey and a woman; in such cases, one is fastened between the shafts and the other pulls at the side. Dogs, too, are used, but not so much as in the north of Europe; and it is not uncommon to see a man or woman hauling into town a very large load. There are no booths, but the produce is arranged on tables or in baskets, and large umbrellas keep off either the sun or rain. The articles for sale are wonderfully like those in our markets, excepting silkworms, figs, olives, and flax; and the climate is so warm that our summer vegetables abound there in winter.

Thus there is at Cremona, as everywhere in Italy, a mingling of ancient and modern things, and every spot is full of interest for old and young.

YACOB AND HIS DONKEY.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

YACOB was the name of an Arab boy in the Oriental city of Cairo. He was poor, and, like most of the poor boys of that city, his chief ambition was to own a donkey and hire him out to the travelers to go to the pyramids and other places of interest in the neighborhood of Cairo. As it was, he was only the driver of another man's donkey; that is, when the animal was mounted by the traveler, he ran behind, poking the quadruped with a sharp stick to keep him in a brisk trot.

One day, while Yacob was standing in front of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, wishing he had a donkey of his own, an English traveler on the veranda beckoned to him and asked him why he looked so wistful, and Yacob answered that he was unhappy because he had no donkey.

And when the Englishman heard his story, he called his servant and told him to bring up Mafish, which was an old sleepy donkey. Then he said to Yacob:

"Would you be happy if you owned that donkey, my lad?"

"Oh, master, I would be happy with any donkey!" said Yacob.

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"Then," said the Englishman, "he is yours—I make him a present to you."

When he said this, the other travelers gathered around, with smiles on their faces, for it appeared that the Englishman was a man much given to making fun. He told Yacob to get on the donkey and ride him up and down in front of the hotel a few times, to show his gait. Yacob got astride of him, and found that he was stiff in the legs and moved slowly, notwithstanding the sharp pokes he gave him with his stick.

"I shall give the donkey a name that will draw custom for you," said the Englishman as the lad rode up to the veranda.

Yacob was much pleased that his benefactor should give the donkey a name, for he had seen some of his companions who hired their donkeys more easily than others, on account of fortunate names given to them by travelers.

"I shall be much glad to call him what my master pleases," said Yacob.

"Then his name shall be Lightning," said the Englishman, and the other travelers laughed.

Yacob did not know what Lightning meant, and

he continued to call his donkey by that name after the Englishman went away. He did not have much difficulty in hiring his donkey; but when the travelers started on their journey, they told Yacob he was a humbug, and that he had imposed on them with his animal. So that they only kept Lightning for a few minutes, and the same people never hired him twice.

One day, as he led his old donkey toward the hotel veranda, after being called a little humbug by an angry traveler, who refused to pay him for hire of half an hour, he was spoken to by a fat man in a long black coat, who told him he ought to call his donkey Slow-coach.

After that, Yacob called him Slow-coach, not knowing any more about that name than he did about Lightning. But this change of name, instead of mending matters, made them worse. In short, no one would hire his donkey any more on any condition, and Yacob and Slow-coach were a rueful pair, as they stood idly before the hotel.

One day, as he stood thus, the Prince of Wales came out from the veranda (the Prince was then on his way to the East Indies), mounted Slow-

coach, and rode him two or three yards, and then got off and took another donkey. Thereupon Yacob bemoaned his bad luck in hearing of an American sitting on a tilted chair on the veranda.

"Yacob," said the American, "your donkey shall be hired as much as any other, but hereafter his name must be the Prince of Wales."

The American had a certificate drawn up and sworn to before the American Consul in Cairo, to show that the Prince of Wales had, without any doubt, mounted Yacob's donkey; and when the lad wanted to hire the animal to any man, woman or child from England, all he had to do was to show this certificate, and they straightway engaged him, notwithstanding his moping gait and stiff legs. They engaged him for whole days, fondled him, and begged Yacob not to poke him up too sharp from behind. They fed him with whatever he would eat, and the only drawback to the donkey's pleasant life was that his tail was plucked a good deal for mementos.

Yacob said, and says still, that the luckiest day of his life was when he was spoken to by the American gentleman on a tilted chair.

SNOW-FLAKES.

By M. M. D.

WHENEVER a snow-flake eaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snow-flake finds a tree,
Good-day!" it says—"Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snow-flake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!
'T is summer!"—and it melts away.

MAY-DAY INDOORS; OR, THE YOTOPSKI FAMILY'S REHEARSAL.

(For Home Representation.)

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

CHARACTERS.

William Tell ARTHUR. | Tell's Son TOMMY.
The Tyrant NED. | GEORGE.
Girls of the May Party CAROLINE, LUCY, ANNA, POLLY, KATE.
(Girls are dressed in white, with bright sashes, and have little flags.
George has a larger flag.)

SCENE.

Room in residence of Ned, Polly, and Tommy. Lunch-baskets, &c., on chairs. Polly sits, holding her hat, shawl, and sack. Tommy is seated on the floor, playing with marbles. Ned, a much larger boy, leans over a chair back.

Ned [dolefully]. We shall have to give it up, Polly. No May-party to-day! [Goes to window.]

Polly [earnestly]. Oh, *don't* you think the clouds will blow over?

Ned. The whole sky will have to blow over. It's all lead color!

Polly [sighing]. O dear, dear, dear!

[Voices heard outside. Enter, with a rush, Caroline, Lucy, Anna, Kate, George, and Arthur, with baskets, tin pails, &c. The boys' hats are trimmed with evergreen, the girls' with wreaths and posies. The girls have baskets of flowers. Tommy leaves off playing with his marbles, to watch the new-comers.]

George [throwing down a long coil of evergreen].

Here we come!

Lucy [almost out of breath, and speaking fast]. Yes, here we come, pell-mell! It's going to pour!

Caroline [speaking before Lucy finishes]. Oh, how we have hurried! I felt a great drop fall on my nose.

Anna [speaking before Caroline finishes]. And think of our dresses! Spand-clean, white dresses?

Kate [speaking before Anna finishes]. No procession to-day! No dancing around the May-pole! [Arthur throws up his hat and catches it. George does the same.]

Lucy. They got all that evergreen to trim the Maypole! and George brought his flag!

George. If it had only been pleasant to-day, I'd have let it rain a week afterward!

George [stepping to the window]. There! It pours! It's lucky we hurried.

Polly. Now all of you stay here and keep May-day with us [clapping hands]. Do! Do!

Caroline. Will your mother like it?

Polly. I'll go ask her [runs out].

Ned [walking to the window]. Anyway, you can't go till it holds up. [Girls go to the window.]

Arthur. That may not be for a week. [Enter Polly, in haste.]

Polly. She says we may do *anything* but make "lasses candy!"

Ned. The last time we made it, father said he found some in his slipper-toes.

[Girls take off hats and shawls, which, with baskets, etc., are piled in a corner. Some take seats, with some confusion, others remain standing.]

Arthur. Now what shall we do with ourselves?

Ned. Let's get up an entertainment. Tickets, ten cents; grown folks, double price.

Kate. So I say. And call ourselves a "troupe," or a "family," or something.

George. Something that has a foreign sound.

Arthur. How would "Yotopski" do?

Caroline, Lucy and Anna. Splendid!

Anna. Let's call ourselves "The Yotopski Family."

Lucy. But what shall we have for our entertainment?

Polly. I think *tableaux* are perfectly splendid!

Anna. Oh, I'll tell you! Have the kind that winds up!

George. Why, all entertainments wind up when they are done!

Anna. I mean, have each one wound up with a key, and then they move.

Arthur. She means Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks.

Ned. All right. We'll have the winding kind!

Caroline. What Waxworks shall we have?

Ned. We might have William Tell shooting the apple, for one.

Tommy. I've seen that! 'T will take three to do that! Mr. Tell, and his son, and the cross tyrant.

George. And the apple makes four.

Anna. Who'll be Mr. Tell? You, Ned?

Ned. No. I'd rather be the cross tyrant; I feel just right for that. Arthur'll be Mr. Tell.

Arthur. Oh, yes, I'll be Mr. Tell; and Tommy can be the boy. [Tommy moves toward the door.]

Where you going, Tommy?

Tommy [going out]. After my bow 'n' arrow!

Lucy [bringing an apple from her basket]. Here's the apple.

Caroline. What shall we do for a feather? Mr. Tell's hat must have a feather.

Kate. Twist up a piece of newspaper. [Turns Arthur's hat up at one side and fastens it with a twist of paper, left open at the top.] There you have it. And Polly's sack, turned wrong side out, will do for a tunic.

[Arthur puts on hat and sack. Sack is lined with a bright color; or with different colors.]

Polly. He ought to have a wide sash.

Lucy [taking off hers]. Here, take mine!

Polly, Anna, { Not that kind of a sash!
and *Caroline.* { Oh, that won't do!
 Funny sash for a man!

Ned [tying sash, at the side, around *Arthur's* waist]. Oh, never mind. We're only rehearsing.

Lucy. How must the cross tyrant be dressed? Who knows?

Anna. The tyrant I saw had a cape hung on one shoulder. A shawl will do for that. [*Brings shawl, which Ned hangs over his left shoulder.*] Now what must he wear on his head?

Lucy. I should think a tyrant ought to wear a tall hat.

Polly [going]. I'll get father's.

Anna [to *Polly*]. And something bright to put on it. I remember that part, plainly.

George [calling after *Polly*]. And something long, for a sword! [*Exit Polly.*]

Caroline. If the boys do that, can't we girls make ourselves into wax-works?

Anna. Let's be a May-day wax-work, singing and dancing round a May-pole.

George. I'll be the pole.

Caroline. But you're not long enough.

George [mounting a chair]. Now I am!

Girls [laughing and clapping]. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! He'll do! Trim him up! Trim him up!

Ned [to *George*]. Yes. Come down and be trimmed up!

[*George* steps down, stands erect, arms close to his body. *Girls* hand garlands. *Ned* winds them around *George.*]

Kate. Shall we hoist the flag?

Ned. Oh, yes! bring the flag! And here's a string [*taking ball of string out of pocket*] to fasten it on with. [*Ned fastens the flag-stick to George's head by winding the string around, then helps him mount the chair.*] Three cheers for the flag! Now, one, two, three! [*All cheer and clap.*]

[*Enter Polly with an old hat and a paper.*]

Polly. Won't this hat do? Mother can't have father's good one banged about.

George. Oh that's good enough. We're only rehearsing. Did you get something bright?

[*Ned* puts on hat.]

Polly [taking out yellow bandanna handkerchief]. Mother said this was quite bright.

Anna. Why, I meant something shiny, like a clasp, or a buckle.

Kate. No matter, we're only rehearsing.

[*Ned* ties handkerchief round the hat so that the corners hang down.]

Polly [hands the poker]. Here's your sword. That's the longest thing I could find.

[*All* laugh. *Ned* seizes poker and strikes a military attitude. Enter *Tommy*, with bow and arrow.]

Tommy. Where shall I stand up?

Arthur. Come this way [*leads Tommy to one side the stage; Ned follows*]. Ned, you must scowl and look fierce. Tommy, fold your arms and stand still as a post.

[*Puts* apple on *Tommy's* head, and takes aim with bow and arrow.]

Tommy. Oh, I'm afraid! Look out for my eyes! The arrow might go off!

Arthur. Turn your back, then.

[*Tommy* turns around with apple on his head; *Arthur* aims at apple: *Ned* stands by with drawn sword; then all three resume their former positions.]

Kate. Now, we girls, must stand around the May-pole [*they gather around the pole*]. Who'll wind?

The girls. You! You! You!

Polly. What a little circle! I wish we had more girls!

Kate. So do I! [*To Anna*] How shall I wind up the waxworks?

Anna. The ones I saw all stood on a string, and the string led to a box, and when the box was wound up, the waxworks began to act their parts. A door-key will do to wind with.

Kate. We'll manage in the same way.

[*Lays* a long string on the floor, passes it under the feet of the waxworks, and drops the end of it in a work-box upon the table.]

Arthur. Don't you think you girls ought to be holding your posies, and your flags, and your flower-baskets, and wearing your wreaths? They'll make your waxwork look handsomer.

Caroline. So they will.

[*Girls* get their posies, little flags and baskets, take wreaths from hats and put them on their heads.]

Anna. You must take a key and pretend to wind up the machinery. What song shall we sing?

Lucy. "The merry month of May" is perfectly splendid!

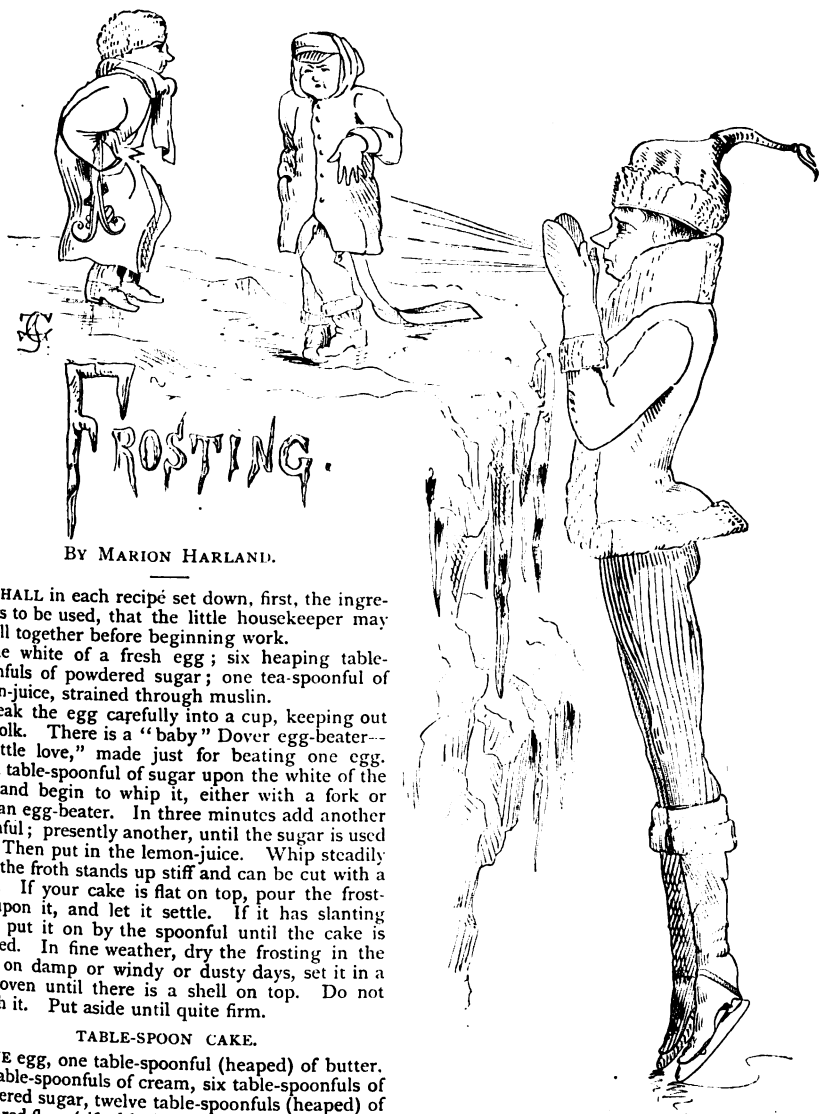
Caroline. I wonder if we know the words? Let's try. [*They sing a May song.*]

Kate. That's a good song. Now then! All ready! Stand in your places [*gets the door-key*]. Arms folded, Tommy! When I've done winding up, Arthur will begin to take aim, Ned will begin to scowl and to hold up his sword, and you girls will begin to sing and dance around. Can't you hold your hands high, so the flowers and flags will show? [*Girls raise their hands.*] That's prettier. Now all stand just as still as real waxworks, till the machinery is wound up, then begin. We'll play that when I throw up my handkerchief, the curtain falls. Now!

[*Kate* winds the machinery, the actors remaining quiet. When the winding stops they begin to perform their parts. When the dancers have danced twice around the circle *Kate* throws up her handkerchief.]

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

[If desirable, more singing and dancing can be introduced under pretense of practicing.]



BY MARION HARLAND.

I SHALL in each recipe set down, first, the ingredients to be used, that the little housekeeper may get all together before beginning work.

The white of a fresh egg; six heaping table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar; one tea-spoonful of lemon-juice, strained through muslin.

Break the egg carefully into a cup, keeping out the yolk. There is a "baby" Dover egg-beater--a "little love," made just for beating one egg. Put a table-spoonful of sugar upon the white of the egg, and begin to whip it, either with a fork or with an egg-beater. In three minutes add another spoonful; presently another, until the sugar is used up. Then put in the lemon-juice. Whip steadily until the froth stands up stiff and can be cut with a knife. If your cake is flat on top, pour the frosting upon it, and let it settle. If it has slanting sides, put it on by the spoonful until the cake is covered. In fine weather, dry the frosting in the sun; on damp or windy or dusty days, set it in a slow oven until there is a shell on top. Do not scorch it. Put aside until quite firm.

TABLE-SPOON CAKE.

ONE egg, one table-spoonful (heaped) of butter. two table-spoonfuls of cream, six table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, twelve table-spoonfuls (heaped) of prepared flour (sifted before it is measured), a piece of nutmeg grated. Work butter and sugar together in a bowl with a spoon until they look like soft putty. Beat your egg, till it is thick and smooth, in another bowl. Stir the egg, butter, and sugar together; then add the cream, and beat hard. Then the nutmeg; lastly, the flour, and stir this in lightly with a wooden spoon. Butter your pans, and divide the mixture equally between them. Small

shallow tins, as large around as a saucer, are nice for jelly-cake. Do not have too hot an oven for cake. Should it brown too fast on top, cover with white paper. Do not take it out of the oven until a clean straw, thrust into the thickest part, comes out perfectly dry and clean. Move it while baking as little as possible. Leave it in the pan until nearly cold. Do not ice it while warm.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ANOTHER month here? Well, well; they use themselves up so fast, these months, that, if they don't take care, they'll not last the year out. A pretty piece of business that would be—and a centennial year, too!

Hurrah for Deacon Green! I hear he is coming out handsomely this month in behalf of centennials, and youngsters, and so on. I knew he would, sooner or later. You can't do better, my chicks, than to stand by the Deacon.

MUD PIES.

THERE is great sport in making mud pies, I'm informed. Well, let me tell you that Jack has heard of a city—St. Petersburg it is called—where the principal ingredient of that sort of pastry is regularly prepared in great piles in the public parks, and all the children of the city are invited to come, with pails and shovels, and dig and play and make mud pies all day. At night, the clean sand is carefully swept up again into high, smooth piles, ready for another day's sport.

Sensible city fathers those—eh?

MAY BASKETS.

I SUPPOSE the children of the red school-house will be bringing May baskets to the little schoolma'am and to each other this year as they did last season. It's a pretty custom, but the birds tell me it is not so common as it should be. A May basket is the sweetest and freshest thing I know of, always excepting the little schoolma'am. Sometimes it is hardly more than a tiny white paper box with ribbon handles, filled with violets, but it is always lovely, with its white or blue ribbon streamers, and its moss and early wild flowers. I hope all little lame children, who can't go out and play, and children in hospitals, will have May baskets sent

them this year. May baskets are such simple little things, they can be made and filled in any way one pleases—and, what is more, they grow like a flower, right out of loving hearts!

EATING INSECTS.

HAVE you heard the shocking story that Mr. Darwin and Mrs. Treat have been telling about certain plant-relatives of mine—the sundew and others—that they actually catch and eat insects?

Between ourselves, your Jack is very much concerned about this, and I intend to ask the rice-birds—who are well acquainted in North Carolina, where that naughty plant lives—what they know about it. The proofs are very complete, to be sure; but we'll see what the birds say.

CRYING TREES.

"YES, sirs," said the Deacon to the little boys, "I've seen them often—crying trees: that is, trees that shed tears. The tears are not salt like yours, but they are very respectable tears, and the poor tree weeps from morning till night, and from night till morning. It's called the miningo-tree, and you can find out all about it if you look into your encyclopedia.

AN UNHAPPY TRAVELER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you ever hear of a quail living for three days and nights without food or drink? A few days ago, my father, who is in the produce commission business in this city, received a box of quails (supposed to be dead, of course) from Whitesburg, Tenn. The time taken in transporting them was about seventy-two hours. When the porter opened the box, you may imagine his surprise when one of the quails jumped out and made a weak attempt to escape. The bird was taken and put into a basket and supplied with rye and water. These quails had been trapped, and their necks then wrung; but, in some way, this little fellow had escaped injury, for he was in perfect condition, and soon revived.

Yours truly,

Jno. C. W., New York city.

THE GREATEST TOOTHACHE EVER KNOWN.

IF ever any of you should have a toothache, my poor children, and it's very likely that you will, just look into the brook, or any other mirror, with your tear-dimmed eyes, and notice how small is the little white tormentor that is causing so much pain. Then, by way of comfort, I want you to reflect how much worse it would be if this tiny white thing were an elephant's great tusk, with toothache all through it.

Perhaps you will say that elephants can't have toothache? Then listen to the sad story of Chunee, the elephant of Exeter Change.

At Exeter Change, in the great city of London, there was, many years ago, a menagerie in the second story of a building. Here the elephant, Chunee by name,—a very quiet, well-trained beast,—was confined in a cage, under which the floor had been strengthened to support his weight. Chunee never came out, but seemed very happy, for all that. Suddenly he became raving mad, and screamed and trumpeted, and endeavored vigorously to tear away the iron bars of his cage.

Now, if he had succeeded in getting out upon the floor, Mr. Chunee would have immediately

dropped through into an apothecary shop below. If he had fallen into the scales, his exact weight might have been ascertained, after a fashion; but, in other respects, a mad elephant in a drug-store would have been far worse than a bull in a china-shop. If he had been sane, he might have had a nice time, eating the liquorice and cough-lozenges and sugar-coated pills and candy; but as he was n't sane, the accident was not to be desired.

Well, Chunee grew more and more wild and dangerous, until, at last, the "Beef-eaters," who are the keepers of the Tower of London, were called upon to destroy the poor beast. They discharged many balls from their old-fashioned muskets into his body, but loss of blood seemed to increase his fury, and not lessen his strength. There were no rifle teams in those days, to reach his brain with a single shot, so a piece of artillery was actually brought up, and poor Chunee, obeying his keeper's voice, even in his rage, knelt down, and was shot to death with a cannon-ball.

Then the surgeons discovered that the elephant had been suffering from the greatest toothache ever known. His tusk, preserved in the warehouse of the East India Company, shows this.

Now just think of what an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been, and pity poor Chunee!

CLEANING FLOORS WITH ORANGES.

THAT'S shocking, is n't it? But, then, they have more of them than we do, for it is in Jamaica that they make scrubbing brushes of oranges, and you may be sure it's true, because Mr. Gosse saw them do it. The floor was of hard, polished wood, and, before the family were out of bed, two or three colored servants scrubbed over the whole of it with sour oranges, cut in halves. When the juice was rubbed out of one piece, they would take another, and so they used up a big trayful of them. A polish was put on by rubbing with cocoanut husk, and the floor looked as if it had been waxed.

MURRE EGGS.

THE murre is a queer bird. It is of about the size of a small duck, and it sits on only one egg at a time. If her nest is robbed, the mother murre lays another egg and sits again. The strangest

part of the story is that the eggs are not alike; in fact, it would be almost impossible, among thousands of them, to find a single pair that matched in color. They are brown, green, white, blue, or gray, as the case may be, with streaks or spots of blue, black, green, olive, or brown. But all these fancy styles are only shell deep. The little murrets that come out of the eggs are all after the same pattern, and in time they take after their parents in a way that is beautiful to behold.

If you want to see them, go to the Farallone Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. Climb the first cliff you come to, and turn to the right.

HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

WELL, now! Here's news for the birds and beasts and insects! I wish they all could go to India to live, though I should be lonely enough without them. In India there is a religious sect whose members make it their peculiar business to care for and nurse wounded and sick animals, from oxen down to flies. Hospitals have been built in Bombay, and are full of disabled cattle, dogs, cats, birds, rats, and sparrows sent there for treatment. It must be an odd sight to see cows with their eyes bandaged, and fowls strutting around with one wooden leg, and men feeding and waiting on them. But it is much pleasanter than to see boys teasing a cat, or throwing stones at a bird. I wish a few dozen of those pious Jains would come to America—don't you?

A CHURCH BUILT OF PETRIFIED WOOD.

AT Mumford, in Napa County, California, there is an unfinished church, I'm told, which is built of petrified wood (all of you who do not know what petrified means, may have five minutes' recess for hunting up the word in your dictionaries). Already it has become famous, and strangers from various parts flock to see it. I am told that in the stone of its walls and tower various objects may be clearly traced. Besides different kinds of wood showing the grain perfectly, there are leaves, ferns, twigs, tendrils, berries, and mosses, all perfect and beautiful in form, and grouped together in wonderful variety.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

TWENTY PRIZES OFFERED BY DEACON GREEN.

YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS! The dear little schoolma'am has had the pleasure of giving you good work to do and of awarding prizes for the same, and now ST. NICHOLAS says I may take my turn. Therefore be it understood that I, Silas Green, hereby request all boy and girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS, of twenty years and under, to send me cleanly written copies of the *Declaration of Independence* of the United States of America, as finally adopted and signed (the same to be the work of their own hands), with the names and States of all the signers. To the best five copies sent in by children from ten to thirteen years of age, I shall award and deliver five beautiful inkstands modeled after the Old Liberty Bell, crack and all. Also, to the five best copies sent in by young folk from fourteen to twenty years of age, five beautiful inkstands as above described. These inkstands will be fine historic mementos of this centennial year, suitable for any library or parlor, and I wish I could afford to offer a hundred of them. Besides these, I hereby offer second prizes of five Swiss villages in miniature (card-board models of Swiss architecture), to the

next best five by children from ten to thirteen years of age, and five prize books to the next best five to those from fourteen to twenty years of age. Besides this there will be a Roll of Honor, which is a capital place of satisfaction outside of the prize list.

Now, my young friends, these are the conditions which are required of all competitors: All "Declarations" to be sent in by June 1st. They must be neatly and plainly written, word for word (no illegible copy will be examined), and the full name, age, and Post-office address of the writer must be given both on the "Declaration" and on a separate slip of paper. Direct your letters and "Declarations" to Deacon Green, care of ST. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, N. Y. Be careful, my friends, to make no mistake in copying. Accuracy, correct spelling, neatness, penmanship and promptness all shall be taken into account in awarding the prizes, which are to be decided by a committee of five, including

Your friend and well-wisher to command,

SILAS GREEN.

THE FATE OF A GINGER-BREAD MAN.



HERE'S a nice brown ginger-bread man,
Freshly baked in the baker's pan,
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span;
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie—
Oh, what a nice sweet man to buy!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Looking in at the ginger-bread man
(Spiced and sugared, and spick and span,
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie),
Wondering whether the price is high.



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Going home with the ginger-bread man
That was baked in the baker's pan.
"Far too nice to be eaten," they said;
"Keep the man for a dolly, instead."



Here behold the ginger-bread man,
That was baked in the baker's pan,
In the doll-house of Mary Ann.
See him stand, with his round, fat face,
Among the dolls in silk and lace!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Sleeping sound as ever they can,
Dreaming about the ginger-bread man
Left in the doll-house, set away,
Till they wake in the morn to play.



See this rat; since the night began
He has prowled to get what he can.
Ah, he smells the ginger-bread man!
There's the doll-house under the shelf,
Just where the rat can climb himself!



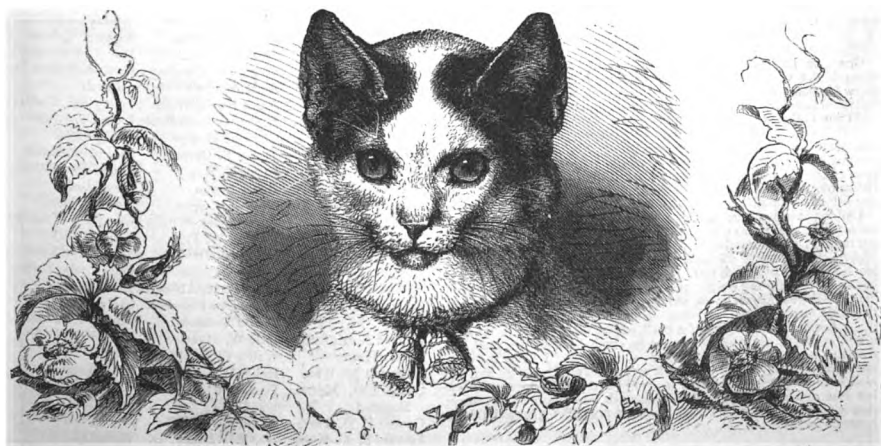
Every rat will get what he can.
Ah, the poor, sweet ginger-bread man!
Wake, O Felix and Mary Ann!
There's a patter, a jump, a squeak—
Ah, if the ginger-bread man could speak!



See the rat, as quick as he can,
Climbing up for the ginger-bread man
In the doll-house of Mary Ann!
Ah, if the ginger-bread man could run!
Oh, to see what the rat has done!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Come to play with the ginger-bread man,
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span.
Ah, behold, where he stood before,
Only crumbs on the doll-house floor!



THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S REPORT ON "A SHORT TALE."

AWARD OF PRIZES.

AGAIN the children have come out superly in behalf of St. NICHOLAS work! This time only girls and boys of thirteen years of age or younger have competed for the prizes, and yet two thousand and nine of these, from all parts of our continent and from England, have sent corrected copies of this "Short Tale" (published in February number of St. NICHOLAS, page 260).

So very many sent in absolutely correct renderings, that we must have a very long Roll of Honor to do them justice. Not one whose version contained a single mistake in spelling is admitted upon this list; therefore, those who did not win prizes may be well content to find their names on the Roll of Honor.

As for the prizes, it was so impossible, taking all the conditions into account, to pick out the best twelve correct versions without doing injustice to two or three, that finally we, the committee, were constrained to award fifteen prizes, as follows:

PRIZE LIST.

Fanny Binswanger, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary Sloan, St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Proctor Gould Harding, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Henry S. Redfield, Hartford, Conn.
Charlotte Ethel Brown, Yarmouth, N. S.
Glenn R. Gardner, New Oxford, Pa.
Robert B. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.
Lizzie Shepherd Pitman, Fair Haven, Ct.
Nellie Collins, Dallas, Oregon.
Fred. M. Pease, Rockland, Maine.
Alice Maud Thackray, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Maggie Cady, Nichols, N. Y.
Katharine Gibbs, Gillingwell Park, Sewardstone, Essex, England.
Frank D. Kemp, South Hadley, Mass.
Carrie W. Mitchell, Daytona, Florida.

Our hearty congratulations to you, young friends! The prizes already are on their way, and we shall be glad to hear of their safe arrival. Two large envelopes containing, in all, sixteen colored pictures with sixteen stories by Aunt Fanny, author of "Night-cap Stories," go to each prize-winner. These stories were written expressly for Scribner & Co., and have never been published in any other form.

THE STORY CORRECTED.

One day last week, I set forth to roam o'er the plains and through the vales. The sky was fair and blue, and the low sun threw his pale rays o'er the scene. Deer, ewes, and hares were gamboling on one side, while on my right rose long, straight rows of maize, eight feet high or so, and as fresh as rains and dews could make them. "Oh," said I, raising one of the sweet kernels to my nose, "surely this plant has no peer among the cereals! See the rich hue of its waving leaf—its flower like a lock of silken hair—its golden seed in rows of kernels, which, made into flour and then into dough or bread, charm our palates. It feeds not man alone, but the fowl of the air and fish of the seas."

I might have continued in this style an hour, but I saw the sun had set and the night was coming fast, and it began to rain. My way lay through a lone wood of firs, yews, and beeches. The clouds rose higher, the lightning shone, and the thunder pealed aloud, till my whole soul was faint with fear. I flew on my course, though my feet hardly could bear my weight, till my toe was caught by a decayed limb and I was thrown down, striking my heel on a rock, which was the cause of a great pain. I had no sense left. I heard something in my head like the ringing of a knell, or like the thrill of the air after a bell is tolled. It took some time to climb back to the road, but then the rain was done, and the stars shone forth. I knew the way, and soon reached home. My aunt was at the gate, waiting, and she hid to meet me. She led me in, took off my wet wraps, gave me hot teas and a supper of fried soles, with new rye bread, so sweet that it needed no praise. I soon retired to my pallet, glad to lie down in peace and rest.

Before giving the Roll of Honor, let me say a few words to all who sent in corrected versions of this "Short Tale."

In the first place, my boys and girls, every single answer, whether correct or not, has been read with interest, and its points carefully noted. Some of you have worked under disadvantages which would

have discouraged many older heads, and all of you have shown a zeal and intelligence which make me the proudest and happiest little schoolma'am in the world. Whole schools have sent in answers, and budgets have been forwarded by families of brothers and sisters, from the big boy of thirteen years, who can write like a book-keeper, to the little tot who can only print. Some who have tried very, very hard to be correct, have made one or two mistakes, which, though excluding them from the prizes and Roll of Honor, need not by any means discourage them from future effort. I am not sure that I do not at heart think most of the dear little folks who have tried and failed. The successful ones, you see, can take care of themselves.

Now I shall point out the most common errors, so that you all may avoid them in future. Many have written the plural of nouns with an apostrophe, as though they were meant to be in the possessive singular, as *deu's, tea's*; others have divided words of one syllable, such as *fai-nt, thrill, cli-imb*, placing part on one line and part on the next, others, in copying, have accidentally left out words and phrases, and many have tripped on the following words: *watcing, lightning* (for lightning), *gambling* (for gambling), *cerials* and *serials* (for cereals), *strait* (for straight), *o're* (for o'er), *waiver* (for wave). Spelling according to either Worcester or Webster was, of course, allowed; but when the wrong word was used, as *strait* for straight, we could not let it pass. As a great many gave the intersection "O!" when they should have written "Oh!" I call attention to the proper distinction between these exclamations as given in Worcester's Unabridged.

In conclusion, with a full heart I thank you, one and all, parents and children, for your good letters and the hearty love you show for dear St. NICHOLAS. And now for the grand

ROLL OF HONOR!

Jeanie J. Sprunt	Kittie H. Hoyte	Minnie H. Bridgman
Jessie M. Meeker	Sarah W. Learned	Annie Grace Allyn
Augustus P. Murdoch	Cally Comstock	Mamie A. Morse
Howard G. Tuthill	Silas H. Elliot	Mary Lillie Keyes
Glover E. Sanford	Lillie H. Vandegrift	Philo P. Safford
Nellie Divelbiss	Mabel Wilder Baldwin	Alma Bertram
Annie May Christian	May P. Elden	Alice Barrow Moore
Julia C. Perry	Hattie T. Remington	E. W. Grabbil
Max Ulrich	Wm. H. Hollister	Harvey B. Dale
Alfred E. Forstall	Jack S. Sturtevant	Winnie Louise Bryant
Daisy Hunt	Maude Merriam	Sophie C. Johnson
Lulu Thorburn	Mina Adams	May T. Worcester
Helen Baldwin	Charles D. Rhodes	Gertrude Frances Van
Alice Steger	Alida Mitchell	Duzen
Ethel Merington	Amos Russel Wells	Fanny Eliz. Cushing
Annie Laurie Adams	Katharine Nash Noble	Laurie H. Sanders
Willie T. Jenney	Clara L. Monroe	Bessie Beebe
Wm. P. Illensworth	Jennie F. Draper	Eugenia B. Knight
Sadie E. Prescott	Annie C. Ray	Louise Rankin Albee
Julia Bradbury	Birdie Lodge	Bessie Israel
Mary Alice Reiff	Susie H. Cooper	Nellie A. Merrill
Emma Howard	Annie Louise Wright	Grace Ellery Channing
Nellie P. Harris	Tommy W. Fry	Eddie H. Eckel
Lilian Graves	Martha S. Davis	Haldane Williams
Maggie C. Elmer	Anna P. Coffin	Clara Louisa Thayer
Annie DeWasse Hanks	Gertrude H. Abbey	Helen Ristan
Ethel Carmalt	Lucile Gex Freeman	Grace M. Newhall
Albin P. Ingram	Louise Vreeland	Edward H. Tower
Sanford Norris Knapp	Josie W. Myers	Jessie Baldwin
Hattie Frazier	Walter G. Hanks	Lucy F. Soule
Thornton M. Ware	Helen W. Clarkson	Allen Hastings
Susan Eliz. Murray,	Frank and Chas. Alex.	Grace L. Furness
England	and	Bessie R. Vroom
George F. D. Trask	Annie May Keith	Morton L. Barker
Edward S. Anderson	Jas. E. Whitney, Jr.	Willard G. Lake
Gerie B. Adams	Lucy E. Maxwell	Mary Bowditch Whit-
Cora M. Lundy	Ida E. Decker	ney
Florence Graham	Mary B. Sands	Maribel Woolman
Jennie B. Priestley	Lucy Amelia Barbour	Allie Anthony
Ethel A. Reynolds	Mary Chase	Louie McMyan

Mattie Esther Cobb	Maggie Lyons	Violet Crane	J. Willie Hart	Alice Austn Eager	Gracie H. Greene
Lilian May Heath	Lucy Hoyt	Julia B. Ashley	Mary H. Wilson	Lucia D. Lane	Arthur Mitchell
Nettie Cobb	Jenny Amidon Seaman	Fredrie S. Goodrich	Lizzie Aikens Stone	Annie Isabella Earle	Bertie Seager
Fanny T. Bachman	Fanny T. Bachman	Nellie C. Beckwith	Ernest F. Tabor	Addie S. Ketchum	Fannie F. Buck
George G. Bradford	Willie Henry Frater	Florence Stockstill	Geo. Waller, Jr.	Walter Lyon Jenks	Libbie Thomas
Helen H. Morris	James N. Ballantine	Idas D. Schermerhorn	Mariquita Serrano	Alice E. Clark	Clara Woodbury
E. A. Law	Mark W. Collet	Hubbard K. Hall	Arthur Boswell	Martin F. Bartlett	Hattie C. Allen
Dorsey Ash	Lunette E. Humphrey	Ernest J. Messmore	Mina Snow	Lucy Sherman	Mamie E. Gibson
Nellie H. Suplee	Jenny Spence	Roland Leonard	Stella T. Pabodie	Austin E. Buckminster	Eliz. B. Leggett
May Royer	Julia Etta Frisbie	Fred Kerr	Chas. G. Macarda	Rebekah G. Henshaw	N. F. Pierce
Jennie M. Ackley	Virginia Bagby	Lulu and Archie Woodruff	Millic J. Heroy	Abbie H. Fairfield	Mary Farrar
Arthur Edwin Smith	Hattie C. Fernald	Mary Albert	Edward A. Page	Edward G. Keen	Eddie E. Slosson
Eugene L. Lockwood	Henry J. Warren	Henriette Vallet	E. May Stedman	Anna S. Catlin	Josie Sloan
J. Aug. Gaylord	Miriam Kellogg	Nelson C. Haskell	Bessie Hampson	Sarah Ashley	Harry C. Howland
Edward A. George	Helen W. Rice	Bessie M. Rutherford	Grace B. Stearns	Gen. Ernest West	Hannie and Jimmie
Minnie E. Tibbals	Alice Brown	Minnie H. Huntley	Frank Mabel Webber	Alice Maud King	Humphrey
Louis H. Watt	Mary B. Stebbins	Carrie Broadus	Fanny R. Fearon	Ella M. Stanger	Nellie J. French
Carrie J. Graves	Willie V. A. Catron	Mary L. Featherston	Marion Taylor	Ralph Blaisdell	Esther Hazard Clift
Cora Nafes	Nettie M. Stevens	Fred L. Blodgett	Jamie S. Safford	Fred Wilson	Mary E. Hale
Mattie O. M. Carer	Lillie B. Todd	Bessie Head	Fannie H. Smith	Edgar Susie Eldridge	Julia C. Cutler
Frederick H. Wolcott	Montie Horton	Louise F. March	Mary Fitzgerald	Lizzie Neuhaus	Geo. M'Cauley Reese
Lizzie S. Wills	Anna Holmes	Mary O. Hammond	Daisy L. White	Annie S. C. Bean	Lulu D. Greene
Willie Lighton	S. Lizzie Dole	Agnes Vail	Lefferts Knox	Aurelius E. Mestro	Gertrude D. Savage
Clara B. Presbry	Lulu E. Danforth	Fred A. Very	Harriet L. Lagowitz	Harriet B. Townsend	Theodore H. Bartlett
Lucie Gardner	Walter S. Burdett	Lottie Overacker	Fanny Chilcott	Rufus Story Paret	Nellie Fairbairn
Lucy M. Speakman	Walter S. Burdett	Mary H. Swords	Elsie Louise Shaw	Susy Dunton Rice	Willie W. Earnest
Eva Cox	Maria M. Parker	Jacob S. Robeson	Annie C. Stearns	Alden H. Alvord	Bertha Colt
Mary C. Creswell	Sarah Gray Marshall	Perlee R. Bennett	Harry H. Bennett	Keyes Becker	Lilian Hyde
Philip Havens	Adelma S. Ward	Harry C. Powers	Katie T. Hughes	Mary O. Gliddon	Lucy W. Spaulding
Kate Trauchot	Addie W. Proctor	Maggie Hays	Wm. Russell Fearon	Edith Carpenter	Lillie Sherman
Herbert Sweetzer	Marian E. Griswold	Ellen F. Whitesley	Norman Hascall	Lemuel C. Willard	Edith N. Spear
Charlie C. Johnson	Emma M. Sawyer	Hattie L. Hamilton	Ethel A. Littlefield	Arnold C. Cameron	Georgina Curtis
Hattie A. Thomas	Agnes May Lewis	Mamie Fariss	Emily Ray Gregory	Edward F. Weld	Lottie M. Sharpe
Ruthie B. Franklin	Fanny Rose Calhoun	Minnie Eliz. Clinton	Marshall R. Pugh	Carrie W. Bailey	Elmer G. Furbush
Agnes Kennedy	Ida E. Bay	Milton R. Hall	Florence E. Benedict	Ida Weaver	John W. Potter
Frank A. Hutchins	Ethel Todd	Belle Ross Andrews	Mary J. Wellington	Frank D. Leffingwell	Hannah J. Powell
Edith Emily Edwards	Evelyn M. Gill	Kittie H. Blair	Cora Mabel Wesley	Virgie Castleman	Charles J. Gawthrop
Nellie T. Seymour	Wm. Bates Greenough	Mamie Newell	Grace Lee Williams	Nannie F. Richardson	Gertrude Ross
Margaret Miller	Mary S. Corsee	Albert E. Putnam	Fanny Eliza Conner	Alfred Mitchell	Kylda Richards
Edwin R. Furness	Walter Cheney	Anna Kate Barkley	Florence Wicklin	Charles F. Smith	Lucy Huntin
Belle Hyde	Louisa S. Patterson	Tracy L. Newton	Alma L. Dunlap	David C. Gilmore	Clarence A. Kemp
Hattie D. Hoppin	Fannie Ebith Blake	George L. Richardson	Lizzie Meredith	E. Gertrude Moore	Lunette E. Lamprey
Mary Virginia Miller	Bertha H. Vaughan	Abbie E. Bemis	Mary G. Blanchard	Thos. H. Curtis	Howard G. Thompson
Nellie F. Jenkins	Harvey C. Wood	Carrie E. Olds	E. B. Hart, Jr.	John H. Curtis	Willie W. Young
Mary S. Kennedy	Frederic Eastman	Bertha L. Kirby	Francis Dana	Hattie F. Ford	Hattie Bryant
Fannie Bell Peck	Gertie L. Huntington	Martha C. Rockwell	Charles P. Topping	Addie B. Smith	Arthur H. Brown
Philip S. Taylor	Jeannie S. McCreery	Nellie T. Kitchell	Josie M. Taft	Fannie B. Johnston	Clarence A. Fowler
Lilian E. Baldwin	Emma L. Knowlton	Wm. L. Ireland	Lilian W. Lewis	Kate Friend	Amy Dexter Sharpe
Nelly Chase	Willard Placide Reid	Nellie Goodhue	Gertrude Howe	Grace Williamson	Alice Pepon
Mary L. Flint	Berrie Lay	Lizzie S. Warren	Kittie L. Campbell	John P. Jarvis	Helen P. Clark
Charlie C. Gibson	Isabella McIntosh	Belle C. French	Mamie H. Smith	Sarah Gallett	Agnes E. Deane
Leila M. Crandon	Emily N. Titus	Mamie E. Koons	Edith Wise	J. Couch Flanders	Jennie B. Cumming
Anna Ward	Mary Eliz. Banning	Mary Galbraith	Walter D. Spaulding	Emily Isabel Wade	Francis A. Gould
Grace M'N. Stilwell	Celia Frederica Hill	Marion Peers	Marion F. Manchester	Morrison Swanwick	Lizzie M. Cone
Bailey Brown	Isaac W. Van Buskirk	Charlie C. Smith	Anna Ford	T. J. Spencer	Harry W. Weeks
Florence M. Easton	Minnie W. Garfield	Maggie B. Boardman	"Allie"	Oliver Field	Bertha L. Deane
Grace S. Dewey	Charlotte M. Wayland	Willie C. De Witt	Lucia D. Leffingwell	Lydia Buckingham	Mary A. Brush
Mary Alice Littlefield	Alice McClure Platt	Edith Wight	Ida Diserens	Charles F. Bradbury	Lucia Lee Bates
Harry L. Ford	Charles Lawrence	Florence G. Yeomans	Edith S. Warner	Margie A. Brewer	E. K. Ballard
Robt. H. Birdsall	Charles Emerson	Clara Ellen Holloway	Howard Vandervelt	Carrie Thompson	Harry H. Bemis
Charles Lewis Griffin	Cora Clare Enos	Norman W. Dederick	Nellie S. Brazelton	Willia Hays	Etta Beekman
Ned Jones	Carl R. Hinkle	Willie E. Dederick	Nellie G. Du Puy	Geo. Arthur Allen	Mamie N. Parsley
Louie and Alice Smith	Lizzie K. Shelby	Harriet Eames	Martha G. Barr	S. H. Smith	Marion W. Woodrow
Laura B. Trysinger	Ernest Andrew Thearle	Louie M. Wilson	Gertrude E. Tyler	Minnie E. Blass	Annie H. Escott
Albert T. Bibby	Florence V. Hughes	Carrie Bryant	Charles Losce	Charles C. Rice	Winifred Mitchell
Frederic Davis	Annie Pryor	Rosie B. Granger	George Webster	Emma C. Tryon	Ned C. Fellowes
Thomas W. Ross	Clara Louisa Shattuck	Alice P. Baker	May Brown	Katharine L. Green	"Titan"
Louie E. Brown	Harry Chapman	Harry W. Hogue	H. Rebecca Ashburn	Wm. Allen Chapin	James Alexander, Jr.
Warren H. Frantz	Anne J. Thomas	Annie R. Estill	Dollie W. Kirk	Jerusha M. Coult	Julia C. Walsh
Hattie R. Rockwell	George Bates	Sarah F. Worthington	Gracie A. Tripp	Maggie Belville	Mabel Shippie
Sallie Wilson	Nellie Kellogg	Bella B. Tutthill	A. Bradford Wallace	Mamie L. Rowland	Frances Julia Parker
Mary Shaw Grinnell	Lilian M. Chambers	Alice Maud White	Aggie H. Smith	Robt. S. La Motte, Jr.	Alice P. Winchester
Willard R. Douglass	Mamie Grasselli	Fannie Eaton	Edward E. Rushmore	Percy S. King	Edith Frances Foster
Lancelot M. Berkeley	Fanny Ellenwood	Emma J. Smith	Emma Rhodes	Oliver Clark Kingsley	Robt. H. Laird
Rachel E. Hutchins		Rollin N. Larrabee	Evelyn Matz	Grace E. Young	Ethel Whitl
Annie Dean Struter			Lulu B. Monroe	Mary Deering Davis	Mina Hayes Goddard
Edward K. Butler, Jr.			Elsie Maud McLaurin	Minnie May Curtis	Laura G. Jones

Susie S. Brayton	Johnnie P. Montross	Willie L. Macauley	John W. Wells	Hattie T. Bush	Carrie Chancellor
Clara A. Sawyer	Minnie J. Conrad	Minnie Warner	Eleazar B. Homer	Nannie Day Meech	Sadie W. Alford
Walter D. Loring	James H. Skinner	Mary R. Boardman	Hattie Winfield	Clara de Russey Nichols	Belle B. Roberts
Annie C. Lufburrow	Alice Robinson	Carrie E. Bartlett	Amy H. Franklin	Hiram B. Morse	James Laubri
Ida M. Chase	Chas. H. Green	Philip S. Rust	Bertha Lee	Kate L. Dana	Alice M. Getchell
Ida Lee Hill	Harold B. Wood	Willie F. Bailey	Mary Grenville	Nannie G. Coulter	Virginia Macmurchy
Clara L. Welles	Lucy Kittredge	Nellie Eichholtz	Alice Victoria Blake	Arthur Stockin	Grayson G. Knapp
Georgia M. Neal	Mynna Thurston	Wm. A. Henry	Mary A. Manley	Nellie Washburne	Minnie Howard
H. Rebecca Ashburne	Edward H. Lee	John C. Chandler	Mary C. Smith	Freddie Buell	May C. Burtzell
Maggie L. Hunt	Claire Beach	Percy Chase	Mary Shattuck	Marion De Forest	Arthur P. Hosmer
May L. Hersey	Willie W. Jones	Minnie Mosher	Edmund D. Howe	Thomas Neal Pace	Helen H. Carter
Julia Locke Dennett	Frankie Maxwell	Fred B. Murphy	Louise H. Norton	Emmeline A. Mac-	Laura Lyon
Isabel H. Bend	Ellie Stilwell	Mamie L. Lane	Katie E. Gilligan	Knight	Herbert F. Rising
Kittie R. Beach	Ed. H. Smith	Willie A. Brown	Susan E. Sutherland	Evie C. Richardson	Herbert R. Palmer
Kate I. Arnout	Fred Faville	David H. Shipman	Lizzie A. Miller	Harry H. Newcomb	Helen A. Greeley
Anna C. Felton	Minnie C. Adams	Charlotte C. B. Hatch	Fred R. Kimball	Tazie Tupper	May Denman
Fannie Waterhouse	Fred M. Jones	Annie F. Popham	Abbe Bailey James	Emma Hanford	Wm. L. Clark
Helen H. Galloupe	Grace D. Baldwin	Katie Haynes	Bettie Chancellor	Lulu M. French	Claudine G. Rowan
Bessie M'Elhinny	Alice W. Bailey	Marion G. Lee	Frank H. Wells	Arthur E. Gazeley	Mary Morgan Smith
Newcomb C. Halsey	Ella Lawrence	Louisa Anderson	Harry P. King	Leila Beare	Fred H. Adams
Laura E. Benjamin	Ellen Sabina Howie	Hattie F. Roberts	Willie Alrich	Mary C. Deane	Emma Elliott
May Finley	Jennie A. Smith	Louise D. Ferriss	Anna C. West	L. D. Gaston	William B. & Cour-
Annie Gibbons	Oliver B. Morrison	Howard F. Boardman	Anna M. Reed	Kittie G. Brewster	nay H. Fenn
Carrie W. Fellows	Katie A. Howe	Mary K. Metcalf	Mabel S. Fay	John Scott Sayre	Constance Furnan
Emily Getty	Herbert W. Shute	Hannah B. Rollins	Louisa B. Yeomans	Mattie Wayne	Sidney M. Powell
May H. Rogers	Virginia Lee Benson	G. Eustis Potts	Fred Eburn Kay	Willie Carter	Leslie L. Ashley
Sallie Fox	Alice L. Hull	Josie Hartman	Clara Morehouse	Madge Reynolds	Anna J. Conkling
Lester A. Boyce	Naomi Carter	Marion L. Works	A. Blanche Nichols	Abba L. Briggs	Amie Chubb
Arthur L. Giblin	Annie R. Paul	Kittie L. Brainerd	J. Florence Holden	Henry Dakin	Arthur F. Stone
Herbert A. Howland	John B. Townsend	Edith L. Robinson	Lulu Clinton	Constance Hallett	Clara Louisa Beesley,
Charles D. Pickard	Cora A. Lock	Alice T. Learned	James D. Davis	Wm. O. Hand	England
Arthur Remington	Helen Marshall	Fred H. Day	Alice C. Vose		Carrie Drey

THE LETTER-BOX.

Our frontispiece this month will, we think, be sure to interest you. All of these queer head-dresses are worn at the present day. When you travel about among the old cities and towns of Europe, you will find just such as these in the market-places, where the old women, who still cling to old fashions, assemble on market-days from all parts of the country with their vegetables and poultry. Or, when you step into some grand cathedral you may see praying in dark corners peasants with strange, high caps, such as that in the middle of the page. This woman was at prayer in the Cathedral of Coutance, little dreaming that our artist was taking her coiffure. Then, on the Cornice road, you will see hats like that at the top of the picture worn by all the brown, dark-eyed girls. The four or five queerest of all (except the one that looks like an inverted flower-basket, which is seen in Magon) are to be met in Brittany in those little towns near the sea. There the fashions never change, and the same high, starched cap may be worn by many generations.

Do you see the two German women on the right hand side of our page? These country women have on their holiday clothes, and are from the depths of the Black Forest. How different they look from the smiling Spanish lady at the bottom of the page! She needs no hat. The graceful black mantilla fastened to her comb, and the red rose coquettishly placed in her black hair, are quite enough for her.

St. Helena, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will send you some violets from my garden. This is a new home, and much pleasanter than my old home in Massachusetts, but I miss my little friends very much. We have many pretty flowers in our garden: the wild flowers here are beginning to bloom, too. I wish all the ministers preached as interesting sermons as Jack-in-the-Pulpit does.—Your loving valentine,

BESSIE M. RUTHERFORD.

Chelsea, London, Great Britain.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Will you allow a little English girl, eleven years of age, to try for one of your prizes offered in the February magazine? Papa takes the magazine in for Amy and me,

and baby is very fond of looking at the pictures. Papa says it is the best book for little girls in the world. Amy is nine years old, and goes with me to Whitelands College School, where there are over 200 scholars, all girls. Papa goes to the city every day. In summer he goes by steamer down the Thames, and in winter he goes by the Underground Railway. He comes home very late at night now, because he goes to the House of Commons and writes down the speeches of members of Parliament. But papa writes books as well, and he gives us children a copy of every book of his published. The last was called "Dick Whittington;" it was such a thick book, with plenty of pictures! We live not far from the great Thomas Carlyle, and I often see him. One day I was wheeling baby in the perambulator, and Amy was with me, and we met Carlyle. He stopped us, patted baby on her cheeks, and said, "Well, Tommy, how are you?" So we call her "Tommy" now, although she is a little girl, named Lena. Mr. Carlyle looks such an old man! he stoops as he walks, and his hair is nearly white.—I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your loving child, LILY VERNON MARSH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to put a question through you to the Bird-defenders. It is this. Would you see the army of Bird-defenders thinned in numbers and yet stand by without raising a finger to help it? P.—T.—acted basely and treacherously in this matter, and I think ST. NICHOLAS did quite right in not giving him an answer. Long live the Bird-defenders, and down with those who oppose them!—Yours truly, J. B. THOMPSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a copy (written with my "type-writer") of some "Home Rules," which I saw in a western paper. I am trying to follow these rules myself, and I have not violated one of them as yet. I intend to keep them as long as I can, and I think that if the readers of ST. NICHOLAS were to do the same, everybody would regard them as very well-behaved children.—Yours respectfully, CHARLES A. R. (aged 12).

HOME RULES.

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to them.

3. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
4. Tell of your *own* faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
5. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
6. Be prompt at every meal hour.
7. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
8. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait your turn to speak.
9. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
10. Let your *first, last, and best* confidant be your mother.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your description of the Fighting Fleet you had your deck above the guns; how can you reach the guns to fire them off?

A. W.

It is not necessary to reach the guns on the ship, as they are merely little sticks, and cannot be fired. Each stick represents two cannon, when passed through the vessel from port-hole to port-hole, and it would not do to have them *above* the deck, where they would be seen. The firing is done by the guns described in the first part of the article.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a Latin sentence for the boys and girls to translate: "SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS." As you can see, it spells backward and forward the same; and, besides, the first letters of each word spell the first word, the second letters the second, and so on.—Yours respectfully,

FANNIE B. JOHNSTON.

Eastford, Ct.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tell the Little Schoolma'am I wish she was my truly schoolma'am. We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much. I was seven years old the 8th of last January. My name is Lizzie Kingsley Jones. I go to school in the warm weather. I can print some, but my mamma has to write for me. I can spell all the words in that funny "Short Tale," and mamma has written it from my printing, and I send it to you. I live in a white house, on a hill, and we have a great, big elm-tree in our yard. I have one brother and two sisters. My papa is a minister, and he reads the ST. NICHOLAS, too. I can't think of anything more to say—so, good by.

LIZZIE K. JONES.

A PRACTICAL reader thus rebukes Dr. Eggleston's fancy touches in the Hoosier Fairy story in our January number:

Portland, Maine.

EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: In reading in your January number "Bobby and the Key-hole," by Edward Eggleston, I should like to correct a slight mistake. I find the common names given by him (according to Samuels) belong to different birds. Samuels' "Birds of New England" gives, p. 405, *Botaurus lentiginosus*, the bittern—*stake-driver*. He also gives, on page 406, *Butorides virescens*, the green heron—*fly-up-the-creek*. I have in my collection mounted specimens of each. The green heron measures 1.11 by 1.32 inches; the bittern measures 1.51 by 2.10 inches.

R. R. LONGFELLOW.

Wilkesbarre.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your book, and I like "Eight Cousins" ever so much. "The Boy Emigrants" is splendid; I don't like Tom a bit, but I like all the rest.—Your affectionate reader,

DAISY HILLARD.

We are sure that all our readers, young or old, will welcome with delight our new serial, translated by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and its fascinating illustrations by Mr. Hopkins. The latter, indeed, are such gems in their way, and show so clearly to what wonderful expressiveness the art of silhouette drawing may be brought, that a word or two about the history and meaning of the term will probably interest all.

The word *Silhouette* is really a proper name. Etienne de Silhouette was the French Minister of Finance in 1759. He managed affairs with the strictest economy, and, as the people followed his example, all the fashions became plain and simple. All adornments and trimmings that could possibly be spared were given up, and to dress cheaply was the approved "style." As the system of economy progressed, it soon included portraits, drawn in outline, and filled up with India ink, instead of being painted in detail. And as fashions must have names, these new ones were called *à la Silhouette*, in honor of the economic minister. But the term has narrowed, as the

fashions have changed, since that time, and is not now applied to anything but the little black pictures with which we are familiar, and of which Mr. Hopkins has given us excellent and beautiful specimens.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an "old boy," but, for all that, very fond of you and of little folks; and, as I have often interested myself in their questions addressed to you, I want now to ask those same little folks to help me.

The other day a friend came to me and asked where he could find the line—"Consistency, thou art a jewel!" I told him, in Shakespeare, but he said he could not find it there; so then I looked myself, and finally consulted Clark's Concordance, resulting in my being convinced that Shakespeare never wrote the sentence. Then I referred to Allibone's Dictionary, and to Familiar Quotations, and to ever so many other books, and I can't find what I want! Everybody that I ask about it says at once, "Shakespeare," and passes on, with contempt for my ignorance; but it is not there, nor in Pope, nor Byron, nor—anywhere, I begin to think; and yet I hear it used as a quotation so often, that it seems as if there must be authority for it somewhere.

There is my trouble; and if some of your bright little friends will help me out, I shall thank them very much.

H. E. H.

A. L. R.'s drawings are very good indeed for a girl of twelve, but the young artist must practice for some time yet before she can draw well enough to have her pictures engraved. But if she *studies and practices*, she will be surprised to see how she will improve, as she grows older.

Agency City, Wapello Co., Iowa.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will not "Jack" or somebody answer the following queries?

1. How was the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic to Venice performed by the Pope?
 2. Was the same ring used on each occasion?
 3. Did the Pope furnish the ring?
- "Fast Friends," "The Young Surveyor," and "The Story of Seven" have been read in my school to eager listeners.—Respectfully yours,

G. G. SAMPSON.

London, Eng., 27 Ovington Square, Brompton, S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enclose you "a short tale" corrected, and hope that you will find that it is really correct. It has been an amusement to me this dreadfully foggy afternoon. It is what English people call "beastly." We tried to go out this morning, but found we could hardly see our hands before our faces, and the smoke nearly strangled us. You could not see people until they were close upon you, and every passer by had on a respirator, or was holding a handkerchief to his mouth. Men had to get out of their cabs and wagons and lead their horses, shouting all the time to let each other know where they were. This evening the house is full of the smoke and fog. I assure you that I shall be glad to get back to the blue skies of my native land.—I remain, yours truly,

PHILIP RICHARDSON.

Our readers will excuse the absence of the "Young Contributors' Department" this month when they learn that it was omitted to make room for Mrs. Diaz's lively parlor-play, "May-Day Indoors."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a hen once with a brood of young chickens; and one day a hawk got hold of one of the chickens, and the hen got on his back before he could fly away, and pecked him so hard that he had to let the chicken go. ARTHUR S. HOIGES.

Fort Ripley, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just straightened up my misspelled story. Mamma excused me from my other lessons to give me time to write it. She says it has been an excellent spelling and writing lesson for me. You have come to our house every month since you were born, and we like you better as you grow older.

My papa is an officer in the regular army, and so we live in a fort, and seldom see any citizens. I do not think that many of your readers would like it, as there is no school to attend. It is very cold here in the winter, but in the summer the woods and prairies abound in beautiful flowers and the lakes, which are numerous, are filled with fish. Papa keeps a hunting dog of whom I am very fond; his name is Dash; he is just splendid to point prairie chickens, which are very nice to eat.

When we go out to any place from the fort, we ride after four mules in a big, clumsy, canvas-covered wagon.

I will write no more at present, but perhaps will tell you more about the soldiers another time if you would like to hear it.

MARY A. MANLEY.

New Orleans.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you or sent you any answers to your pleasant riddles, although I have found out a good many of them; so I thought I would send you answers to some of those in the February number. I think our ST. NICHOLAS is splendid, and I am not the only one who thinks so. I read all the stories, and I like Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and Miss Alcott's stories best of all. Long life and success to dear old ST. NICHOLAS.—Your loving reader,
ORA L. DOWTY.

Bloomfield, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much I can scarcely wait till it comes. I have a parrot my uncle brought me from South America. She talks Portuguese.—I am seven years old.
MARY EICHELBERGER.

30 W. 53th Street, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and thank you for the pleasant entertainment you afford me every month. I think it would interest some of the girls and boys if I told them about the jewel-box of Catharine de Medicis, which is now in the Hotel de Cluny in Paris, and interested me a great deal. It is a large, square, steel box, about the size of a common trunk; the sides are beautifully carved, but the carving on the lid is the most wonderful, representing a bed of roses, each leaf and petal being distinct. In the middle of this bed, under a tiny rose leaf, is a hidden spring; when this leaf is pressed it slowly moves aside, disclosing a lock, which has to be opened with two curiously carved keys. All the old plates which Palissy made, with curious figures on them, are to be seen in this same Hotel de Cluny; also the golden rose which the Pope presented to Catharine de Medicis (when a French King was crowned the Pope almost always sent a golden rose), and a great many other interesting things.
KATHARINE D. SCHAUS.

Jolon, Monterey Co.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl fourteen years old; I weigh only seventy-one pounds, so you can see by that I am very small for one of my age. I live one mile from the Post-office. My papa has a ranch of eight hundred acres; he has a thousand head of sheep. I like very much to go in the evening with mamma and watch the little lambs play. I do not go to school; it is three miles to the school-house. I do not like to live in the country; I like best to live in the city. I have two brothers, but no sister.—From your friend,
LIZZIE WAGNER.

Sandwich, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few evenings ago, at the tea-table, my papa told me that he would continue to take ST. NICHOLAS for me only on one condition, and that is that I should write a letter which the editor of ST. NICHOLAS will think good enough to print in the "Letter-Box." The idea of losing ST. NICHOLAS almost took my breath away, and quite took my appetite, although I was so hungry a minute before. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS from the very first. The first piece I ever spoke at a Sabbath-school concert was selected from ST. NICHOLAS, called "A Cloud Picture."

My papa says he will do anything in his power that will improve my mind, he is so anxious to have me educated. I have "Rhymes and Jingles," by the dear editor of ST. NICHOLAS. I am studying Latin, and hope soon to be able to translate the interesting Latin stories in ST. NICHOLAS.

Now I anxiously await your decision whether I shall keep ST. NICHOLAS or not.
WILLIE REYNOLDS.

Sacramento, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a late number I find a communication from E. S. and A. M. F., asking how to keep cats away from birds. I have a canary. One day my pet cat was found trying to get on the table where the bird was. My mother caught the cat before it could get away, and rubbed its nose against the bars of the cage. Since then it has kept away from the cages. It will even run if you take the cage and go toward it. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS story it began and think it is splendid. I take it of a book-store.
WILLIE L. BROOKS.

Waupun, Wisconsin.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Maggie and I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much. We have just received our March number. We live in a different place from most little girls. My father is the Warden of the Wisconsin State Prison, which is in the town of Waupun, 68 miles from Milwaukee, the largest city in Wisconsin. We have our private rooms, which are very pleasant. I would like to describe the prison better, but I cannot. There is one thing which is very pleasant for the prisoners. Papa has two or three times had concerts, or something of that kind, for them. The people of Waupun have given them two or three concerts. So the prisoners have organized a concert club for singing. There are some very fine singers here; two or three play the violin very nicely, and one plays the flute, and two the organ. They sing some very pretty songs. One of their solos is "Homeless and Motherless." It is an old song, but it is sung so sweetly; and a great many of their other

songs are very nice. There is one man here who is a splendid singer; his voice seems loud enough to fill two or three halls of that size, but it does not sound harsh. He can sing Negro songs nicely, and then sings beautifully when he sings a sad song. Isn't that queer for prisoners? They have a chapel for the prisoners, and a chaplain officiates every Sunday, and that is where they practice. Some other time I will try and describe the prison as well as a girl of twelve can.

Please publish this in the Letter-Box, and tell me whether girls can be Bird-defenders.
LAURA G. SMITH.

Yes, indeed, girls can be Bird-defenders. There are many hundreds of them in our ranks already.

Fishkill-on-Hudson.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are two things I would like to tell you about. One is beef-tea. I read your recipe in the March number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and, as my mamma makes beef-tea in a different way, I thought, perhaps, the girls would like to have her recipe too. We have a very dear friend staying with us, who has been very sick, and has needed a great deal of beef-tea, and this is the way we make it for her: We cut the meat in small pieces, put it in an earthen bowl, cover with water, and let it stand two hours and a half. Then set it on the stove, and let it boil gently until the meat looks like rags. Then remove it, and let it cool; when cool, strain through a fine strainer. Salt to taste. We warm it as the patient needs it. A very pleasant change can be made by putting in a little celery or parsley, while the tea is boiling. My mamma says it is very important to use an earthen vessel. Our friend, who has tasted beef-tea made in both ways, says she prefers ours, as she does not tire of it so quickly.—Yours truly,
M. G. YOUNG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A dear friend of ours has two birds, and I think they are the prettiest canaries I ever saw. One of them (Dot) by name is a cross between a goldfinch and a canary, and he sings beautifully; besides which, he is the cleanest little fellow imaginable. He loves his bath, and splashes the water about at a great rate, much to the disgust of little Goldie, who is a pure yellow canary, and whose cage stands just below Dot's. It is about Goldie I wish especially to ask your help.

We cannot make him take a bath. Once, in a long while, he will stand on the edge of his tub, shut his eyes, dip his bill into the water, and make a tremendous fluttering; but not a drop of water gets on him, except on the tip end of his beak. The consequence is, that his feet are all clogged and look awfully, and his nails are so long that he often tumbles off his perch, and gets his feet caught in the wires of his cage; and, too, his feathers, instead of looking smooth and bright, like Dot's, are rough-looking. We consulted a book on canaries, which said we must "catch the bird and hold him in tepid water;" but, when we tried to catch him, the poor little fellow nearly died of fright, and it was pitiful to see his terror and to hear him cry; and Dot was so afraid we were going to hurt his little companion, that he got terribly excited too.

Now, will you please ask if any of the Bird-defenders, or other readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, can tell us what to do for our little pet? We have not the heart to terrify him again by trying to catch him, and we don't like to see him looking so queer. He is a sweet singer, but we are afraid he is getting some disease.

We would be very much obliged for any suggestions on the subject, and, also, to our dear ST. NICHOLAS, for obtaining them for us.—Your sincere admirer, and devoted reader,
MARY G. YOUNG.

Amboy, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since you have been published, and I think I love you better than almost anything else. And my father and mother are just as interested in you as I am.

I heard mother say to a lady that she "could utilize every word in the magazine." I looked in the dictionary to see what utilize meant; and I guess she can, for she always says "the reading matter is *utilized*," and my intrusive young folks, but to old folks too; and the illustrations are also *very fine*. I was thirteen years old last Monday. I like J. T. Trowbridge's stories best, but I am particularly interested in "The Young Emigrants," as I live in Lee County, Illinois, and only three miles from Lee Center. My mother said "there was no sugar grove near there," but I went to one of the old settlers and found out that there was. I have tried to correct the "Short Tail," and send it with this letter, and hope to be one of the lucky ones. Our family are all Bird-defenders, also cat and dog defenders. My mother picks up *very fine* cats for all the stray cats in the neighborhood, so our house is quite an asylum for cats. If this is worth printing, I hope you will put it in "The Letter-Box."—Ever your admirer,
V. CARTER.

The promised account of "A Frog and his Neighbors" was unavoidably crowded out of this number, but will appear next month.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials form the name of an American general, and the finals that of an English general, of the Revolutionary war. 1. A low, dwarf tree. 2. A cap, or other head-covering. 3. A domestic animal. 4. A lake in the Eastern States. 5. An Oriental city. 6. A beautiful flower. 7. A flag or banner. 8. A kind of gun. ISOLA.

LOGOGRAPH.

WHOLE, I am an animal. Change my head, and I am what we often step on in entering a house. Change again, I am what boys often use. Change once more, and I am the past tense of a verb. Change again to a nickname. Change again to an article of apparel. Change again to a plump condition. And, finally, change my head and make a light, quick blow. NIMBLE DICK.

EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.

(Fill the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word, beheaded.)

Oh, what pretty little —
 Every one about three —
 Long;
 Every one rich music —
 With a throat full of sweet —
 Song.

J. P. R.

NOVEL PUZZLE.

EACH sentence refers to a word of two syllables. Find the first word, drop the first syllable and add one to the second, to form the second word. Then drop the first syllable of the word thus made, and add another, to form the third word, and so keep on until you have all the required words.

1. To enrage. 2. A kingdom of Europe. 3. A place of sale. 4. A volcanic mountain. 5. Relating to ships. 6. A vale. 7. A city of the Netherlands. 8. Relating to the teeth. 9. A claw. 10. An assault. 11. A kind of seat. CYRIL DEANE.

PICTURE-PUZZLE.

(Good advice.)



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A boy put the 10, 11, 12, 13 of the fruit 14, 6 his 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 7, so he would not 8, 5, 15 it against a stone, as he wanted to show it to that wise little fellow, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. D.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a mocker, and leave a money-chest; again, and leave to present. 2. Behead an act of making ready, and leave atonement. 3. Behead a word meaning to weary or vex, and leave a mineral. 4. Behead a boy's name, and leave part of the body. C. D.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPIATE a bird, and leave a domestic animal. 2. Syncope an article of food, and leave an article of furniture. 3. Syncope a vehicle, and leave a domestic animal. 4. Syncope a coin, and leave a stamp. 5. Syncope a distress, and leave a household utensil. 6. Syncope a water-craft, and leave a small animal. 7. Syncope a burden, and leave a boy. 8. Syncope an article of food, and leave an ornament. 9. Syncope a machine for measuring time, and leave a fowl. 10. Syncope an article of clothing, and leave a dwelling. ISOLA.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In time, not in day;
 2. In earn, not in pay;
 3. In leg, not in arm;
 4. In kill, not in harm;
 5. In Ada, not in Sue;
 6. In Nancy, not in Lou;
 7. In Druid, not in Jew;

These two countries bring to view.

C. D.

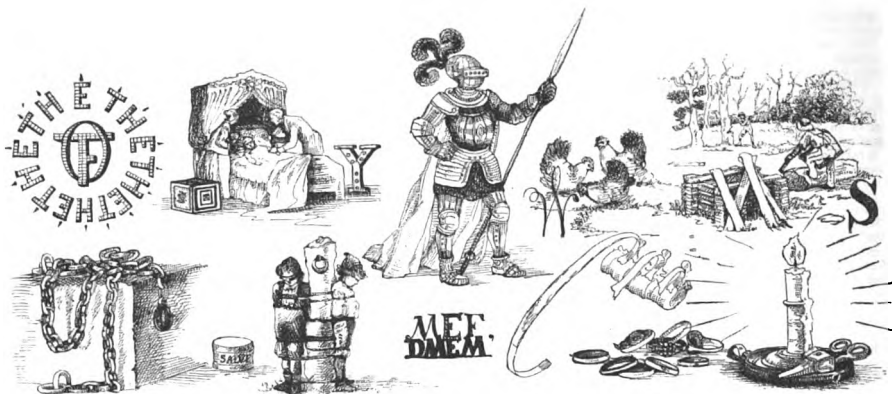
CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. It was real armor I saw. 2. It is so long to wait for a letter. 3. Otto led Oliver through the woods. 4. Did you crave Nora's pardon? 5. I hope rash feelings will not occur. 6. Meet me in the lane at nine o'clock. 7. Come, gather the fruit at once. 8. This apple is from a rare tree. 9. I miss Jane very much. 10. It is a poor oar, I imagine. Concealed in the above sentences are words having the following significations: 1. To frighten. 2. A song by one person. 3. A place famous for sword-blades. 4. A bird. 5. Musical dramas. 6. Clean. 7. The last. 8. To injure. 9. A girl's name. 10. A loud noise. These words, written down in order, will form a double acrostic, the initials of which name a person who "looks aloft." The finals form an appropriate anagram of the same. CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

My first may be filled with good cheer or great woe;
 My second's pressed off by "light, fantastic toe;"
 My whole is a favorite haunt of the mouse,
 And a very convenient place in a house. L. W. H.

REBUS.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A country. 4. A useful article. 5. A consonant. C. G. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS and finals form the names of two of Scotland's most famous men. 1. A periodical issued by Dr. Johnson. 2. The name of several German kings. 3. A strait in Asia. 4. One of England's noted advocates. 5. A famous Dutch admiral. 6. One of the early governors of Connecticut. 7. A hollow iron ball. 8. The man who purchased Maine for Massachusetts. 9. A French cardinal. 10. Initial letters of one of the United States. 11. A humorous American poet. L. W. H.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

THE central words of the two puzzles, read together, make one word.

- First diamond: 1. In bread and butter. 2. Wicked. 3. A kind of staff or truncheon. 4. An animal. 5. In morning and evening.
Second diamond: 1. In fairies and spirits. 2. Always on foot. 3. A word meaning red. 4. An edible. 5. In pies and cakes.

Connected: A town in Louisiana

CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SINGING bird. 2. A tropical plant. 3. A beautiful flower. 4. Part of a ship. ISOLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A — L — E
S — POT — S
P — L O V E R — S
S — TEA — L
A — R — T

CHARADE.—Fire-fly.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

H
BOY
HOMER
YES
R

REHEALED RHYMES. Clover, lover, over. Glowing, lowing, owing. Spinning, pinning, innning. Flashes, lashes, ashes. Women, omen, men. Snother, mother, other.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.—

TEA
EAR
ARE

REBUS.—

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any face;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

- MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—1. Note. 2. Crotchet. 3. Staff. 4. Sharp. 5. Turn. 6. Bar. 7. Measure. 8. Chord (cord). 9. Brace. 10. Hold. 11. Flat. 12. Time. 13. Sharp. 14. Scale. 15. Run. 16. Natural.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to MARCH 18, from Silas H. Elliott, Eugene Lockwood, Lillie M. Heath, Charlie James, W. H. P., Edgar G. Miller, Jr., John Haseltine, William Henry Rowe, Ray Marsh, Louie E. Hill, Brainerd P. Emery, "Cadiz," R. H. Downman, Jr., Daisy Hillard, Howard S. Williams, Francis H. Williams, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Marion Abbot, Maudie Paddon, Henry L. Bailey, Sargent P. Maslin, "Golden Eagle," Violet Graham, Prentiss Maslin, Willie Dibblee, Arthur Hodges, Agnes Hodges, Cora Hodges, Harry Dike, Mary S. Henry, "Tom Collins," Mary C. Goodwin, L. D. Schaeffer, Emma Elliott, John Hinkley, Henry O. Fetter, Florence Dow, C. W. Hornor, Jr., "Roderick," Edward Roome, G. Brady, Robert S. Parsons, "Lulie," John C. Robertson, Eleanor N. Hughes.

17. Tic. 18. Slur. 19. Bass (base). 20. Bar. 21. Hold. 22. Shake. 23. Rest. 24. Close. 25. Signature.

CHARADE.—Pen.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

B — ea — M
E — ll — A
H — ill — S
E — lec — T
M — ari — O
O — d — D
T — omat — O
H — ele — N

PICTURE PUZZLE.—If in excellency you excel,

And any envy you,
Be easy, and essay to be
Benign and honest, too.
Oh, essay to extenuate,
Oh, essay to excuse,
Oh, pause before you deviate,
Oh, naught save kindness use!

SQUARE-WORD.—

ROBIN
OPERA
BEGEM
IRENE
NAMES

EASY ENIGMA.—Miser—able. Miserable.



THE MAID OF DOMREMY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1876.

No. 8.

THE LITTLE MAID OF DOMREMY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT is more than four hundred and fifty years, since, in the village of Domremy on the river Meuse, was born a little girl to whom they gave the name of *Jeanne* (in English, Joan or Jane). It is probable that her father, a poor and respectable peasant, was named Darc. Later, when the little girl had grown famous, people altered the name and called her Jeanne d'Arc (of Arc), which is as though one of you should be called Kate of Rochester, or Lucy of Minneapolis. France was not then the rich and powerful country which it has since become. For a long time it had been governed or misgoverned by a king who was insane, and first one party and then another, getting tired of his rule, had thrown it off, so that the nation was in a state of civil war. We know, from our own experience, what a sad and bad thing civil war is. Then, besides civil war, France had to contend also with an outside enemy, for the English, who were always fighting with France in those days, had sent a large army across the Channel, and captured many important French towns. Mrs. Oliphant told you something of these times in her "Windsor" paper of last month. Some of the people thought they would like to be ruled by the English, and offered the crown to the English king, Henry V., who accepted it gladly, and had, first himself, and then his little son, crowned kings of France. The rest of the nation were angry at this, and refused to acknowledge any king but their own. Great quarreling and bloodshed followed and went on for years; the people were heavily taxed, the fields remained untilled, there was famine and scarcity of all sorts, and the poor suffered greatly.

It was in the midst of these unhappy times that Jeanne was born, and grew to be, first a hardy lit-

tle girl, and then a vigorous maiden, with a noble, beautiful face, though its expression was thoughtful and sad. She had a rough, hard life, working in the fields and caring for the farm animals; and when feeding the oxen or tending the sheep in the dim twilight, she had plenty of time to think of the miseries amid which she lived. The peasants in that part of the country used to repeat an old prophecy that France, in her time of deepest distress, would be saved by a maiden. Nobody knew who made the prophecy, but every one believed it, for those were superstitious days, and people put great faith in legends and old sayings. There were no books and newspapers, as there are now, to make persons wide-awake and intelligent. Jeanne believed with the rest. And when she felt sad and hopeless at the sufferings she saw and the worse sufferings she heard about, she thought a great deal about this prophecy, and wondered when the wonderful maiden would come to aid them. "For surely," thought she, "France can never be worse off than she is now, with the wicked English having their own way everywhere, and our poor king shut up like a prisoner in his own land."

She dwelt so much upon these things that at last it seemed to her that a voice spoke, whether from within or without she could not be sure, and said that *she* was the maiden appointed to save the land from its troubles. Just then the crazy king died, and his son, Charles VII., a young man of twenty, succeeded to the throne. It was a miserable inheritance truly, for few acknowledged his authority, and he was too poor to pay for soldiers, who in those days were always to be had for pay. He and the little army which he contrived to get together, fought two or three times with the Eng-

lish and were beaten, and at last the only important city left him, the city of Orleans, was closely besieged by the enemy. For months it held out, but little by little the foe gained, till it became evident that before long Orleans would be forced to yield, and with it would go the last hope of the royal family of France.

Jeanne Darc was eighteen years old at this time, and the "voices" which had been speaking to her for five years were growing each day louder and calling her to do something, she knew not what, to save the country. At last she became so certain of her divine mission that she could keep silent no longer, and she persuaded her uncle to take her to Baudricourt, one of the king's officers, who was governor of the town of Vaucouleurs. To him she explained about the voices, and begged him to send her to the king, promising that if he would do so she would raise the siege of Orleans, and that the king, in less than three months, should be crowned in the city of Rheims, which was at that time fast held by the English. The governor did not believe in her a bit at first, but matters had got so desperate that he was willing to try anything, so at last he sent Jeanne to Chinon, where the king was residing.

It must have been a singular sight, Jeanne in her simple peasant's garb in the midst of the gay court. But she was too much in earnest to think about herself or be frightened. The king stood among the other gentlemen, dressed exactly like them, but Jeanne went straight up and knelt before him without a moment's hesitation, which surprised everybody very much.

So eloquent was she, so full of enthusiasm and confidence in her own powers, that the king and his counselors believed in her at once. They gave her a suit of armor and a horse, which she knew very well how to manage, for she had often ridden the horses to water in Domremy. When they fetched the sword which belonged to her armor, she rejected it, and begged them to send to the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, where, buried in the ground, would be found a consecrated sword which it was meant she should carry. They did so, and, sure enough, the sword was discovered just as she had said, which made people believe in her more than ever. Thus equipped, with a white banner in her hand, she took command of ten thousand troops headed by the brave Dunois, and marched straight to Orleans. The news of this wonderful event spread everywhere. The English, who were as superstitious as the French, took fright. Whole regiments deserted "for fear of the Mayde," for there is nothing like superstition to make cowards even of brave men. Jeanne's own soldiers, fired by her noble courage, fought as

if inspired. In less than a week the siege of Orleans was raised, and the enemy in full retreat. Other battles followed, in all of which Jeanne was victorious. Rheims was given up without a blow, and there, in three months from the time of Jeanne's first appearance at the court, Charles was solemnly crowned king,—the "Maid of Orleans," as she was now called, standing beside him in full armor, with her white banner in her hand! She had kept her promise, and the work was done.

When the coronation was over, she knelt down before the throne and prayed the king to let her go back again to Domremy and tend her sheep. The "voices" which had led her so far, promised nothing beyond this day. She desired to return to her simple life, and be plain Jeanne Darc again, as she was before these great things came to pass.

But the king would not consent. He and the army had learned to look upon "the Mayde" as an inspired being, and they insisted that she could not be spared till all the English were driven across the sea. So Jeanne staid, though unwillingly. I wish they had let her go back to peaceful Domremy; then I should not have to tell of the sad and painful ending of her story.

For nothing went well with her or with the army that she led, from that day. She had ceased to believe in herself, and that is a fatal thing. More than once they were beaten, and at last, at the siege of Paris, Jeanne was wounded, dragged from her horse, and taken prisoner by a Frenchman, who, to his shame, afterward sold her for a sum of money to her mortal foes, the English. By the laws of military honor, she should have been regarded as a prisoner of war. But the English, who were all the more cruel because they had once been afraid of her, preferred to consider her as a sorceress, and called a court together to try her as such. The French king was too selfish and cowardly to interfere, and without a friend to help or advise her, deserted by the monarch she had served and the nation she had saved, poor Jeanne was left to her fate.

Poor, simple girl, puzzled and terrified, she could neither understand nor answer the charges they brought against her. When she told with simple truthfulness the story of the voices which had spoken to her in the fields, and bidden her go forth to find the king, they scoffed at her, and said that nobody but the devil would have anything to say to a sorceress. Weary, confused, and heart-sick, she even doubted herself at last, and when they brought a paper which stated that she had lied in claiming a mission from Heaven, and had purposely deceived people, she signed it, hoping that they would spare her life and let her go free. Her persecutors were sorry that she signed,

for what they wanted was an excuse to kill her. They were afraid to let her live, lest she should escape from them, and the French army rally round her again. It is never difficult to make an excuse when the strong desire to oppress the weak. They put a suit of armor in her room, and took away all her other clothes, and when the poor girl, not knowing what else to do, put on the armor, they declared that this was a sign that she took back her confession, and accordingly condemned her to be burned alive as a witch. It was a cruel and cowardly thing, but cruelty is always cowardice.

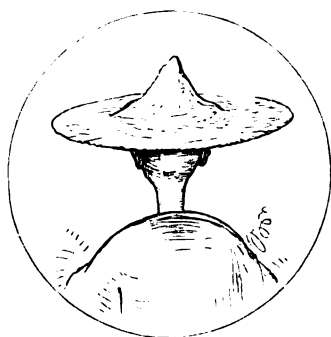
So in the market-place of Rouen, surrounded by a great crowd of priests and soldiers, Jeanne Darc was burned at the stake on the last day of May, 1431. The Seine carried her ashes down to the sea. She was patient and courageous to the last; and though her face was covered with tears, her constancy never wavered. She kept her eyes fixed on the crucifix, and, when the flames rose up about her, was heard to murmur, "God be blessed!"

So ended the wonderful life of the sweet maid of Domremy. The market-place in Rouen where she suffered is still called the "Place de la Pucelle," or "The Place of the Maiden," and on the

spot where the stake was erected stands a bronze statue of Jeanne in armor, holding her consecrated banner. The shame of her death lies heavily on all who took part in it; on the Frenchman who gave her up, the English who slew her, and the weak young king who did nothing to aid or avenge her, and who allowed ten years to go by before he reversed the verdict by which she was condemned, and proclaimed her the heroine and martyr which she undoubtedly was.

Better things than these, however, can be said about our Jeanne. Heroism and martyrdom are great, but to live purely and worthily is greater still. The character of the maid of Domremy was spotless. She was distinguished for her innocence and modesty; her hand never shed blood, and the gentle dignity of her manner inspired respect in all who came near her, and even restrained the violence of her rough soldiers. She did what we must call unwomanly things, but she did them at the call of duty, and in a truly womanly spirit, full of purity, self-sacrifice, and patience. So we, who live so many hundreds of years after, can afford to love as well as admire her, which we could not have done had she merely dreamed dreams and won battles.

IF a pretty fairy should come to me,
 And ask: "What thing would you like to be?"
 I'd say: "On the whole,
 I will be a mole."
 Oh, that would be just the thing for me!
 I'd go straight down, and not care a fig
 What squirming things in the ground I'd meet;
 For if I were a mole, I'd dig and dig
 Till my nose should tickle the Chinamen's feet!



THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIÈRE.)

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE CAT DISPLAYS INTELLIGENCE
BEYOND HIS STATION IN LIFE, AND BEHAVES
HANDSOMELY IN ADVERSITY.



HE lost sight of Moumouth at the moment when, precipitated from the parapet of the bridge of Notre Dame, he found himself struggling in the water.

Luckily for him, the piles of the principal arch had a wide ledge, to which he was able to attach himself. From this place he cast a glance around him. The Seine appeared to him a boundless ocean, which it was beyond his strength to cross; rather than attempt to reach the shores that seemed to recede before him, he prepared to stay where he was, at the risk of perishing with hunger or cold, or being swept away by a wave. He mewed at first in sign of distress, but very soon, believing himself hopelessly lost, he judged it useless to tire his lungs, and awaited the end with a resignation which formed the basis of his character.

Toward five o'clock in the morning, two gentlemen from the island of Saint-Louis, — two very skillful amateur fishermen, — came to throw their lines from the top of the bridge of Notre Dame.



"AGREED!" SAID M. GUIGNOLET.

"You are early, neighbor Guignolet," said the person who arrived last; "it appears that we have both had the same idea."

"And we have done well, neighbor Groquemouche; there was a rise in the river last night, great numbers of fish have descended from the upper Seine, and one will have to be dreadfully awkward not to take them."

"Will you enter into an agreement, neighbor Guignolet? Let us fish in partnership, divide the catch, and dine together to-day."

"Agreed!" said M. Guignolet, and as each held his line in his right hand, they clasped their left hands together in token of the treaty.

On seeing the two cords descend, Moumouth conceived some hope. As soon as they were within his reach he grappled them, and the fishermen, feeling the unusual weight, cried out with one voice, "A bite! a bite!" and hastened to haul in their lines.

"I bet I have caught a wattle," said M. Guignolet, regretting that he could n't rub his hands together to testify his satisfaction.

"I must have an immense carp," replied M. Groquemouche. He had scarcely finished the sentence when Moumouth leaped over the parapet.

"Treason!" cried the two fishers, who started in pursuit of the quadruped that had come so miraculously out of the water; but Moumouth ran faster than they did and easily escaped them.

When he was alone, he took breath, examined the houses, and, not finding one that resembled his, naturally concluded that it was not there. It was necessary, however, to find shelter; shivering with cold and panting with his exertions, he could not remain a moment longer in the street without exposing himself to an inflammation of the chest. Guided by a light, he made his way into the basement of a baker's shop, and, hiding himself behind a pile of bread-baskets, went quietly to sleep.

He was awakened by hunger.



MOUMOUTH GRAPPLES THE LINES.



THE FISHERMEN PURSUE THE CAT.

Moumouth was born of poor parents, who had abandoned him in his earliest infancy; he had been brought up in the streets, obliged to procure his own living, and trained in the school of adversity. Thus he was very skillful in the art of catching rats and mice,—a useful art, too often neglected by cats belonging to the first families.

He placed himself on the watch, and surprised a mouse that had stolen out of its hole to eat some flour. He dropped upon the imprudent mouse, in describing what is called in geometry a parabola, and seized it by the nose, to prevent it from crying out. This feat, although performed with address and in silence, attracted the attention of the baker's boy. "Hi! a cat!" cried the apprentice, arming himself with a scoop.

The master-baker turned his eyes toward Mou-



THE IMPRUDENT MOUSE.



"DON'T HURT HIM," SAID THE BAKER.

mouth, saw him devouring the mouse, and said to the boy:

"Don't hurt him; he is doing us a service."

"But where did he come from?"

"What does that matter, provided he is useful here?" answered the baker, who was a man of intelligence. "Eat, eat, my friend," he continued,

"Wait a minute!" he said. "I wanted a good cat; Heaven sent me one, and I shall not forgive myself if I let him escape. Hulloo! Jacques, shut up all the openings, and if this rogue makes a show of running off, give him three or four smart blows with the broom."

Thus the host of Moumouth became his tyrant; so true is it that personal interest depraves the best natures. Our cat, as if comprehending what was passing, leaped without hesitation upon the shoulders of the baker's boy, and thence into the street.



MOUMOUTH JUMPS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

There a new danger awaited him. Surprised by this unexpected apparition, an enormous bulldog planted himself directly in front of Moumouth. Moumouth had a lively desire to avoid an unequal contest; but the dog kept an eye on him, and did not lose one of his movements,



HE MEETS A BULL-DOG.

going to the right when Moumouth went to the left, and to the left when Moumouth moved to the



ALL THE STREET-DOGS PURSUE MOUMOUTH.

right, and growled all the while in a malicious fashion. For an instant they stood motionless, observing each other,—the dog with paws extended, teeth displayed, and body drawn back, and the cat with open mouth, his back arched and his head thrust forward.

Neither seemed disposed to begin hostilities. Finally the dog rushed upon his adversary, who avoided him adroitly, passed underneath him, and fled in the direction of the quay, the bull-dog giving chase. Away they went, darting among the crowd of pedestrians and in and out between the carriages. In a natural spirit of imitation, the wandering dogs that encountered them running

and scrambles to the top of the wall. He is soon beyond the reach of the dogs, but he is not yet in safety; if he makes a false step, if his strength gives out, if the plaster crumbles under his claws, twenty yawning mouths, hungry for slaughter, are there to tear him to pieces!



MOTHER MICHEL LAMENTS.

In the meanwhile, Mother Michel had passed the night in lamentation. She could not control her grief for the loss of Moumouth; she called him continually in a plaintive voice, and—if we may credit the popular song—the neighbors heard her cry at the window: "Who will bring him back to me?"

The next morning, at the rising of the smiling sun, the perfidious Lustucru presented himself before Mother Michel in order to say to her:

"Well, my dear companion, have you found him?"

"Alas, no!" she murmured. "Have you any news of him?"

"Nothing positive," replied the steward, who wished to torment the poor woman; "but I dreamed of him all night long; he appeared to me

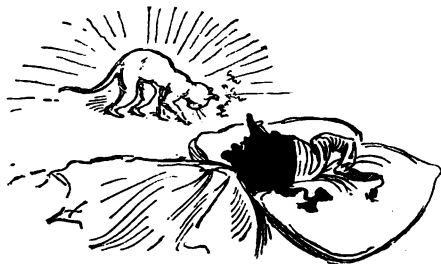


HE CLIMBS A WALL.

joined in the race, and at the end of a minute Moumouth had more than thirty-seven dogs in pursuit of him.

"I am lost," he says to himself, "but at least I shall sell my life dearly."

He backs against a wall, and braces himself haughtily on his feet; his teeth gnashing, his hair bristling, he faces his numerous enemies with so terrible an eye that they recoil like a single man. Profiting by their hesitation, he turns suddenly



FATHER LUSTUCRU DREAMS.

in a dream, with his face pale and an exhausted air, like a cat who did not feel very well."

"In what place was he?"

"He seemed to be in a garden, at the foot of a lilac-bush."

Mother Michel instantly ran to the garden, where, as you may imagine, she did not find Moumouth.

During the whole day Lustucru amused himself by giving her false exultations, which were followed by increased despondency.

"Mother Michel," said he, "just now, in passing the store-room, I thought I heard a kind of meowing."

Mother Michel hastened to visit the store-room.

Presently he came to her out of breath, and said:

"We have him at last! I am nearly certain that he is rummaging in the cellar."

And Mother Michel ventured into the gloomy vaults of the cellar, where she encountered nothing but rats.

It was near the close of the day that Lustucru pronounced these words, which a popular song has happily preserved for us:

"Oh, Mother Michel,
Your cat is not lost;
He is up in the garret
A-hunting the rats,
With his little straw gun
And his saber of wood!"

The words were full of a bitter railleury, which Father Lustucru was unable to disguise. To pretend that Moumouth was hunting rats with his little straw gun and his wooden sword, was to suppose



SHE SEARCHES THE ATTIC.

something quite unlikely, for nobody ever saw a cat make use of such arms. But the agonies of Mother Michel had so confused her mind, that she noticed only what could give her a gleam of hope.

"He is in the garret!" she cried, without paying attention to the rest of the verse. "Let us hasten there, my dear sir; let us search for him. Give me your arm, for I am so nervous, so troubled, so harassed by fatigue, that I have not the strength to get up alone."

The two mounted to the garret, and Mother

Michel, lantern in hand, searched in the attic and under the roof. Silence and solitude reigned everywhere.

"You are again mistaken," murmured Mother Michel.

"No, no," replied the malicious man; "let us continue to hunt, we shall finish by finding. We have n't looked there—behind those fagots."

The credulous Mother Michel advanced in the direction indicated, and—to the great stupefaction of Lustucru—the cat, which he believed drowned, appeared in full health and strength, and fixed its gaze upon him indignantly.

"It is he! it is he!" cried Mother Michel, seizing Moumouth in her arms. "Ah, my dear



"IT IS HE! IT IS HE!" CRIED MOTHER MICHEL.

Lustucru! my good and true friend, how I thank you for conducting me here!"

The steward had scarcely any taste for compliments which he so little merited. Pale-faced and cold, he hung his head before his victim, whose preservation he could not explain to himself. It was, however, a very simple thing: Moumouth, pursued by the dogs, succeeded in leaping from the wall, and, passing from gutter to gutter, from garden to garden, from roof to roof, had reached his domicile; but, dreading the resentment of his enemy, he had not dared to appear, and had hidden himself in the garret.

"Am I the dupe of a nightmare?" said Father Lustucru to himself. "Is it really that rascal of a Moumouth that I have there under my eyes, in flesh and bone? Is n't it his ghost that has come back to torment me? This cat, then, is the evil one in person!"

The cat was not the evil one—Providence had protected him.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE CAT CONTENTS SUCCESSFULLY AGAINST HIS ENEMY.

THE events we have recorded indicate very clearly the position of our personages. Fearing to lose both the well-beloved cat and the advantages

she was ambitious to obtain, Mother Michel redoubled her vigilance and attention.

Moumouth, knowing henceforth with whom he had to deal, promised himself to avoid the steward, or to fight him, if need be, with tooth and nail.



LUSTUCRU MEDITATES.

As to Father Lustucru, it was enough that his projects had been defeated, in order that he should persist in them with desperation. He now wished the destruction of the poor and innocent cat, not only on account of his jealousy of Mother Michel, but be-

cause he hated the cat itself.

"Oh, what humiliation!" he said to himself, with bitterness. "I ought to hide myself, retire to a desert, and bury me in the bowels of the earth! What! I, Jérôme Lustucru, a grown man, a man of knowledge and experience, a man—I dare say it—charming in society, I am vanquished, scoffed at, taken for a dupe, by a cat of the gutter! . . . I leave him at the bottom of a river, and find him at the top of a house! I wish to separate him from



THE GREEN PACKAGE.

his guardian, and I am the means of bringing them together! I lead Mother Michel to the garret to torture her, and there I witness her transports of

joy! The cat I believed dead re-appears to defy me! . . . He shall not defy me long!"

And Father Lustucru remained absorbed in deep meditation.

Moumouth had not yet dined that day, and he made it plain by expressive miau-ing that he would very willingly place something under his teeth. Presently, Mother Michel said to him—for she spoke to him as if he were an intelligent being:

"Have patience, sir; we are going to attend to you."

She descended to the parlor, which she habitually occupied since the departure of Madam de la Grenouillère, and the cat, who accompanied Mother Michel, was clearly displeased at seeing her take the road to the chamber of Lustucru. Nevertheless, he went in with her, persuaded that in the presence of that faithful friend, the steward would not dare to undertake anything against him.

At the moment she knocked at the door, Father Lustucru was taking from the shelf a green package which bore this label: *Death to Rats*.

"This is the thing," he said to himself, thrusting the paper into his vest. "*Death to Rats* should also be *Death to Cats*. Our dear Moumouth shall make the trial. . . . What can one do to serve you, my good Mother Michel?"

"It is five o'clock, M. Lustucru, and you forget my cat."

"I forget him!" cried the steward, clapping his hands as if very much hurt by the suspicion; "I was just thinking of him. . . . I am going to prepare for him such a delicious hash that he will never want another!"

"Thanks, Monsieur Lustucru; I shall inform madam, the Countess, of your care for her favorite. I have received a letter from her this very day; she sends me word that she shall return shortly, that she hopes to find Moumouth in good condition, and that she has in reserve for me a very handsome reward. You comprehend my joy, Monsieur Lustucru! My sister is left a widow with four children, to whom I hand over my little savings each year. Until now this assistance has not been much; but, thanks to the gifts of madam, the Countess, the poor children will be able to go to school and learn a trade."

In pronouncing these words, the eyes of Mother Michel were moist and bright with the most sweet joy,—that which one experiences in performing or meditating good actions. The steward, however, was not affected. He had so given himself up to



"COME, LET US GO!"

his evil passions that they completely mastered him, and had by degrees stifled all generous sentiments in his soul, as the tares which one lets grow choke the good grain.

One would have said that Moumouth understood this man. The cat approached Mother Michel, who had seated herself to chat awhile, and looking at her with supplicating eyes, pulled at the skirt of her robe, as if to say to her:

"Come, let us go!"

"Take care!" said the good creature; "you will tear my dress."

Moumouth began again.

"What is it? Do you want to get out of here?" asked Mother Michel.

Moumouth made several affirmative capers in the air.

"Decidedly," she added, "this cat is not contented anywhere but in the parlor."



MOUMOUTH IS PLEASED TO SEE THE HASH.

She rose and withdrew, preceded by Moumouth, who bounded with joy.

A quarter of an hour afterward the steward had prepared a most appetizing hash, composed of the breast of chicken, the best quality of bread, and other ingredients justly esteemed by dainty eaters. After adding a large dose of the "death to rats," he set the hash down in an adjoining room, and, opening the parlor door, cried:

"Monsieur is served!"

On beholding this delicate dish, Moumouth thrilled with pleasure, for, to tell the truth, he was rather greedy. He stretched his nose over the plate, and then suddenly retreated, arching his back. A sickening and infectious odor had mounted to his nostrils. He made a tour round the plate, took another sniff, and again retreated. This animal, full of sagacity, had scented the poison.

"Well, that is very extraordinary," said Mother Michel; and, having vainly offered the food to her cat, she went to find Lustucru, to inform him what had occurred.

The traitor listened with inward rage.

"What!" said he, "he has refused to eat it? It is probably because he is not hungry."

"So I suppose, Monsieur Lustucru; for your hash looks very nice. I should like it myself, and I've half a mind to taste it, to set Moumouth an example." At this, Father Lustucru, in spite of his hardness, could not help trembling. For a minute he was horrified at his crime, and cried hastily:

"Don't touch it, I beg of you!"

"Why not? Is there anything wrong in the hash?"

"No, certainly not," stammered Father Lustucru; "but what has been prepared for a cat should not serve for a Christian. It is necessary to guard propriety, and not trifle with the dignity of human nature."

Mother Michel accepted this reasoning, and said, a little snappishly:

"Very well; Moumouth may suit himself! I do not wish to yield to all his fancies, and I shall not give him anything else."

The following day the hash was still uneaten.

The steward had hoped that the cat, pressed by hunger, would have thrown himself upon the poisoned food; but Moumouth knew how to suffer. He put up with abstinence, lived on scraps and crumbs of bread, and recoiled with terror



HE SNIFFS WITH DISGUST.

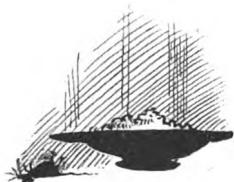


"DON'T TOUCH IT, I BEG OF YOU."

every time that his guardian offered him the fatal plate, which finally remained forgotten in a corner of the closet in the antechamber.

Father Lustucru, seeing that his plot had not

succeeded, was more irritable than ever. The desire to rid himself of Moumouth became a fixed idea with him, a passion, a monomania; he dreamed of it day and night. Each letter in which Madam de la Grenouillère demanded news of the cat and



THE FATAL PLATE REMAINS FORGOTTEN.

repeated her promise of recompense to Mother Michel, each sign of interest given by the Countess to her two favorites, increased the blind fury of their enemy. He thought of the most infernal plans to demolish Moumouth without risk to him-

self, but none of them seemed sufficiently safe and expeditious. Finally he decided on this one:

On a heavy pedestal, in the chamber of Mother Michel, was a marble bust of Louis XIV., represented with a Roman helmet and a peruke interlaced with laurel-leaves. Behind this bust was a round window, which looked upon the staircase; and just in front of the pedestal was the downy cushion that served as a bed for Moumouth, who would certainly have been crushed if the bust had taken it into its head to topple over.

One night Lustucru stole noiselessly into the chamber of Mother Michel, opened the round window, which he was careful to leave ajar, and retired silently. At midnight, when everybody was asleep in the house, he took one of those long brooms, commonly called a wolf-head, placed himself on the staircase opposite the small window,



LOUIS XIV.

rested his back firmly against the banister, and, with the aid of the wolf-head, pushed over the bust, which tumbled with a loud crash on the cushion beneath.

The wicked man had expected this result of his movement; it was for him the signal of his triumph and the death of Moumouth. However, when he heard the bust roll heavily on the floor, he was seized by a panic, and, with trembling

steps, regained his chamber. Mother Michel awoke with a start; she was in complete darkness, and unable to procure a light, for German chemical

matches were not yet invented. Surprise and fright had taken away her faculties for an instant, then she cried, "Stop thief!" with all the strength of her lungs. Very soon the whole house was roused, and all the servants came running in to learn what was the matter.

Lustucru appeared last, with a cotton night-cap on his head, and, for the rest, very simply clad.

"What has happened?" he demanded.

"I see now," answered Mother Michel; "it is the bust of Louis XIV. that has fallen down."

"Bah!" said Father Lustucru, playing astonish-



DOWNFALL OF LOUIS XIV

ment. "But, in that case, your cat must have received it on his head."

As he said these words, Moumouth came out from under the bed and threw himself before Mother Michel, as if to implore her aid and protection. Lustucru stood amazed.

Everybody knows how light is the slumber of cats. Moumouth, who had the habit of sleeping with only one eye, had risen quickly on hearing a rustling behind the round window. Like nearly all animals, he was curious, and sought to understand anything that astonished him; so he campted himself in the middle of the chamber, the better to observe with what intention the wolf-head advanced at that unseasonable hour by so unusual a route. Startled by the fall of the bust, he had fled for refuge to the bottom of the alcove.

They gave Mother Michel, to revive her, a glass of sugar and water, flavored with orange-flower; they picked up the great king, who had smashed his nose and



LUSTUCRU APPEARS.

chin, and lost half of his beautiful peruke; then everybody went to bed once more.

"Saved again!" said Father Lustucru to himself. "He always escapes me! I shall not be able, then, to send him to his fathers before the return of the Countess! Mother Michel will get



MOUMOUTH COMES FORTH.

her pension of fifteen hundred livres, and I shall remain a nobody, the same as before. That rascally cat distrusts me; everything I undertake alone against him fails. . . . Decidedly, I must get somebody to help me!"

CHAPTER VI.

HOW FATHER LUSTUCRU CONFIDES HIS ODIOS PLANS TO NICHOLAS FARIBOLE.



FATHER LUSTUCRU searched then for an accomplice. He at first thought of finding one among the domestics of the household; but he reflected that they all were devoted to Mother Michel, and were capable of betraying him, and causing him to be shamefully

turned out of the mansion, in which he held so honorable and lucrative a post. However, he had great desire for an accomplice. In what class, of what age and sex, and on what terms should he select one?

Occupied with these thoughts, Lustucru went out one morning at about half-past six, to take a walk on the quay. As he had crossed the threshold, he noticed on the other side of the street a large woman, dry and angular, clothed in cheap, flashy colors. This woman had sunken eyes, a copper-colored complexion, the nose of a bird of prey, and a face as wrinkled as an old apple. She was talking with a boy of thirteen or fourteen, covered with rags, but possessing a sharp, intelligent countenance.



MOTHER MICHEL IS REVIVED.

Father Lustucru thought he recognized the old woman, but without recalling where he had seen her. If he had been less occupied he would have searched longer into his memory; but the idea of making away with the cat absorbed him entirely, and he continued his route with a thoughtful air, his head bent forward, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if the accomplice he wanted might possibly spring up out of the earth.

Thus he wandered for some time; the breeze of the morning failed to cool his blood, heated with evil passions. Neither the spectacle of the pure skies, nor the songs of the birds, who enjoyed



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE BOY.

themselves on the border of the river, awoke in him those calm and sweet emotions with which they inspire honest people.

At the moment when he returned, the old woman was no longer to be seen; but the boy remained



LUSTUCRU IS ABSORBED.

in the same place, seated upon a stone post, with his nose in the air, regarding the mansion of Madam de la Grenouillère very attentively. Lustucru approached him and addressed him in these terms:

"What are you doing there, youngster?"

"I? Nothing. I am looking at that mansion."

"I believe that without difficulty; but why do you look at it?"

"Because I find it handsome, and would like to live in it; one ought to be happy there."

"Yes, indeed," answered the steward, with emphasis; "they pass the days there happily enough. Who is that woman with whom you were speaking awhile since?"

"It was Madam Bradamor."

"Madam Bradamor, the famous fortune-teller, who lives below, at the other end of the street?"

"The same."

"You know her?"

"A little; I sometimes do errands for her."

"Ah, ah! . . . And what did the old wizard say to you?"

"She said that if I could enter that house as a domestic, I should have a very agreeable existence."

"Madam de la Grenouillère is absent, my little friend; and, besides, her house is full."



THE BOY ON THE STONE POST.

"That is a pity," said the boy, drawing a deep sigh.

Father Lustucru made several steps as if to re-enter, rested his hand upon the knocker of the door, then turned abruptly and walked up to the boy.

"What is your name?"

"Nicholas Langlumé, the same as my father's; but I am more generally known under the nickname of Faribole."

"What do you do?"

"Nothing; my father works on the quay, and

I,—I live from day to day, gaining my bread as I can. I run errands, I sell May-bugs and black-

birds and sparrows, I pick up nails in the gutters and sell them, I open the doors of carriages, I fish for logs in the Seine, I sing verses in the streets, I light lamps, and sometimes I play in the pantomimes at the theater of Nicolet. These trades, sir, are not worth much; and I have all I can do to get something to eat every day."

"You interest me," replied Father Lustucru, "and I've a wish to help you on in the world. Tell me, Faribole, have you a taste for cooking?"

"Rather! I love the tid-bits, but my means do not allow me——"

"I did not ask you if you were fond of eating, stupid! I asked you if you had the taste, the inclination to do cooking."

"I don't know; I never tried."

"Well, then, Faribole, I will give you lessons. Come, follow me; I will clothe you and take care of you at my own expense, in awaiting the arrival of Madam de la Grenouillère. She is a good lady,



THE STEWARD ENGAGES FARIBOLE.

and will doubtless retain you; but if she does not, your education will be commenced, and you'll be able to place yourself elsewhere."

"You are, then, in the service of the Countess?"

"I am her steward," said Father Lustucru, with dignity.

The eyes of Faribole sparkled with pleasure; he bowed respectfully before the steward, and said with warmth:

"Ah, how much I owe to you!"

Faribole was installed that same day, and cordially received by the other servants of the household. He was a good-natured boy, serviceable and quick, and, although a little awkward in his new clothes and at his new duties, he showed plenty of willingness.

"Faribole," said the steward to his protégé, several days afterward, "it is well to let you know the ways of the house. There is an individual



A LITTLE AWKWARD AT FIRST.

here, all-powerful, who reigns as sovereign master, whose will is obeyed, whose whims are anticipated,—and that individual is a cat. If you wish to make your way in the world, it is necessary to seek to please Moumouth ; if the cat Moumouth ac-

“The cat shall be my friend, and I will be the friend of the cat,” responded the young fellow, confidently.

In effect, he showered on Moumouth so many kindnesses and caresses and attentions, that the cat, although naturally suspicious, conceived a lively attachment for Faribole, followed him with pleasure, teased him, and invited him to frolics.



THE CAT AND THE BOY BECOME FRIENDS.

cords you his affections, you will also have that of Madam de la Grenouillère and her companion, Mother Michel.”

Mother Michel was nearly jealous of the small boy ; Father Lustucru, who had ideas of his own, laughed in his sleeve, and rubbed his hands together.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST CUCUMBER.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

LOOK, little Tom ! Come, Nellie, look !
Here's something to be seen—
Down underneath these yellow flowers,
Green hiding in the green.

I am so glad to have them back !
The cucumbers have come !
See, here's a funny baby one,
No bigger than my thumb !

And here is one that's fully grown !
Come, let me have your knife ;
I'll take it off ; you never saw
One finer in your life.

But yesterday, for me to pluck
It was too hard and small ;
To-morrow, it will be so old
'T will not be good at all.

But if we gather it to-day,
We get it in its prime.
The way to have good cucumbers
Is, “Cut them off in time.”

Oh, if this little cucumber
Could speak to you and me,
And give to us some good advice,
I know what it would be :

“Be sure you never hurry when
'T is wiser to delay,
Nor put off till to-morrow what
You ought to do to-day.”

For better things than cucumbers
As quickly pass their prime,
And nothing in the world succeeds
Like taking them in time.

THE EXPRESSION OF ROOMS.

BY H. H.



ROOMS have just as much expression as faces. They produce just as strong an impression on us at first sight. The instant we cross the threshold of a room, we know certain things about the person who lives in it. The walls and the floor, and the tables and chairs, all speak out at once, and betray some of their owner's secrets. They tell us whether she is neat or unneat, orderly or disorderly, and, more than all, whether she is of a cheerful, sunny temperament, and loves beauty in all things, or is dull and heavy, and does not know pretty things from ugly ones. And just as these traits in a person act on us, making us happy and cheerful, or gloomy and sad, so does the room act upon us. We may not know, perhaps, what it is that is raising or depressing our spirits; we may not suspect that we could be influenced by such a thing; but it is true, nevertheless.

I have been in many rooms in which it was next to impossible to talk with any animation or pleasure, or to have any sort of good time. They were dark and dismal; they were full of ugly furniture, badly arranged; the walls and the floors were covered with hideous colors; no two things seemed to belong together, or to have any relation to each other; so that the whole effect on the eye was almost as torturing as the effect on the ear would be of hearing a band of musicians playing on bad instruments, and all playing different tunes.

I have also been in many rooms where you could not help having a good time, even if there were nothing especial going on in the way of conversation or amusement, just because the room was so bright and cosy. It did you good simply to sit still there. You almost thought you would like to go sometimes when the owner was away, and you need not talk with anybody but the room itself.

In very many instances the dismal rooms were the rooms on which a great deal of money had been spent, and the cosy rooms belonged to people who were by no means rich. Therefore, since rooms can be made cosy and cheerful with very little money, I think it is right to say that it is every woman's duty to make her rooms cosy and cheerful. I do not forget that, in speaking to

the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I am speaking to girls who are for the most part living in their parents' houses, and who have not, therefore, the full control of their own rooms. But it is precisely during these years of life that the habits and tastes are formed; and the girl who allows her own room in her father's house to be untidy and unadorned, will inevitably, if she ever has a house of her own, let that be untidy and unadorned too.

There is not a reader of ST. NICHOLAS, I am sure, who does not have in the course of the year pocket-money enough to do a great deal toward making her room beautiful. There is not one whose parents do not spend for her, on Christmas and New Year's and her birthday, a sum of money, more or less, which they would gladly give to her, if she preferred it, to be spent in adorning her room.

It is not at all impossible that her parents would like to give her also a small sum to be spent in ornamenting the common living-room of the house. This is really a work which daughters ought to do, and which busy, tired mothers would be very glad to have them do, if they show good taste in their arrangements. The girl who cares enough and understands enough about the expression of rooms to make her own room pretty, will not be long content while her mother's rooms are bare and uninviting, and she will come to have a new standard of values in the matter of spending money, as soon as she begins to want to buy things to make rooms pretty.

How much better to have a fine plaster cast of Apollo or Clytie, than a gilt locket, for instance! How much better to have a heliotype picture of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas, than seventy-five cents worth of candy! Six shillings will buy the heliotype, and three dollars the Clytie and Apollo both!

No! It is not a question of money; it is a question of taste; it is a question of choosing between good and beautiful things, and bad and ugly things; between things which last for years, and do you good every hour of every day, as often as you look at them, and things which are gone in an hour or a few days, and even for the few days or the hour do harm rather than good.

Therefore I think it is right to say that it is the duty of every one to have his or her rooms cheerful and cosy and, as far as possible, beautiful; the

duty of every man and woman, the duty of every boy and girl.

To give minute directions for all the things which help to make rooms cosey and cheerful and beautiful, would require at least twelve numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Volumes have been written on the subject, and I often see these volumes lying on tables in very dismal rooms. The truth is, these recipes are like many recipes for good things to eat; it takes a good cook, in the beginning, to know how to make use of the recipe. But there are some first principles of the art which can be told in a very few words.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.

"Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to have a south-east or south-west corner room, may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright color. Don't be afraid of red. It is the most kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or of crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure. The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct. It is the gladdest, most triumphant color everywhere.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumacs and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best

and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and for pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. If you cannot have a bare wooden floor, either of black walnut, or stained to imitate it, then have a plain gray felt carpet. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark-brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern, either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and forever ugly. If one is so unfortunate as to enter on the possession of a room with such a carpet as this, or with a wall-paper of a similar nature, the first thing to be done, if possible, is to get rid of them or cover them up. Better have a ten-cent paper of neutral tints, and indistinguishable figures on the wall, and have bare floors painted brown or gray.

Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cosey, cheerful, and beautiful, come books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money." Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. As I said before, you can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all intents and purposes as good as an engraving), of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas. But you can buy pictures much cheaper than that. A Japanese fan is a picture; some of them are exquisite pictures, and blazing with color too. They cost anywhere from two to six cents. There are also Japanese pictures, printed on coarse paper, some two feet long and one broad, to be bought for twenty-five cents each; with a dozen of these, a dozen or two of fans, and say four good heliotypes, you can make the walls of a small room so gay that a stranger's first impression on entering it will be that it is adorned for a festival. The fans can be pinned on the walls in endlessly picturesque combinations. One of the most effective is to pin them across the corners of the room, in overlapping rows, like an old-fashioned card-rack.

And here let me say a word about corners. They are woefully neglected. Even in rooms where very much has been done in way of decoration, you

will see all the four corners left bare—forcing their ugly sharp right angle on your sight at every turn. They are as ugly as so many elbows! Make the four corners pretty, and the room is pretty, even if very little else be done. Instead of having one stiff, straight-shelved book-case hanging on the wall, have a carpenter put triangular shelves into the corners. He will make them for thirty cents apiece, and screw them on the walls. Put a dozen books on each of the lower shelves, a bunch of autumn leaves, a pretty vase, a little bust of Clytie, or a photograph on a small easel, on the upper ones, and with a line of Japanese fans coming down to meet them from the cornice, the four corners are furnished and adorned. This is merely a suggestion of one out of dozens of ways in which walls can be made pleasant to look at without much cost.

If the room has chintz curtains, these shelves will look well covered with the same chintz, with a plaited ruffle tacked on their front edge. If the room has a predominant color, say a green carpet, or a border on the walls of claret or crimson, the shelves will look well with a narrow, straight border of billiard-cloth or baize (to match the ruling color of the room) pinked on the lower edge, and tacked on. Some people put on borders of gay colors, in embroidery. It is generally unsafe to add these to a room, but sometimes they have a good effect.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cosey, cheerful room, I put order. This is a dangerous thing to say, perhaps; but it is my honest conviction that sunlight, color, books and pictures come before order. Observe, however, that while it

comes fourth on the list, it is *only* fourth; it is by no means last! I am not making an exhaustive list. I do not know where I should stop if I undertook that. I am mentioning only a few of the first principles,—the essentials. And in regard to this very question of order, I am partly at a loss to know how far it is safe to permit it to lay down its law in a room. I think almost as many rooms are spoiled by being kept in too exact order, as by being too disorderly. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order, which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold." On the fourth side the inscription: "Be not too bold."

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side: "But don't be too orderly."

I read once in a child's letter a paragraph somewhat like this:

"I look every day in the glass to see how my countenance is growing. My nurse has told me that every one creates his own countenance; that God gives us our faces, but we can make a good or bad countenance, by thinking good or bad thoughts, keeping in a good or bad temper."

I have often thought of this in regard to rooms. When we first take possession of a room, it has no especial expression, perhaps—at any rate, no expression peculiar to us; but day by day we create its countenance, and at the end of a few years it is sure to be a pretty good reflection of our own.

GOOD NIGHT!

WHAT do I see in Baby's eyes?

So bright! so bright!

I see the blue, I see a spark,

I see a twinkle in the dark—

Now shut them tight.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?

Shut tight—shut tight.

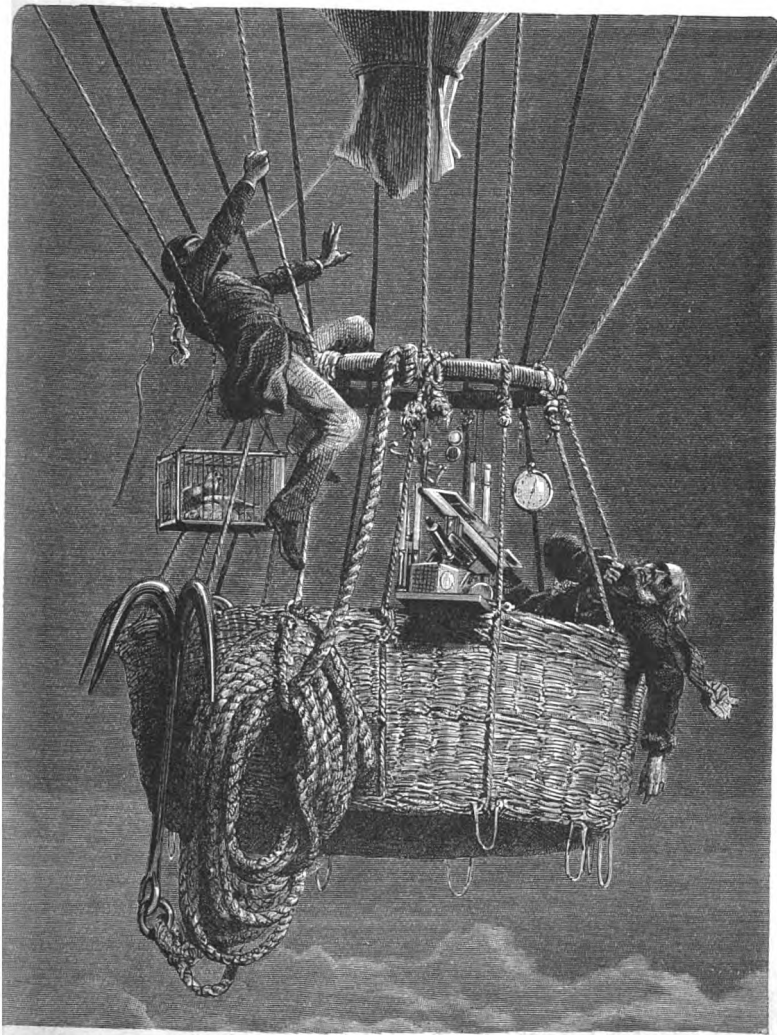
The blue is gone, the light is hid—

I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.

Good night! good night!

SEVEN MILES UP IN THE AIR.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.



TOO HIGH FOR COMFORT.

On the fifth day of September, 1862, two English balloonists, Glaisher and Coxwell by name, made the most remarkable ascents recorded in the history of ballooning. They started from Wolverhampton, England, and the elevation reached was the highest ever attained by man—nearly or quite

the highest ever attained by man—nearly or quite

seven miles above the earth. Last summer, three scientific Frenchmen rose to nearly as great a height, but only one returned alive; the other two were suffocated in the thin air so far above the clouds.

Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell were more fortunate, but their escape was a narrow one. Mr. Glaisher had already lost his senses, and Mr. Coxwell the use of his hands, when the upward course of the balloon was stayed by Mr. Coxwell, who succeeded in grasping the valve-rope with his teeth, and by ducking his head was able to open the safety-valve and allow some of the gas to escape.

Mr. Glaisher has given a modest yet thrilling account of this almost fatal adventure. The balloon left the earth at three minutes past one P. M. Nothing important occurred until the party, at forty minutes past one, reached the altitude of four miles from the earth. Discharging sand, they rose to the height of five miles during the next ten minutes. Up to this time Mr. Glaisher had taken observations with comfort, though Mr. Coxwell, having more to do, found some difficulty in breathing. More sand was discharged, and the balloon shot rapidly upward. Soon Mr. Glaisher's sight failed, and he could not read the fine divisions on his instruments. All the time the balloon had been spinning round and round, and the valve-line had become so entangled that Mr. Coxwell had to climb into the ring above the car to adjust it.

At this moment (one o'clock and fifty-four minutes) Mr. Glaisher looked at the barometer and found its reading to be $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, implying a height of over 29,000 feet. Wishing to record the observation, he found his right arm powerless. He tried to move the other arm, and found it powerless too.

"Then I tried to shake myself, and succeeded, but I seemed to have no limbs. On looking at the barometer, my head fell over my left shoulder; I struggled and shook my body again, but could not move my arms. Getting my head upright for an instant only, it fell on my right shoulder; then I fell backward, my back resting upon the side of the car and my head on its edge. In this position my eyes were directed to Mr. Coxwell in the ring. When I shook my body I seemed to have full power over the muscles of the back, and considerably so over those of the neck, but none over either my arms or my legs. As in the case of the arms, so all muscular power was lost in an instant from my back and neck. I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell, and endeavored to speak, but could not. In an instant intense darkness overcame me, but I was still conscious, with as active a brain as at the present moment whilst writing this. I thought I had been

seized with asphyxia, and believed I should experience nothing more, as death would come unless we descended speedily; other thoughts were entering my mind, when I suddenly became unconscious as on going to sleep."

Meanwhile, Mr. Coxwell was in quite as critical a condition. Hoar-frost was all around the neck of the balloon, and the ring was piercingly cold. He attempted to leave the ring, and found that his hands were frozen. He dropped to the car almost insensible, and discovered that his companion was apparently dead. He tried to go to him, but could not. He wished to open the valve, but his hands were frozen and his arms powerless. Feeling insensibility coming rapidly over him, he made a desperate effort, caught the valve-line with his teeth, and held the valve open until the balloon took a decided downward turn.

In a few minutes Mr. Glaisher began to revive, and soon became conscious that Mr. Coxwell was trying to rouse him.

"I then heard him speak more emphatically, but could not see, speak, or move. I heard him again say: 'Do try; now do.' Then the instruments became dimly visible, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly I saw clearly. Next I arose from my seat and looked around as though waking from sleep, though not refreshed, and said to Mr. Coxwell, 'I have been insensible.' He said, 'You have, and I too, very nearly.' I then drew up my legs, which had been extended, and took a pencil in my hand to begin observations. Mr. Coxwell told me that he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and I poured brandy over them."

What if Mr. Coxwell had lost the use of his neck also!

It has been said that during the critical moments when Mr. Glaisher was unconscious and Mr. Coxwell nearly so, the balloon reached the fearful height of seven miles; and some of the young readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* may wonder how two half-dead men could tell that.

As you have already been informed, the barometer, when Mr. Glaisher's last observation was made, showed that the balloon was 29,000 feet, or about five miles and a half, above the earth. The observations he had been making from minute to minute showed how fast the balloon was rising when he lost his senses. His first act on recovering was to look at the chronometer and barometer before him. The one showed that he had lost several minutes, the other that the balloon was falling. In a minute or two he was able to tell how fast they were falling. From these data he was able to calculate closely how long the balloon must have continued to rise before Mr. Coxwell was able to arrest its upward course, and from

that he could estimate the probable height it had reached.

But this was not their only means of telling how high they had gone. Mr. Glaisher had before him, among the instruments partially seen in the engraving, a very sensitive spirit thermometer, so made as to leave a mark at the lowest point the spirit reached in the tube. The observations made during the ascent had told him just how rapidly the temperature fell that day as the balloon rose: you know that the air grows cold very rapidly as one ascends. Now the thermometer recorded nearly twelve degrees below zero as the coldest temperature experienced; this, at the rate of decline observed—so many degrees for each thousand feet of ascent—indicated an elevation corresponding to that obtained by calculation, that is, about 37,000 feet.

Again, when Mr. Coxwell dropped from the ring into the car, he noticed that the hand of the aneroid barometer they carried stood at 7, indicating an air pressure of only seven inches, which corresponds to a height of 37,000 feet. The agreement of these three different methods of estimating the height of the balloon is so close that there can be little doubt of their united testimony.

What has air pressure to do with the height of a balloon?

Everything. It would n't go up at all if the air did not press it upward. Besides, by measuring the pressure at any point by means of a barometer, one is able to tell how much of the atmosphere is below him,—in other words, how high he is above the earth.

That the air does press upward, as well as in every other direction, can be easily proved. This is one way. Fill a goblet to the level with water, and cover it nicely with a piece of writing-paper, rubbing the rim of the goblet well to make a snug joint. This done, turn the goblet upside down. The pressure of the air against the paper will hold the water up, and if the experiment be dexterously made, not a drop will fall out. If the goblet were thirty feet high, the water would be supported just the same; in other words, the upward pressure of the air will support a column of water thirty feet high, and a little more, *at the level of the sea*. As one rises above the sea the pressure is less, because less of the air is left above. By rising three miles and three-quarters, half the atmosphere is passed, and the air pressure is then sufficient to support only about fifteen feet of water; or, as mercury is about twelve times as heavy as water, about fifteen inches of mercury, as in a common barometer. At a height of between five and

six miles, the barometer reading is only ten inches; at twenty miles it would be less than one inch—the height of the recording column of mercury decreasing very rapidly with the elevation.

Thus the barometric readings tell the mountain climber or the *aéronaut* very nearly his exact height above the sea, at any moment. Combined with other observations familiar to men of science, the height can be told with great precision.

I can hear many of you asking: What made Mr. Glaisher lose his senses? And why were the unlucky Frenchmen suffocated?

Two very grave evils are encountered on ascending to great heights above the earth, both due, directly or indirectly, to the diminishing pressure of the air. Our lungs are used to working under a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch, and to air of corresponding density. Every time the lungs are filled in ordinary breathing, a quantity of air of this density is brought to act on the blood in them, purifying it so as to make it fit to sustain life. But when the *aéronaut* has risen, say to a height of four miles, the atmosphere is less than half as dense as the air he is used to breathing; its pressure upon the body and the lungs is only half as great as that which by use they are fitted to withstand; and the machinery of breathing and the circulation of the blood are more or less disturbed in consequence. At the height of five or six miles this disturbance may seriously interfere with health and comfort. Besides, the air is so very much thinner up there, that when the lungs are filled with it a much smaller quantity of air than usual is brought to bear on the blood. The blood is consequently less completely purified; its color darkens; the impurities retained in it act like poison; and in a little while, unless a descent is made into a denser atmosphere, the victim may be suffocated past recovery, as the two Frenchmen were who lost their lives in a balloon ascent last summer.

One of the pigeons taken up with Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell died from this cause, and another lost its senses but recovered. There were six in the cage when they started. One was thrown out at the height of three miles, going up; it spread its wings and dropped like a piece of paper. The second was thrown out at the height of four miles; it flew vigorously, but the air was too thin to sustain it. The third, thrown out between four and five miles up, fell downward like a stone. The fourth was thrown out at four miles, coming down, and took refuge on the top of the balloon. The fifth, as already noticed, was dead; and the sixth was so stupid that it could not fly for some time after reaching the ground.



"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."

THE PEPPER-OWL.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE Pepper-owl and the Fluffy-owl, and little Patty,—that is the whole name of the story. And first, you must hear about the pepper-owl. He was made of silver, and thought a great deal of himself on that account. Patty's father brought him home one afternoon, and stood him on the dinner-table beside his plate, and waited to see if the children would notice him. The pepper-owl expected attention, and began to feel cross because the children were hungry, and were so busy with their soup that they did not look beyond their own plates until they were empty, and did not stop eating for even one glance at him. "They are so impolite to strangers, these people!" said he to himself; but for all that, he kept his yellow eyes

wide open, and his silver feathers glistened bravely. There was a tumbler near him, in which he could see himself, and that was a great pleasure.

In a few minutes one of the children saw him and shouted, for she thought he was a new plaything. "Oh, please let me take that dear little fat silver bird!" said she, and all the children looked around until they saw him too. Now, our friend the pepper-owl was proud of his figure, and he did not like to be called a little fat silver bird; but being polite as well as proud, he said nothing. Each of the children begged that he might be her own; but their father said he was not to be given away—he meant to keep him for himself. Then he showed them that the owl was not a plaything

at all; for he unscrewed his head, and holding it toward the light, they saw that the top was full of little holes, and the rest of the owl was hollow.

"He is meant to hold pepper," said papa.

"Can we take turns in having him stand beside our plates?" said Nelly.

"I think he is too pretty for pepper," said little Patty; and Kate asked if Bridget could not fill him with pepper at once, so that they might begin to use him that very day. "He will look so nice on the table!" said she; but Patty thought it would have been great fun to have kept him a day or two for a plaything.

It was some time before he was brought back to the table, for Bridget and Nora looked at him in the kitchen, and by this time the pepper-owl felt quite contented, and was sure he should like the family, they all thought he was so handsome. When he was brought back at last, Nelly had the first shake, because she was the oldest, and he sent a generous shower into her plate. Papa said, "Don't shake him so hard, my dear; you know I don't like your eating too much pepper,"—but it was not Nelly's fault, it was the owl's. "I might have known better," said he to himself; and when Kate had shaken him, and it came Patty's turn, she could hardly see a grain of pepper fall on her potato; but she was glad, for she did not like anything biting to the tongue, and only wished to shake the owl because her sisters had done so, and she liked to do as they did. One does not like to be left out of any pleasure.

After this, Nelly stood him just in front of her plate, and could hardly eat her dinner, he was so beautiful.

Now I will tell you about the fluffy-owl.

Only the week before this, all three of the children had spent an afternoon at the natural history rooms, and while the other girls had walked about with their father, little Patty had lingered a long time before a case of stuffed owls. She had never seen but one before, and that was in a shop-window when she was out walking one day with Nancy. Here there were brown owls with feather horns and brown owls without, and gray owls and white owls, large and small, from the great Arctic owl down to one little fellow hardly larger than the pepper-owl himself. He sat all by himself in the lower left-hand corner of the case, seeming very lonely and dismal, and his soft little gray feathers were almost like fur. Patty looked at him a long time by herself, and then she brought her father there to see the owl, and asked him to buy it; but papa said he could not buy any of the things in the cases, though perhaps he could find her just such a fluffy-owl in a shop some day. Patty went back four or five times to look at the little owl once more,

and wished for him with all her heart; and, to tell you the truth, the fluffy-owl knew it, and he promised to make her a visit some time; but she did not hear him. And the pepper-owl also knew when he came that Patty liked him, and said that he would call upon her that very night; but Patty did not hear that either.

Now I will tell you a little more about Patty.

Her two elder sisters, Nelly and Kate, were very apt to think that little Patty was too young to know a great deal; but, in fact, she knew much more about some things than they did, just because she was young.

That day when they were to go to the natural history rooms, they both thought she would be tired, and would not understand, and that it would be best to leave her at home with Nancy, who was taking all the care of them while their mamma was away. Kate said that Patty did not know anything about animals; but, though Patty could only read the very least little bit, she had used her ears in hearing Nancy read, and had used her eyes in seeing the pictures in books; so she had grown wiser than anybody suspected, and insisted upon going with them. Papa did not mind taking her, for she was a good little girl, and did not give him trouble; so she went, and enjoyed herself very much. She had been there some time before she saw the fluffy-owl on his perch, and, as I have told you, she liked him, and pitied him so much that she could not help going back four or five times to look at him. She felt that he liked to have her come back, and he did not look cross like the great owls in the case. She was almost sure he was alive, though papa had told her all the birds were dead. But the fluffy-owl's eyes were bright, and he seemed to look after her.

Now the story begins to be about the Pepper-owl, the Fluffy-owl, and little Patty—all together.

It was that very night after Pepper-owl had come. Patty had gone to bed, and Nancy had gone downstairs. Soon after this, our little friend heard something scratching at the window; so she sat up in bed, and looked that way. There was certainly something trying to get through the mosquito-bar, and in another minute it had torn a little hole, and was poking its head through the netting. Finally, it came flying across the room, and lit on the foot-board of the bed. It sat there, round and trig, and little Patty knew at once that it was the fluffy-owl from the natural history rooms.

"You are very kind to come so far to see me, you dear owl!" said Patty.

"I have not been out before for several weeks," said the fluffy-owl; "and I assure you this is a great pleasure, only my wings are stiff. The people who dust left the case open when they went

away to-night, so I have escaped for a time; but I must be back before morning. It is a very stupid place sometimes, though, to be sure, one may learn a great deal in such fine society from all parts of the world."

"You poor thing," said little Patty, "I have a great mind to keep you; I can shut you up in the garret of the baby-house in the day-time, and you can go where you please at night. I truly will not forget to feed you."

"But that would be stealing me, you know," said the fluffy-owl.

"I did n't think of that," said little Patty, who felt much mortified.

Now there was another scratching, and this time it was at the door which led from the hall into Patty's room. It was not a minute before the door swung open a little way, and in marched the kitten, and after her something that glistened. It was the pepper-owl. The kitten hurried across to the big chair where Nancy sat and sewed in the day-time, and after turning round and round on the cushion, she settled down and went to sleep. Patty laughed aloud,—it was such fun to see the silver owl walk along the floor. His legs were too short altogether, and so he moved slowly, and then he had to make three attempts to fly as high as the foot-board, where the other owl sat. Finally he succeeded, and perched himself beside the fluffy-owl, who turned and shook claws with him, and then they kissed each other with affection.

"How nice that you know each other!" said Patty. "I am so glad to see you both!" And here both her guests made an elegant bow, though the pepper-owl's claws slipped on the smooth, hard wood, and he nearly fell head-foremost. Some pepper shook down on the bed, and Patty and the other owl both sneezed twice; and after this the fluffy-owl held up first one foot and then the other, and winked his eyes and ruffled up his feathers, until he was more like a ball than a bird. He looked softer and fluffier than ever, and Patty asked him to fly down and let her smooth him with her hand, which he kindly did. The pepper-owl came down with a bounce, and told Patty she might smooth him too; but he could not fluff up his feathers at all, and he was sprinkled with grains of pepper, so she did n't care to have him too near.

"Dear Patty," said the fluffy-owl, "we both like you dearly, and we have come to play with you. Don't you think it would be nicer if you were about as tall as we are?"

"If you will make me grow tall again when you go away," said Patty; "for you know none of my clothes would fit me, though I could borrow from the dolls."

"That will be all right," said the owls; and each took hold of one of her hands and pulled, and in a few minutes Patty was only three or four inches tall. And she saw some of the dolls' clothes near by; so she dressed herself in them, and then she and the pepper-owl and the fluffy-owl danced around the room together. The pepper-owl was a clumsy creature, and the others laughed until they could laugh no longer at his capers, though they were much troubled because he would persist in carelessly spilling his pepper, and they sneezed and sneezed until Patty had to hunt up one of the dolls' pocket-handkerchiefs for herself, and one for the fluffy-owl.

"Now what shall we do?" asked the pepper-owl. "It shall be anything Patty chooses."

"I always thought I should like to go to the place where the white clouds live," said Patty; "and if one were just starting we could have a ride, you know."

"That is too far," said the pepper-owl. "I could n't fly there in a year."

"And are the stars too far?" said Patty.

"The stars are beyond the clouds," said the fluffy-owl; "only the great owls can fly so far as that. You must choose some nearer place."

"Suppose we go to see the dolls in the baby-house," said Patty; "you know I am just the right size, and it will be such fun!" So they all went to the baby-house door and knocked. Black Dinah, the kitchen doll, came at once, and was very glad to see them. She had on her new bright turban, which Patty had given her the day before. She said the ladies were at home, and had been wishing somebody would come in. Before they went upstairs to the parlor, Patty showed the owls her baby-house kitchen and the cellar where the provisions were kept. It seemed funny to Patty to be going up the baby-house staircase herself, and to be just the right height to take hold of the railing; and the steps were just high enough, too. The owls hopped up after her with both feet at once, and followed her into the parlor, where all the dolls sat with their very best dresses on. "That is the reason their nice clothes wear out so soon," thought Patty; "they wear them at night." But she did n't say anything, for they looked so pretty; and it would not have been polite to have scolded them before the owls.

The owls perched themselves on two little ottomans which Patty had made out of small blocks of wood, with blue paper pasted on; they said they preferred them to chairs. The dolls evidently thought the pepper-owl very handsome; and, indeed, he did shine gallantly, and his eyes seemed to grow larger and larger. The fluffy-owl puffed up his feathers several times and settled them again,

and the dolls thought it was very funny, and did not hesitate to say that they were the most interesting visitors who had ever been in the baby-house.

Patty thought now that it would be best for her to go upstairs to see two of the dolls who had been taken very ill with scarlet fever the day before, and asked her favorite doll Bessie to go with her. It was so nice to walk upstairs arm-in-arm with Bessie, and they stopped and kissed each

went in, the other dolls had pulled a table to the middle of the floor, and all sat round; the owls, however, being still perched on the ottomans, which they thought very comfortable. The dolls had been trying to learn them to play dominoes, as they had had a present of a new box just the right size, and hardly larger than Patty's thumb before she had grown small. But the owls were dreadfully stupid, and could not be made to learn; so one of the dolls proposed that they should all



PATTY HAS A DANCE WITH THE PEPPER-OWL AND THE FLUFFY-OWL.

other half-way, and gave each other such a hug! Bessie said she wished Patty need never grow large again, and that they could always live together; and our friend herself thought it would be pleasant. She had never known what a nice place the baby-house was. The sick dollies seemed to be much better; in fact, when Patty pulled off the bits of red silk she had tied over their faces to show what the matter was, they looked as well as ever. She had had to stay in bed a long time when she had the scarlet fever, so she had to say no to the dolls when they wished to be dressed and to go down to see the owls. Bessie and Patty had a long talk before they went back to the parlor, sitting by themselves on the stairs; and when they

sit round the fire and tell stories. There was a beautiful fire in the little grate, made of bits of real coal, and a great deal of red tinsel which had come off a card of pearl buttons; and though this was in summer, the dolls always kept the fire burning, and did not feel too warm.

The dolls passed round some candy which Patty had left in the baby-house closet the day before; but the pieces were hard, and altogether too large. Patty said to herself that she must always have something for the dolls to give their friends who came to see them at night; they must have felt badly to have no refreshments for them. But Patty never had known before that they were not sound asleep all night like herself.

The pepper-owl was now requested to tell a story. So he said he only knew one, and he should like to tell it very much. It was about seven kittens; and, first, they should hear an interesting story about each little kitten separately, and then there was a nice long story about all the family together.

"Don't you know a shorter story?" asked the other owl, "as we cannot stay much longer—at least I cannot."

Strange to say, the pepper-owl was very angry, and would not tell any story at all; and all the dolls tried to persuade him to change his mind, and even asked him to tell about the seven kittens; but he looked cross, and was certainly disobliging, though one of the dolls, whose name was Adeline, made up this little poem, hoping it would please him, which it luckily did:

"Tell me about the kittens, love!
I long to hear you speak.
Oh, tell me everything you know!
Unclose that silver beak.

"Oh, do not look so sad, my dear!
And cease that dismal scowl:
Smile gently with your yellow eyes,
My useful pepper-owl!"

After this, I have no doubt that he would have told the story; but the fluffy-owl said it was time for him to go home. Patty and her doll Bessie were very sorry to say good-bye, though they could see each other in the morning. They had been sitting on the baby-house sofa, holding each other's hand, and had grown much fonder of each other than ever they had been before.

All the dolls urged their visitors to stay longer;

and as they could not do that, they promised to come again very soon.

Before the owls could go away, they had to pull Patty up again, and make her tall; but this did not seem much trouble. First, they stood on a book which had fallen on the floor, and pulled from that; next, they mounted a cricket, and next a chair, and afterward the bed. They made her a little taller than she had been in the first place; and several people said, during the next week: "How fast Patty grows!"

The fluffy-owl went out through the hole in the mosquito-bar, and pulled it together afterward so that nobody would know there had been a hole. The pepper-owl stood on the window-sill, and said, "Good-night—come again!" in the most good-natured way. That was one good thing about the pepper-owl—his fits of anger were very short, and he was always sorry afterward. Perhaps it was the pepper which made him lose his temper, poor thing! He waked the kitten, for she had to show him the way to and from the dining-room. You know he had only come to Patty's house that day.

In the morning, it was Patty's turn to have the pepper-owl stand beside her plate, and she told him softly that she wished he would come upstairs again and tell her that story about the seven kittens. He looked very stupid, and said nothing; but the light was shining in his eyes, and owls do not like that. Patty thought it would be nicer to have Fluffy-owl, and was just going to tell her father so; but she remembered it would be likely to hurt Pepper-owl's feelings. I dare say our friends will go calling again some night, and if they do, of course I shall tell you about it.

"SEE, SAW, MARJORIE DAW!"

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

I THINK of a pictured saint,
With a halo round the hair,
As she sits, so motherly, grave and quaint.
In her little rocking-chair.
Her dolly is on her breast,
And her tender-lidded eyes
Gaze softly downward on its rest—
Loving, Madonna-wise.
What is the lullaby she sings
As back and forth she swings and swings?
"See, saw,
Marjorie Daw!"

Not a dimpled baby at all
Is this which her arms caress,
But it bears the mark of many a fall,
And is sadly scant of dress.
And the washed-out cheeks display
Proof that it must have lain,
After some tired summer play,
Out overnight in the rain.
Yet doth the little mother sing
Tenderly to the battered thing—
" See, saw,
Marjorie Daw!"



What words for a cradle song!
But I know the sleepy sign:
She will croon awhile, and then ere long
Will leave her chair for mine;
And her voice will sink away
To a feeble nestling's caw,
Till the little tongue can scarcely say—
" See, saw, Marjorie Daw!"
Now, back and forth we swing and swing,
But it is only I who sing—
" See, saw,
Marjorie Daw!"

A FROG AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

By W. K. BROOKS.

HE was not the frog that "lived in a well," nor "the frog who would a-woooing go;" in fact, he was not a frog at all at the time I first knew him. He had a tail, and a name very much longer than "frog," although he himself was very much smaller than any frog that I ever saw or heard of; but as he grew larger his name and his tail grew shorter, until, when he was full grown, he had no tail at all, and his name had only four letters instead of the eight that it had at first.

When he was very small indeed, he had a great many long, funny names. "Poliwog" was the one he was called by most, but sometimes he was called polliwiggle, and purwiggie, and purwiggle and polliwig.

When he was a little larger, and had got past being a baby, they called him "Master Tadpole;" and when he was full-grown they called him Mr. Frog.

He lived in a little pond at the edge of a wood—a mud-puddle some folks would call it, for it was rather a dirty pond, and as you passed it, you would not think there could be anything worth looking at in it. It was not very deep; the bottom was covered with leaves and sticks that had fallen from the trees, and in one place there was half of a crockery plate that a picnic party had broken and thrown away.

This old plate was covered with a little plant that grew all over it. The plant was not a bit like any of the trees or plants that grow in the woods or gardens, or even like anything in a greenhouse.

It did not have any stem or leaves, and it was not fastened to the ground by roots, and it never had any flowers or fruit. It looked more like a coat of dirty green paint than like a plant.

In some places it was cleaned off from the plate in narrow, zigzag lines, as if some one had been poking the plate with a stick, and had scraped it off in this way. At the end of one of these lines was a snail eating his dinner off the plate, and his dinner was this little plant. As he ate it, he crawled along, eating all the time, so that behind him the plate was white and clean, and this is what made the lines on it. Each line was a path the snail had crawled over, trying, like Jack Sprat and his wife, to eat the platter clean.

Then there was an old tin can that had been thrown into the pond, and was nearly buried in the leaves that had fallen into the water. There was a

plant fastened to this, too, but not a bit like either the one on the plate, or any of the common land-plants.

It was made of long green threads, tangled and twisted, so that it made a large green bunch that floated under the surface of the water, over the tin can; and a few of the threads had become twisted around the cover of the can, so that the bunch was anchored and could not float away.

It looked quite large as it floated in the water, but it was really very small, and might easily have been squeezed into a coffee-cup. It was not a pretty plant, for part of it was dead and brown, and it was covered with dust and pieces of leaves and sticks that were tangled in with the threads of the plant; but it was a very useful plant, and was at work all the time.

Its work was to make fresh air for the fishes and polliwogs, and other animals that lived in the water; for water animals need fresh air as much as we do, and die very quickly if they cannot get it; but they cannot go out of the water for it, and they cannot breathe it unless it is mixed with water.

When a fish is taken out of the water he dies, and we say that he dies for want of water; but he really dies from want of air. A fish breathes with its gills, and as soon as it is taken out of the water its gills stick together, and become dry and hard, so that it cannot breathe, although there is plenty of air all around it.

When water is boiled, the air that is in it bubbles up to the top, and goes away; and if you let it cool, and then put a fish in it, he will die about as quickly as if he were out of water; but if you shake it up well and pour it back and forth through the air from one dish to another, so that the air may get mixed with it, the fish will be able to live in it.

This shows that the fish does not breathe the water, but the air that is mixed with it; so this plant worked all the time to make pure air for the fish, and as fast as it was made the water soaked it up, as it soaks up sugar.

You could not see the air in the water, any more than you can the sugar dissolved in tea or in water; but you can find the sugar by tasting, and the fish can find the air by breathing.

You know that if you put too much sugar into a cup of tea, some of it does not dissolve, but sinks to the bottom, and is wasted. So sometimes, when the weather was very warm and the sun was shin-

ing brightly, the plant would make air faster than the water could take it up, and it would bubble up to the top; but some of the bubbles would get caught among the threads of the plant, and at last there would be so many of these that the whole bunch would go up, like a balloon, to the top of the water, and spread out like a green cover, so that you could hardly see the water under it.

People call this plant frog-spit, sometimes, and think it is a very useless thing; but you understand now that it is very useful to the fish and polliwogs, if it is not very handsome. The things which look the best are not always the most useful.

At one side of the pond the water was very shallow, and the bottom was muddy; and this part of the pond, the part farthest from the trees, is where I first saw our frog. He was lying on the muddy bottom, with his brothers and sisters.

I am afraid to tell you how many there were, but it was a very large family. There were more than there are children in the school you go to, and the ground was black with them, although each one



FIG. 1.—THE CANE AND THE WHALEBONE.

was not much larger than a shoe-peg or a carpet tack, and only a few feet off there was another family just as large. They were little black fellows with very big heads, very small bodies, and long, broad tails. When I saw them, all of them were wagging their tails very fast, but their heads were so heavy that the motion of the tails did not move them a bit. It looked very much as if all the tails wanted to go somewhere, but the heads were very comfortable where they were, and would not move.

Now I must tell you how I made the acquaintance of one out of this large family. While I was looking at them, I saw a friend of mine who owns a microscope, and often goes off wading in the mud with his pockets full of wide-mouthed bottles, and small vials, and pill-boxes, and magnifying-glasses, and forceps, and glass tubes, and a great many other strange things which he finds very useful.

He goes off into the swamps and ponds, and finds a great many strange plants and wonderful animals, and takes them home in his bottles to look at in his microscope, and to study; for he finds a great many things may be learned from each one of them.

He had a cane in his hand, and when he came to the little pond he took a long strip of whalebone out of one of his deep pockets, and bending it in a

loop around the end of the cane, like Fig. 1, he slipped two rubber rings around it to hold it. Then

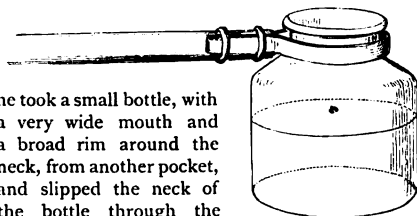


FIG. 2.—THE SCOOP.

he took a small bottle, with a very wide mouth and a broad rim around the neck, from another pocket, and slipped the neck of the bottle through the whalebone loop; and when he had pulled the whalebone tight around it, he had a very good ready-made scoop on the end of his cane, as you see in Fig. 2.

With this he reached out to where the polliwogs were lying on the mud, and scooped up three or four of them, and put each one into a little vial of water and handed me one to examine; and this is the way I made his acquaintance, for this is the frog I am to tell you about; for my friend said that if I would take it home and put it into a tumbler of water, with some of the mud and pieces of stick from the bottom of the pond, I could keep it, and watch it grow up, and lose its tail and get legs, and become a perfect frog.

As my friend the naturalist said he was hunting for frogs' eggs, I went around the pond with him after I had found a few pieces of wood covered with water-moss to keep with my young frog.

We soon found what looked like a large lump of jelly fastened to some grass that grew in the water a few feet from the shore. This, the naturalist

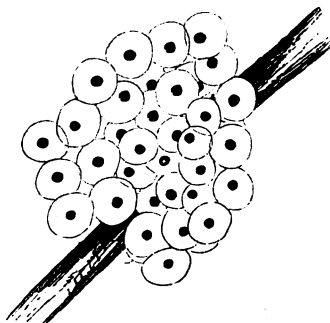


FIG. 3.—EGGS OF A FROG.

said, was a bunch of frogs' eggs, and he reached out and pulled it toward the shore with the handle of his cane; and as soon as it was near enough for me to reach it, I broke off part and put it into a bottle of water.

It looked very much like the white of a hen's egg, but it was firmer and stronger, and filled with little round black specks about as large as small shot.

These black specks are the real eggs, and the clear jelly is a cover to keep them from harm and fasten them together, so that they may not drift off and be destroyed or injured. The jelly also supplies food for the young animals when first hatched; for nothing is ever wasted or thrown away in nature, and the same jelly that is a blanket to wrap up the eggs and keep them from harm is used as food as soon as there is no more need of a cover. When the time comes for the young to leave the eggs, they very sensibly eat their way out through their nourishing blanket, and their child-life begins.

Fig. 3 is a rough sketch of some of the eggs, so that you may see how they look; but you may easily find some for yourselves in the spring, and keep them in water and watch them hatch, and see the young eat their way out.

After we had put this bottle of eggs away, we found another bunch, in which the eggs were older, and in these we could see the little polliwogs curled up; and in a few eggs around the outside of the bunch, the little animals were moving very actively, and seemed to be trying to break out and go away. Fig. 4 will give you some idea how they looked at this time, just before leaving the egg.

Besides these eggs, we found some that were not in bunches fastened to water-plants, but in long strings, floating in the water. These, my friend said, were the eggs of a toad. Then we found others on the plants, but not in bunches; these are the eggs of tree-frogs. The tree-frog lives on high trees all summer and catches mosquitoes and insects, and never goes into the water except in

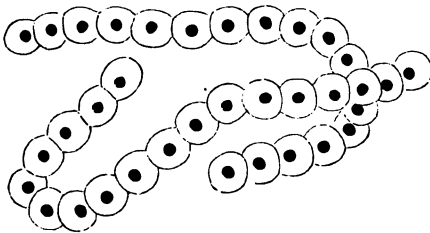


FIG. 5.—EGGS OF A TOAD.

spring, when it goes there to lay its eggs, and immediately returns to its life in the trees.

The young stay in the water until they become perfect frogs, when they leave it, and go to help

their parents catch mosquitoes among the branches of the trees. One kind of tree-frog does not even go to the water to lay its eggs, but fastens them to the leaves of branches which hang over the water, and as soon as the young polliwogs are hatched they fall into the water and grow up there; for nearly all frogs must live in the water while they are in the polliwog state, because they cannot then breathe unless the air is mixed with water, in the way that I have already explained to you.

While searching the pond, we found one more instance of an excellent way to protect the eggs from danger. I noticed several blades of grass that were bent so as to form loops, and in each loop was a little egg, perfectly protected on all sides by the piece of grass. These eggs were very much like those of a frog or toad, but smaller; and my friend said they were the eggs of the water-triton, an animal much like a frog.

I have now told you how I found my young frog and took him home with me, and I will go on and give you some account of the way I kept him and watched him grow up.

At first I put him into a tumblerful of water with the little plants I had brought home with me;

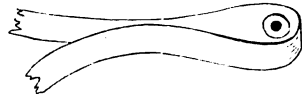


FIG. 6.—EGG OF WATER-TRITON.

but in a few days I made a much better home for him. I found an old glass candy-jar, and put in the bottom of it a layer of mud from the pond where I found the frog and eggs, with a few white pebbles and small shells on the mud, and then filled the jar with spring-water; and after all the mud had settled to the bottom, I laid in a few stones, which were covered with the little plant which looks so much like green paint; and I put in also a few threads of the other plant I spoke of, which floats in a large bunch in the water, and two or three of the little plants which float on the surface of the water. Then I set my jar on a large plate, and placed it in a window, so that the sunlight should strike it, and left it in the sunshine for a few days, until I could see little bubbles of air glistening on the plants and rising to the surface of the water.

I knew then that they would keep the water pure and fresh, and that, if I put a few animals into the water, they would not die, but would be healthy and contented. So I put in my polliwog, and then went back to the little pond and found two water-snails, a very small minnow, and a water-beetle, and brought them all home with me in bottles

of water, and put them into my jar and moved it away from the window, so that the sun should not shine directly on it and make the water too warm.

Then I filled the edges of the plate outside the bottom of the jar with dirt, and planted some



FIG. 7.—A FEW DAYS OLD.

grass-seed in it, that the grass might grow up and help to keep the water shady and cool, as well as hide the layer of mud in the bottom.

In a short time, after the grass began to grow up around the jar on the outside, and the water-plants had begun to grow nicely on the inside, I had a very pretty aquarium, and one in which my animals seemed very happy.

I kept my frog in this jar for more than four weeks, and watched him grow up; and during this time I noticed a great many remarkable things, but the most interesting were the changes that the frog went through while he was growing up; and we must let the other animals go at present, and give all our attention to him.

A few days after the young frog breaks from the egg, it looks, when viewed from above, very much

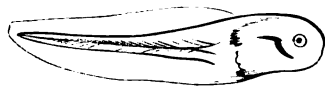


FIG. 8.—TWO WEEKS OLD.

as I have drawn it for you in Fig. 7, which is a view of its back.

It has a very large head, a small body, and a long tail; and as it has no legs or feet, it uses its tail to swim with, like a fish; for a fish, you know, swims with its tail, and not with its fins, which are only balancers. On each side of its head it has three little tufts, which are very delicate and soft; these are the gills, with which it breathes the air that is mixed with the water, just as a fish does; and if it is taken out of the water, it drowns like a fish, and if we did not know that it would at last grow up and get legs, and lose its tail and gills, and live on land and breathe air, we should probably call it a fish.

After ten days or two weeks it has lost its gill-tufts, but instead of them it has a new set on each side of its neck, but covered up by a lid or flap, so that you cannot see them from the outside; and about this time the fore-legs begin to grow, but as

they are covered up by the same lid that hides the gills, you cannot see them either. In Fig. 8 you have a side view of the animal at this time, and you can see the slit in the side of the neck, and the lid or flap that hides the gills and the fore-legs.

Very soon after this the hind-legs begin to grow, and as they are not covered up, they can be seen sooner than the fore-legs; and it is usually said in books on this subject that the hind-legs grow first; but books are not always right on every subject. The fact is, the fore-legs grow first, but are covered up so that the hind ones are seen first.

Fig. 9 shows you the animal at this time, viewed from above. The tail begins to grow smaller soon afterward, and lungs begin to be formed, but the animal still lives in the water, and breathes by gills like a fish.

In the next state (Fig. 10) the legs are fully formed, so that the animal can walk as well as



FIG. 9.—THE HIND-LEGS COME OUT.

swim, and the lungs are quite well grown, and the gills have nearly disappeared. The tadpole can now go on the land, but it still passes almost all its time in the water. As it has no gills, it cannot breathe under water, and is compelled to come up to the surface very often for fresh air.

At this time the tail is growing smaller very rapidly. It does not drop off, but is taken up a little at a time, and carried back into the body and used to build up the other parts, which are growing larger very fast, while the tail is growing smaller. It is very wonderful that a part of the body which



FIG. 10.—FOUR LEGS OUT.

is no longer of use can be built over into something else in this way.

About five or six weeks after the egg is hatched, the tail has almost disappeared, and the frog is perfectly formed and leaves the water to commence life on the land; and as very many of them reach this form at about the same time, and leave the water together, usually during a shower, some people believe that the



FIG. 11.
TAIL ALMOST GONE.

great numbers of little frogs which they find on the land after a summer shower have rained down.

A young frog might be carried up among the clouds by a water-spout or a whirlwind, and come down again in the rain, but this is not the reason they are so plentiful after a shower; for we know that they leave the water in great numbers when it rains.

In Fig. 11 you see how the young frog looks when the tail is almost gone.

Besides these changes in the body of the animal, an equally great change in its habits takes place while it is growing up. While it lives in the water and breathes by gills, it feeds upon small water-



FIG. 12.—A SALAMANDER.

plants; but when it grows up and has lungs, and the legs grow, it changes its diet and lives on insects and worms; and some of the larger frogs catch fish and smaller frogs, and the large bull-frog is said to catch small birds and eat them.

The way in which a frog catches flies and mosquitoes is very curious; and it is very easy to tame a frog or toad so that it will take flies from your fingers, and give you a fine chance to see how it is done, if your eye is quick enough.

Its tongue is fastened to the front of the mouth instead of the back part, and is turned backward and points down the throat, and the tip is covered with a very sticky substance like strong glue. The frog sits very still, watching for a fly to come near, and seems to be almost asleep, but it is really wide awake, as you may see by looking at its eyes, which are in constant motion watching for an insect to come within reach. At last a fly comes near enough, and the tongue is thrown out so quickly that the eye can hardly follow its motion, and the point strikes the fly, which sticks fast, and is drawn into the mouth and swallowed; and on a summer evening, when the flies and gnats are very abundant, one toad will catch them at the rate of ten or twelve a minute.

You see that the body of a young frog is not as much like that of an old one as a squirrel's body is like a man's; for a squirrel has four limbs like a man, and breathes with lungs as a man does, and would drown in the water just as a man would; but the young frog lives under water all the time, while the full-grown one is a land animal, although it often goes into the water, and nearly always lives near it, in damp places.

The young frog breathes by gills, and would die very quickly if taken from the water; but the old one has lungs, and would die if kept under water, just as a man would, only not so quickly, for it

can hold its breath for a very long time; and the skin of a frog answers the purpose of gills, and he can breathe a little under water with that, and thus go without fresh air for several days, if necessary, without drowning. Finally, the young frog lives on entirely different food from that of the full-grown frog.

There are a great many animals which are so much like a frog or a toad, that men who have studied them have placed them all in one class, and given them a name which means "living in water and on land;" because all of them, like the frog, pass the first part of their life in the water, and are able to breathe air without water when full-grown.

These animals belong to the class *Amphibia*, and are called amphibious animals. We have in our own country examples of most of the forms belonging to this class, and I wish to tell you a little about some of the more common ones, as it will help us to understand the meaning of the changes that the frog goes through.

If you go, in summer, to some cool ravine, where the dead leaves lie thick and damp, and sit down beside some old fallen tree or large rock, and carefully turn over the cool, wet leaves, you will find a great many curious and interesting animals. Do not be afraid, for nothing will hurt you; but handle every living thing carefully, for remember that, although snails or beetles cannot hurt you, you may easily kill them by a little roughness.

There is another reason why you must be very careful in turning over the leaves. The animal I wish you to find is very timid and very quick, and if you are not gentle you will drive it away, and will not see it at all. You must go down very deep, to the leaves which have lain on the ground



FIG. 13.—YOUNG TRITON, AT TWO OF THE EARLY STAGES OF GROWTH.

for several years, and are all matted together, and there you may find the little animal of which I have given you a sketch in Fig. 12. It is about

an inch long, covered with bright spots, and with very bright eyes.

Do not be afraid of it, for it is perfectly harmless to anything larger than a fly; but if you wish to catch it, you must be very quick, and hold your

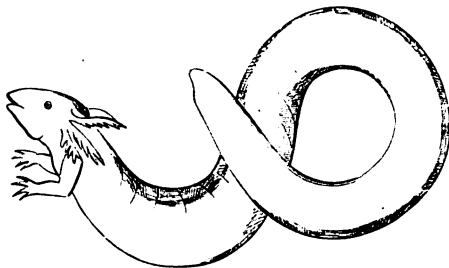


FIG. 14.—MUD-EEL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

fingers close together, for it can run out between them almost as easily as water. It moves so quickly, and is so delicate, that you can hardly catch it without injuring it; and, as it usually lies quite still in the day-time, when it is not alarmed, it is much better to take a good look at it without trying to catch it at all.

It has a long tail, and four legs that look very weak, and in shape it resembles a very small alligator, or a lizard; but alligators and lizards have scales, and this animal has none.

It is called a salamander, and was once supposed by ignorant persons to be very poisonous; but, as I have said, it is entirely harmless and very timid. It does not look at all like a frog, and you may be surprised to hear that it is very closely related to it.

It lives in the woods almost all the year, and comes out and catches insects every summer night, and hides under the leaves all day; for it dies very quickly in the hot sunshine. When fall comes, and all the insects die, it finds a warm place under ground, and sleeps till spring.

When it wakes up it goes to the water to lay its eggs, and wraps each one in a blade of grass to protect it, as is shown in Fig. 6. The eggs hatch into little polliwogs, which are almost exactly like those of a frog, and as they grow up they go through the same changes. They have gills at first, and live in the water, and swim with their tails, and feed on plants; but as they grow up the front-legs appear; then the hind-legs, and they lose their gills, and have lungs, and become air-breathers, and feed on insects. They never lose their tails, so that, although the full-grown animal is not a bit like a full-grown frog, it is very much like one just before

it loses its tail, as you may see by comparing Figs. 11 and 12.

Fig. 13 is an outline drawing of some of the changes that an animal very much like it, found in Europe, goes through; and you see how much like those of the frog they are.

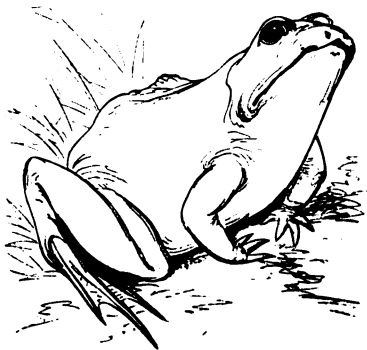
There is an amphibian found in the Southern States, and called the mud-eel; it is quite a large animal, and Fig. 14 will give you some idea of its appearance. It lives in the mud of the swamps and ditches of the South, and the negroes are very much afraid of it, and believe it to be very poisonous. I do not know of a poisonous amphibian in any part of the world, yet almost all of them are very much feared by ignorant persons in the countries where they are found.

Some reptiles are poisonous, and the amphibians look like reptiles; and this seems to be the reason why they have such a bad reputation.

The mud-eel resembles a tadpole at first, and passes through the same changes; but it has only one pair of legs, the fore pair, and when full-grown resembles the form of the frog shown in Fig. 8, where the fore-legs have begun to grow, but not the hind ones; in one respect it goes farther than the form shown in Fig. 8, for when full-grown it has lungs as well as gills.

I have now shown you that all the forms except the first that the frog takes as it grows up, are represented by full-grown animals; but the first state is so like a fish, that we should call it a fish if it did not grow up and become a frog.

You can now see the meaning of the changes of the frog; for who would suppose, unless he knew their history, that such animals as Figs. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 could be relations, or that they all were related to fishes?



MR. FROG GROWN-UP.



THE FOUR LITTLE IMPS.

BY JOEL STACY.

FOUR little imps and four little birds
Lived up in the self same tree;
And the kindly ways of those four little imps
Was a beautiful sight to see.

They fed and tended those orphan birds
All through the blossoming days;
And never were tired of sitting around
And watching their comical ways.

Their pitiful squeak they took for a song
As sweet as they ever had heard;
And they sometimes laughed, and oftener sighed,
In feeding each motherless bird.

So, gently they tended them, day by day,
Till their four little pets had grown,
And, longing to go to the beautiful sky,
Each bird from the nest had flown.

And when all were gone, the four little imps
Did wipe their eight little eyes,
And scamper away to assuage their grief—
Which seems to me rather wise.

THE OLD SAW-MILL.

BY MARTHA J. LAMB.

AN enticing place it was for little folks. It stands now just where it stood then—over the knoll, a few rods from my childhood's home. The way to it was down a broad, straight, dusty road, bordered with rocks and raspberry-bushes. There was another and a more popular route, of which I will tell you presently.

I would like to sketch the old mill as it appeared to my childish eyes. It had a smooth pine floor with wide cracks, and many an hour have I passed peering through them into the deep waters of the flume beneath. It had a big beam with a piece of

china upon it, which I filled with nails and called my money-box. It had a wonderful saw, with two great arms. How I used to laugh when it fixed its sharp teeth into the end of a log! And after that, the log seemed to slide along itself just for fun, or for the sake of being split. I often got upon the log-carriage and took a nice ride. I was not at all afraid of bumping my head against the mill-roof, which sloped at one end to an acute angle with the floor. Neither did I see the slightest danger of losing my balance and falling through the timbers a hundred feet or more, into the abyss of water

below. When I hopped off, I was so delightfully near the back door that I never could resist the inclination to skip out upon the ragged edge of the mill-dam, to see how long I could stand there without getting dizzy.

My mamma was an invalid. She could not bear anxiety without serious injury. She passed a law to the effect that I should not visit the mill unless under the care of some older member of the family. This law lay very heavily upon my heart. But it would probably have never been transgressed had not my cousin Frank visited us, a daring little rascal about my own age.

"Come across lots," he whispered, with that persuasive eloquence so natural to boys.

So we crept through the bars, and the orchard and the clover-field, round the big rock and under the ash-tree, and, lastly, scrambled over the stone wall, which was surmounted by a rail fence. It was my first lesson in disobedience. But after that Frank and I often went secretly to the mill together.

The saw-mill belonged to a good-natured neighbor, whom we styled "Uncle Willard." He petted me, sometimes he gave me raisins, and called me a venturesome little girl. I was not very happy about it. I remember how a bunch came in my throat one night when I was saying my prayers, and how I asked my mamma, when she kissed me good-night :

"If God is everywhere, does that mean that He is in all the little places?"

"Yes, my darling."

I was silent for a few minutes. "In the orchard, and on the big rocks, behind the stone wall, and away down by the little bridge—and—and—and—in the saw-mill?"

"Yes, and he sees you at all times."

I said no more. I pressed my face into my pillow and thought to myself, "Oh, dear! then God knows all about it! I wonder what He will do to me! I 'spect He'll punish me with fire, and I shall be all singed up!" And I fell asleep and dreamed I had a new play-house with a saw-mill in the backyard, and that my dolls were all getting ready to go to the moon on water-wheels.

The next day Alvey Stone came to visit me. We played tea; and dressed the dolls in their best clothes; and changed Violet's name to Esther, because the latter was a Bible name, and we agreed that it would make her a better doll; and trimmed Rosabella's new bonnet with the ends of Alvey's blue hair-ribbons, which she said were too long, anyway; and made soap-bubbles, and tried to set them on fire with the sickly flame of a tallow candle; and went to the carriage-house to play drive; and visited the hens and the geese and

the pigs and the calves and the pony; and ran along the great beams in the barn; and played hide-and-seek in the hay-mow. Finally, I said to Alvey:

"If you never 'll tell—*never*, NEVER, as long as you live and breathe—I will take you somewhere."

She promised with satisfactory protestations. In a few minutes we had reached the fence near the mill. On the top of it Alvey stepped upon a teetering stone, and was thrown headlong into the briars and thistles on the other side. She shed a few tears over her bruises, and then laughed quite merrily, and said she could fall twice as far if she were a mind to.

"Uncle Willard" was haying in the lower meadow, and no one was in the mill. I was glad, for I had long coveted an opportunity of starting the saw myself. How surprised Alvey would be! Would n't she think I was grand if I could run a saw-mill?

I proceeded to my task proudly. The log was in the right place. "Uncle Willard" always fixed everything at night ready for the next day's work. It was necessary to push down a small shaft, which I called a "pump-handle," in order to open the water-gate, and it required the united strength of both Alvey and myself to accomplish it. There was a low gurgle, then a splash, and up went the saw!

We screamed and clapped our hands. I grew self-possessed in a moment, and told Alvey, with a consequential air, that the saw was only walking now. When we should push down the other two "pump-handles," it would just fly on a double canter. We soon had the machinery all in motion. Alvey was perfectly awe-stricken. But my happiness remained to be completed.

"Come down under the mill and see the great gush," I said.

There was a rough path by which the workmen descended on the side of the mill, and, holding fast to the alder-bushes by the way, we reached the edge of the bed of the river in safety. Standing upon a large stone, we could see the rolling, foaming torrent as it whirled the mill-wheel and came dancing madly over the rocks.

"What a big water!" exclaimed Alvey.

"Yes," I replied, exultingly. "It is just like the cataract of Niagara in the geography."

Alvey's face was pale, and her eyes were sufficiently large to reward me for my masterly performance.

"Are there any whales here?" she asked.

"Perhaps," I replied. If she had made the same inquiry relative to steamboats and icebergs, she would doubtless have received an affirmative response at that interesting moment; for was it not

my exhibition, and was it not my privilege to put it in the most attractive light?

The spray rendered our standing-place slippery, and we put our arms about each other for mutual protection. In attempting to turn a little we lost our balance, and in an instant went spinning into the uneasy water, to the bottom, where shiny pebbles seemed to come half-way up to meet us, then to the surface again, rolling and tumbling until we were stranded insensible upon a small

to inspire two little helpless girls with speechless terror.

"Is it a flood?" cried Alvey.
 "I suppose so," I said, humbly now. "I have been doing awful disobedient lately. Mamma forbade my going to the mill, and God has been there and watched me. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I had ever so much rather been burned than drowned. We are washed away just as the other wicked folks were in the Flood," and I burst into a loud cry.



"WHAT A BIG WATER!" EXCLAIMED ALVEY."

hillock of weeds and brambles in the middle of the river some distance below.

How long we remained there I am not able to say. My first recollections are of a floating cloud, which resembled a chariot. While I was wondering if it belonged to Elijah, I heard Alvey gasp:

"Mattie, I'll be drown-ded."

"So shall I."

I took hold of a big burdock-leaf to pull myself up, and that came up instead. Then a pine-shrub gave me more efficient aid, and I sat upright. I helped Alvey up, and we looked about us, but everything was strange and new. The river on both sides of us was tearing over the rocks, and high wooded banks finished a picture well calculated

"I guess He will forgive you if you pray real hard. I will help you, Mattie," said little Alvey, pityingly.

I laid my face into a bunch of plantain and commenced a little petition, mixed with sharp, jerking cries of sorrow.

By this time, the sudden rise of water in the lower meadow had attracted the attention of the haymakers. "Uncle Willard" went upon a run to discover the cause. There was his mill making boards on its own hook! He shut the gate, and looked about for the author of the mischief. He was not a believer in ghosts, and mischievous boys did not infest our neighborhood. He went straight to my mamma's door and inquired for me.

Then there was much hurrying to and fro. It was "Uncle Willard" who explored the river and rescued us from our perilous position. He asked me no questions; he only kissed me and said, in his

rough way, "Never mind it." It was he himself who put me in my terrified mamma's arms. With mine tightly clasped about her neck, I said:

"I will *never* disobey you again—NEVER."

WISE MRS. SWALLOW.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MRS. SWALLOW had just finished her nest, and fastened it snugly on one side of the chimney, when along came the North Wind in a terrible passion.

He had had a quarrel with some of his relations in Greenland, and had rushed out, like the silly, bad-tempered old fellow he was, to wreak his spite on whatever came in his way.

So, growling and shrieking and whistling and groaning, he blew off any number of hats, scared hundreds of young blossoms from the cherry-trees and left them to die on the road, rocked all the little wooden houses like so many cradles, and then flew from the streets to the chimneys.

Away went a brick here and there, and, alas! at the second great puff, away went Mrs. Swallow's nest too.

She had built it so carefully and wonderfully, carrying up wisps of hay and bits of straw from the tan-yard, and lining it with some of Gray Hen's softest breast feathers!

And now where was it? "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the spiteful old Wind, "would n't you like to know?"

Then he spied Mr. Swallow hurrying home with a fine worm he had found, and he hastened to get behind him and drive him along so fast that he came bump up against Mrs. Swallow, nearly knocking her from her perch, and at the same time dropped the worm he had carried so far.

"Whew!" said Mr. Swallow when he got his breath again. "This *is* a blow."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," muttered the worm, as it crawled quickly away.

"But what's the matter, my dear?" continued Mr. Swallow. "Why do you look so serious? And—bless my heart! where's our nest?"

"That horrid old North Wind snatched it from the chimney, first tumbling me out and rumpiling all my feathers," answered Mrs. Swallow, with tears in her round, black eyes. "And now what *are* we to do?"

"Cheer up, my own wee birdie," chirruped her

husband. "I can't bear to see you cry. We'll get just inside the chimney until we are quite sure he's gone, and then we'll call on Madam Owl and ask her advice. They say she has become so wise through studying the stars night after night, and night after night, that she knows everything, and so, of course, *she* will be able to tell us what to do."

"But, Swally," said Mrs. Swallow, "our family don't like Madam Owl, and have never been friends with her. Only the other day, when she was dozing, I pulled a feather out of her head myself."

"That was very naughty, my dear," said Mr. Swallow, looking as though he *thought* it rather cunning, "but I don't believe she'll remember it if we are very polite to her and pay her some compliments. And now you'd better take a little nap, for Madam Owl only receives company at night, and I'm afraid you can't stay awake when it becomes dark unless you do."

So Mrs. Swallow, like an obedient wife, took a nap, and Mr. Swallow did too, for that matter, although he said, when Mrs. Swallow woke him, "he'd only been thinking."

As soon as evening came, away they flew to the old oak-tree where Madam Owl lived.

She had just supped off a plump young field-mouse and was very good-natured, and listened with the utmost patience until they had told their story. Then she said, "Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! yes!"

"Was n't it too bad of the Wind?" asked Mrs. Swallow.

"Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! yes!" answered the Owl.

"Can you tell us what to do?" asked Mr. Swallow.

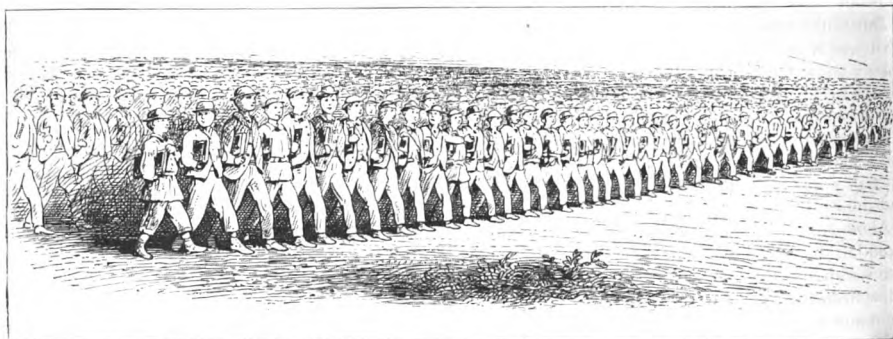
Madam Owl looked at the moon half-an-hour—looked at the stars half-an-hour—looked at nothing half-an-hour—and then said very slowly, "Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! n-o-o-o."

"Good night," twittered the angry swallows, and flew quickly back to their chimney again.

"Much good it did us going to Madam Owl," said Mrs. Swallow, with a pout, as soon as they reached home. "I never did believe those stories about her knowing so much. Why, if I said as little and had as big eyes as Madam Owl, no doubt all the birds would call me wise too. And

now I'll tell you, my love, what I think we'd better do. Get up with the sun to-morrow morning—make another nest, and fasten it on the other side of the chimney."

"Upon my word, my dear," said Mr. Swallow, "you're an ex-traor-di-na-ry bird!" and being very tired, he tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.



THE COMING ARMY OF VOTERS.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XV.

A GREAT DISASTER.

AFTER leaving Salt Lake Valley, the young emigrants passed into a wild, desolate, and barren region. Immediately outside of the Mormon settlements, they found a most unpromising country. The surface of the earth was red and dusty—"red hot," Hi said. No grass grew except in small dry bunches, and the pools of water were thick and brown with alkali, or they were boiling hot with hidden fires. Some of these streams rushed out of their fountains with a hurrying and hissing noise that reminded the boys of a steamboat. Others were bluish pools of water, with clean and pebbly bottoms, and just warm enough to be comfortable for

a bath. Into these the weary and dusty travelers plunged themselves with great content. The waters seemed to be healing, they were so soft and pleasant to joints stiffened by long marches, and to skins made rough and dry by many days of travel on alkali plains. The air was still loaded with the alkali dust, like fine saleratus, which floated everywhere. But the natural hot-baths, steel blue in their depths, and gurgling over stones covered with some kind of white mineral deposit, were luxurious beyond anything they had ever dreamed of.

Some of the hot springs were so near the cold ones, that the boys tried experiments of dipping their hands into a pool of cold water while their feet dabbled in warm water, as they lay along the ground. Once they came to a huge round pool,

nearly fifty feet across, black, still, and with neither outlet nor inlet. Yet it was not stagnant; a slight current showed that there was some sort of movement going on beneath the surface.

"I allow this yer pool runs down inter the bowels of the yearth," said Philo Dobbs, pensively, as he stood on the brink and gazed into the mysterious depths.

"Well, aint the bowels of the earth deep enough to take down this hull pool at one swaller, if it runs down so fur?" asked Bush, with some impatience. "Stands to reason it would be all drawed off to once-t, if the bottom was clean dropped out."

"Anyway, there is no bottom," said Arty. "Lots of people have sounded it and found none."

But Philo Dobbs was firm in his opinion that the pool led directly into the center of the earth; and Nance, as a dutiful daughter, informed the boys that what her father did not know about such things was not worth knowing.

They drew out from this region of wonders and traversed an exceedingly dull and uninteresting tract of country, lying between Salt Lake Valley and the head-waters of the Humboldt River.

About three weeks' march from the Mormon capital, late in August, they reached the Goose Creek Mountains. Here good pasturage was found by selecting spots along the creek, and here, too, the road became more easy for the cattle, many of which were weak and sick with the effects of alkali. Passing down through Thousand Spring Valley, the emigrants camped at the head of a rocky cañon, one night, two or three companies being together. The ground was dotted with scrubby knots of wild sage, grease-weed and cactus. The soil was red and gray, and pebbly; but a small stream slipped through a gulley near by, and along its banks grew a scanty crop of grass, well browsed by the innumerable cattle which had passed on the way to California.

"This is awful lonesome," sighed Arty, as he wearily went through the usual and monotonous task of getting supper.

"Does n't pay, does it, Arty?" said his brother, curiously watching the boy, with half-closed eyes, as he turned his sizzling bacon in the frying-pan, and kept his fire going with handfuls of dry weeds, their only fuel.

"No, Crogan, it does not pay. I'm getting clean beat out. And there's poor old Pete, licking his paws again. I can't keep shoes on that dog's feet, and he has worn the skin off of them so that he can hardly walk. Heigho! I wonder what mother would say to this mess?"—and Arty, with great disgust, stirred in the flour which was to thicken the bacon-fat and make "dope" to eat with bread, instead of butter.

The thought of what his mother might say brought water to the boy's eyes. This was Saturday night. Away off in the groves of the valley of the Rock, his mother was drawing the New England brown bread and beans from the brick oven. His father, perhaps, was sitting in the fading light by the door-way, looking westward and thinking of his wandering boys. His brothers were out at the well-curb, dipping their heads into the water-trough with much rough play, and making ready for their welcome Sunday rest.

Here was a wilderness, a desert, scanty fare, and with the Land of Gold still a long way off.

"Hullo! there's a drop of salt water running down your nose, Arty," cried Tom, "and if it drops into that dope, you'll —"

But Tom never finished his sentence, for at that moment Mont, with righteous indignation, knocked him off the roll of blankets on which he had been sitting.

"Yer might let a feller know when you was a-comin' fur him," said Tom, wrathfully, as he scrambled out of the way.

"Sarve yer right, yer grinnin' chessie-cat," said Hi. "Yer'll never keep yer mouth shut. Now hustle that thar coffee-pot onto the table, and we'll sit by."

"Tom, I beg your pardon," spoke up Mont Morse. "I really did n't intend to knock you over, only just to give you a gentle poke by way of reminder."

Tom sullenly eat his supper, without any comment on his brother's remark that he was a very "ornery blatherskite, anyway."

Somehow, the evening was more gloomy and cheerless than usual; and, as it was now necessary to keep a sharp watch for thieves who were prowling about the trail, those who were to go out on the second watch went early to their blankets. The rest took their several stations about the edge of the camp.

It was a little past midnight when the sleeping boys were wakened by a shot, and the voice of John Rose crying, "Stop that man!"

Barnard broke out of the tent with a wild rush, cocking his pistol as he ran through the low brush in which the camp was set. In the cloudy night he saw a light sorrel horse running close by the side of Old Jim, and coming toward him. As the horses passed swiftly across his vision, he saw a man rise and fall, and rise and fall again in the sage-brush—rise and fall and disappear in the darkness.

Pursuing him was John Rose, his tall figure and bright red shirt making him conspicuous in the gloom. Barney ran on, but the fugitive was gone, and Rose came back, excitedly saying:

"Dog on that chap! I just believe I winged him. Did you see him limp?"

Barney was not sure that he limped, but was burning to know what it was all about.

"I was sittin' behind that thar rock," said Rose, "a-wonderin' about them stars just peekin' out of the clouds, when I heern a cracklin' in the brush, and if thar wa' n't a yaller hoss—a strange hoss—sidlin' up, queer-like, as if somebody was leadin' him. I see no man, no lariat onto the hoss, when he gets up alongside of Old Jim. Then he stops short, and then I seen a man's legs on the off side, and just in range of the sorrel's. I slid down from behind the rock and crep' along on the ground like, holding my rifle steady, when, all to once, the chap jumps up on the sorrel and away he kited, pullin' Old Jim after him."

"Yes! yes! and you fired then?"

"Fired! Well, I just allow I did, and you should have seen that chap drop. But he got away, and we have got his hoss—that's all."

Sure enough, the sorrel horse was found to have a lariat, or halter, of twisted raw-hide about his neck, one end of which had been knotted into the rope which Jim wore loosely about his neck. There was great excitement in the camp as the emigrants woke and came out to see "what was up." Here was the evidence of horse-thieves being about, and the men expressed themselves as being in favor of hanging the rascal—if he could be caught.

"Ouch!" cried Barney suddenly, sitting down. "Bring a light, Johnny."

Barney's bare feet were filled with the prickly spines of the ground-cactus.

"Strange I never felt them until just now, and I must have clipped it through that whole bed of cactus plants."

But he felt them now, and, what was more, he was lame for a week afterward.

Next morning, on examining the ground, the boys discovered the tracks of the strange horse, where, coming up to the regular trail from the north, they crossed a damp patch of alkali earth, breaking in the crust which forms on top when the heat of the sun evaporates the alkali water. Nearer the camps, the tracks were lost in the confused beating of the feet of many passing animals. But in the sage-brush, where Captain Rose had fired at the horse-thief, the foot-prints were plainly seen.

In the loose sandy soil beyond were the tracks of a man, left in the dry surface; and on the twigs of a low grease-weed bush they saw a few drops of blood.

"Yes, yes, he was wounded. I was sure of that," cried Rose.

"And here is where he limped," said Hi, dropping on his knees and examining the foot-prints in

the light gray soil. "Come yere, Mont, and tell us what you think of these yere. See! thar's a print set squar' down; then yere's one that's only light-like, just half-made."

Mont got down on his knees and followed the tracks along. The man had fled in great haste. Sometimes he had gone over the bushes, sometimes he had lighted in the midst of one. But, here and there, was a print, sometimes of the right foot, sometimes of the left; but one was always lightly made—"half-made," as Hi said.

"That man limped, sure enough," said Mont, finally. "But I guess he did n't limp from a wound, though he may have been wounded. I should say that he had a game leg."

"A game leg!" repeated Johnny and Arty together.

"I allow you're right, Monty, my boy," said Hi, who had been stooping again over the myste-



BILL BUNCE.

rious foot-prints. "That thar man had a game leg, for sure."

"Which leg was Bill Bunce lame of, Johnny?" demanded Barnard.

"The left leg," replied the lad.

Arty looked up triumphantly from the ground and exclaimed :

"So was this man that tried to steal Old Jim."

"It was Bill Bunce! It was Bill Bunce! I'm sure it was," cried little Johnny, in great excitement.

He looked at the foot-prints of the fugitive horse-thief and fairly trembled with apprehension; he could not have told why.

"Oh! sho!" said Hi. "You must n't think that every game-legged man you meet on the plains is Bill Bunce. Why, thar was that feller that picked up Barney's boots when they fell out of the wagon, down at Pilot Springs. He wa' n't no Bill Bunce, and he was the game-leggedest man I ever seen."

"If he had not been too game-legged to wear those boots, I am not so sure that Crogan would have seen them again," laughed Mont.

"Well, boys, thar's nothin' more to be larned of them foot-prints," said Hi. "We may as well get breakfast and be off."

"But this is Sunday," said Barnard.

"Yes," replied Hi, "Sunday and no feed, and no water. Camp here all day and starve the critters? Not much."

"But we have never traveled Sundays," remonstrated Mont.

"Oh yes, we did, Mont," interposed Arty. "Once before, at Stony Point, you know we had to when there was no grass; and we traveled from the Salt Lick to Deep Creek on Sunday, because we had no water."

"Which is the Christianest, Mont,—to let the cattle go without feed, or travel Sunday?" asked Hi.

"I don't know. I give up that conundrum."

"So do I," said Hi, with a grin.

They went on, however. Leaving Thousand Spring Valley, and crossing several rocky ridges, they descended and entered a long, narrow cañon, through which flowed a considerable stream.

Precipitous walls of rock rose up on either side, leaving barely room for the narrow wagon-trail and the creek. The trail crossed and recrossed the stream many times, and the fording-places were not all safe or convenient. But the day was bright and pleasant, and high, high above their heads, above the beetling crags, the blue sky looked cool and tender.

A long train passed down the cañon, the procession being strung out with numerous companies of emigrants. They had got half-way through the passage, which was several miles long, when, late in the afternoon, the sky grew overcast, and thick clouds gathered suddenly in the west.

"An awkward place to get caught in a shower," muttered Captain Wise. "Thar's poor crossing

at the best of times, and if this yere creek should rise, we'd be cut off in the midst of the cañon."

"But there is no danger of that, is there?" said Mont, who was striding along with the Captain.

"Could n't say, Mont. These yere creeks do swell up drefle sudd'n sometimes." And he anxiously regarded the sky, from which a heavy shower now began to fall.

The boys lightly laughed at the discomfort. They were used to it, and, wrapping their heavy coats about their shoulders, they plodded on in the pouring rain.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the shower increased with such force that Hi, who was behind with the team, shouted to Captain Wise :

"Say, had n't we better lay by? Yere's a place whar we can turn in and let the others pass us."

"The cattle's necks are gettin' chafed with their yokes," cried Tom, who particularly disliked getting wet.

"We must drive on until we're out of this yere cañon," was the Captain's only reply.

And they pressed on in the midst of a tempest of rain. The sky overhead was only a narrow patch between the frowning walls of the cañon. It was as black as ink.

They had now reached a sharp bend in the cañon; a huge elbow in the rocky precipice at the left of the track came down and made a deep recess just beyond it, where the trail turned in to the left. On their right was the creek, now foaming along in its stony bed, and opposite was a sheer wall of rock rising into the low-hung clouds.

As they struggled around the corner of the rock and entered a little elevated place, where the cañon widened, the tall angle behind them shut out the trail down which they had just passed. Arthur, hearing a strange whirring noise in the air, looked back and up the cañon. He saw an inky black mass, tremendous and tumbling over and over, drift helplessly over the wall of the cañon, like a huge balloon. It struck the opposite wall, and in an instant the solid rock seemed to burst in cataclysms of water.

Suddenly, the air was filled with a portentous roar. The rain no longer fell in sheets, but in solid masses. The creek, black except where it was lashed into foam, rose like a mighty river and tore down the cañon, hoarsely howling on its way. The sides of the narrow pass seemed to melt into dropping streams of water. The trail disappeared, and along the foaming tide rushed wagons, horses, oxen, men, and the floating wrecks of trains which had been farther up the cañon.

The angry flood, checked by the sharp angle of rock around which the boys had just passed, roared in a solid wall over that part of the trail, spread

out and curled, hissing, up to the little eminence on which the party, with scared faces, stood as if spell-bound. The loose cattle of the Rose drove were in the rear. They were swept off like insects. Then the flood, as if holding on by its claws at the rocky angle behind, backed up and backed up, until, with one mighty effort, it swept the wagon-bodies off their beds, overturned the cattle in their yokes, and then slunk off down the cañon, and slowly fell away.

Captain Rose, mounting a wrecked wagon, in the midst of the still falling rain, looked about anxiously, gave a great sob, and said:

"I'm a ruined man; but, thank God, we're all here!"

The angry current yet fled down the cañon, making the trail impassable. But the worst was over. They were all alive. Even Pete, to whom Arty had clung in the extremity of his terror, was safe and sound. All were drenched, and it was only by clinging to the half-floating wagons that they had been saved from drowning. But the yoke cattle were all here. So was poor Old Jim, and a few of Rose's loose cattle, as well as his horse.

"What was that?" asked Tom, his teeth chattering with fear and cold.

"A cloud-burst," said Mont, solemnly. "And it will be a wonderful thing if hundreds of people in this cañon are not drowned by it."

More than an hour passed before the creek had fallen enough to permit the emigrants to pass down the trail. But the cañon was free of the flood in an astonishingly short time. Before dark, the little party, gathering up their wet goods and straightening out their teams, ventured down the trail.

The alders were crowded with fragments of wreck. Wagon-covers, clothing, and bits of small household stuff, were hanging from rocks and brush. The trail was washed out by the flood, and along it were strewn the bodies of drowned animals. For the most part, however, the wrecks had been swept clean out of the cañon, and were now lying on the sandy plain beyond.

Nobody ever knew how many lives were lost in that memorable cloud-burst. They were many. The boy emigrants passed out and camped on the fast-drying plain at the mouth of the cañon, where they found Philo Dobbs, his wife, and Nance. They, with Messer, had laid by outside before the storm came up, having been one day's travel ahead of our boys.

Rose had lost sixty head of cattle, a few of those first missing having been picked up afterward.

"Where's yer yaller hoss?" asked Hi of Barney.

The sorrel horse was gone.

"Light come, light go," said Hi, sententiously. Then he added, "So much for traveling Sunday."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE DESERT.

It was early in September when the emigrants reached the head-waters of the Humboldt. Here the road led by the side of the stream, which flowed through a narrow valley. Outside of this valley, the country was a tumultuous mass of rocks, mountains, and sand. No tree nor shrub relieved the prospect anywhere. It was an utterly desolate and trackless desert. Close by the stream, whose bluish white current was shaded by willows, there was plenty of grass, and the water was at least fit to drink. So the party journeyed on blithely, forgetful of the dangers behind, and careless of the privations before them.

Occasionally, the road left the river and crossed over a rough ridge of hills, for ten or twelve miles, and then, having made a straight line across a curve of the stream, struck it again farther down. But, after about two weeks of travel, with some days of rest, orders went out to cut grass for the long stretch of desert which was now to be traversed. Knives of all sorts were brought out and sharpened, and the emigrants spent one afternoon in cutting and binding up the lush coarse grass which grew plentifully in the meadows. Not far from this point, the Humboldt spreads out in a boggy lake, overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, and is lost in the desert. About the edges of this strange swamp the whole surface of the earth is dry and parched. The spreading river seems discouraged by the barren waste before it, and it sinks away in the sands and is gone.

"This everlasting sage-brush!" murmured Arty, as the party left the verdure of the Humboldt meadows and struck once more into the arid plain, where the only vegetation was the yellow-brown sage-brush or the whity-yellow grease-weed. "This everlasting sage-brush! How sick I am of it!"

"Oh, well, don't speak ill of the sage-brush, Arty," said Mont, pleasantly. "Besides, it is called artemisia, which is a much nicer name; and if it was not for the artemisia, otherwise sage-brush, I don't know what you would do for fuel."

"That's so, Mont," added Hi. "And though I don't know much about your arty-what-d'ye-call-it, I allow it's put here for some good end. See, that there sage-stalk is nigh as thick as my leg, and good fire-wood it is. Howsoever it gets to grow in this sand gets me, I must say. Still, I shall be glad when we are shut of it. Hit's a sure sign of desert wherever it grows."

It was an abominable country. The face of the earth was undulating, but gradually rising as the trail ran westward, and was covered with loose black, yellow, and red boulders, and split masses

of rock. The wagon-trail was almost knee-deep with red dust, and was sprinkled with broken stones, over which the wagons jolted dismally. Beyond, as far as the eye could reach, and disappearing over the swales of the surface, stretched a long, long line of teams, over which a pillar of dust continually rose into the hot air. The sun poured down its fiercest beams, and the far-off hills to the north looked as if they were calcined in the terrible heat, and ashes seemed to cover their glowing sides.

After a long and weary tramp, the boys reached Antelope Springs, a place whose name had such a pleasant sound to them, that they had longed for it very much. It was a bitter disappointment. Hundreds of teams were already on the ground before them, and the two feeble little springs which had gushed out from under a ledge of rocks in this dryness, were trampled and choked with mud. The water which trickled down from these pools was not fit to drink; even the suffering cattle would

cattle were scattered about in all directions, and all their tents were silent. Into this tranquil settlement suddenly burst the train of the Roses, the young emigrants, and several others who had "bunched" together while crossing the desert. In a twinkling, the loose animals rushed to the right and left among the tents and wagons, startled by the unexpected sight, or searching for something to eat.

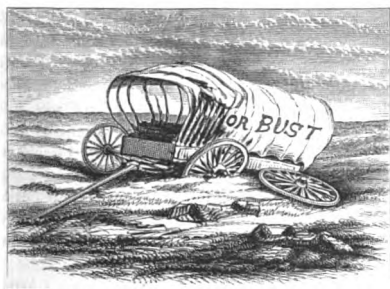
The confusion was instant and dire. Men rushed out from their tents, or from under their wagons, half-dressed and panic-stricken. Their alarm changed to rage when they saw the cause of the midnight invasion; and they tried in vain to stop the bewildered cattle, who charged on the tents, tore down the canvas, and hungrily grabbed at anything eatable and in reach. Old Jim snatched a huge bundle of grass in his teeth, and bore it off triumphantly, never heeding the stones and yells flung after him.

Men shouted, women screamed, children bawled, dogs barked, and cattle bellowed. The surprise was complete, and the stampede perfect. It took a long time to straighten out the trains, separate the cattle, and pacify the strangers, who returned to their dismantled tents in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"Should n't hev camped right on the trail if ye did n't want to git up and dust in the middle of the night," was Bush's remark as he collected his small equipage of cow and cart and went swinging down into the valley, with as much self-complacency as if he had commanded the whole train.

The night grew cooler, and when the caravan reached the long sandy plain which now stretched out toward Rabbit-hole Springs, Arty wrapped his blanket about his shoulders and journeyed out into the mysterious star-lighted waste, accompanied only by his faithful Pete. The road was heavy with loose sand, but not difficult to walk in, and the boy soon passed out of all sight and hearing of the teams behind him. He was alone in a sea of sand, the dog keeping close behind him at his heels. The sky, spangled with stars, bent over him, and, far off, the dim horizon shaded away into the gloom of the distant hills. Arthur fancied himself a lost traveler, far from human habitation or human trace, and he pressed on against the rising breeze with a keen sense of the novel loneliness of his condition. The cries of the ox-drivers and the crush of wheels had died away in the distance, and only when Pete, terrified at the unearthly stillness, came up from behind, whined for a word of recognition and dropped back to his place, did the lad hear any sound that reminded him that he was in the land of the living.

Reaching a drift of sand, where the wind had



"CALIFORNIA OR BUST."

not touch it. After waiting several hours, and taking up a spoonful of water at a time, the boys secured enough to make some coffee—the first nourishment they had had since morning; and it was now nearly sundown.

Rabbit-hole Springs, twenty miles off, must be reached before any water for the cattle and horses could be found. It was a day's drive, in the best of times. Now they must make it in one night.

The poor animals, hungry and thirsty, could hardly drag the wagons over the rough roads; and the boys, faint, foot-sore and sleepy, stumbled along in the dark, ready to fall down and sleep forever in the rocky way. As the night wore on, the air grew cool, and they toiled up and down the steep ridges with some sense of relief.

During the night, while sweeping down a mountain side, the party suddenly blundered into the midst of the encampment of a large company of emigrants. These people were evidently tired out with their march; not one was to be seen. Their

curled up a wave in the shape of a furrow, Arty wrapped his blanket about him and lay down and gazed out on the lonely desert waste, with a strange sort of fascination. Pete whimpered at this unusual proceeding. He seemed anxious and disturbed by the strange influence of the night; and he crept under the boy's blanket and snuggled up close, as if for companionship.

Presently, while Arty was dreamily looking off into the gloom, and wondering why he was not sleepy, the dog growled uneasily.

"Oh, keep still, Pete! One would suppose you saw a ghost."

But the dog, thus reproved, was silent only for a moment. He growled again with more positiveness, and Arty, straining his ear, caught no sound coming out of the mysterious shadows.

"What a fool I was to come out here alone," he muttered. "Keep still, Pete, can't you? But there are no Indians on this desert, I'm sure; nothing for 'em to eat. Wild animals, perhaps!"

And here Pete, who could endure it no longer, bounced out from under the blanket, where he had been growling and grumbling to himself, and barked loud, long, and without restraint.

The boy hushed him for a moment, when a faint cry of "Halloo! Arty!" came out of the darkness. It was Mont's voice, and Pete bounded off to meet him.

"Gracious! how you scared me, Mont!" said Arty, as his comrade came up. "What are you ahead for?"

"Well, you see, Hi is driving. Barney Crogan is asleep in the wagon, and Tom is riding with Nance's folks. So I got lonesome and came on ahead to find you. Nice night."

"Yes, but how strange it is. See those stars. That's Orion, you know. My mother showed me that constellation ever so many years ago; and, do you know, I was just thinking how queer it is that all those stars should shine over us here, away off in the desert, just as they used to at Sugar Grove; just as they used to shine in Vermont, I suppose—but I don't remember much about that."

The young man made no answer, but sat down by Arty's side, clasped his hands over his knees, and looked out into the shadowy plain. The boy was silent again, and the dog curled up and slept at his feet. Mont thought of the stars shining over his New England home, far away. He saw the gable windows of his mother's house gleaming in the moonlight, the bronzed elms that made dark shadows over the lanes of the suburban town where his old home was, and the silvery river that rushed under the bridge with wooden piers which he had crossed so often. Around him stretched a trackless, uninhabitable waste. It was as silent as the

tomb. Out of its depths came no sound; only the chill night wind whispered over the sand-dunes and among the pebbles lying in the dark hollows of this sea of sand.

Suddenly, as he mused, out somewhere in the vague mystery of the plain he heard the boom of a deep-toned bell—once, twice, thrice, four times—sounding on the air.

"The bell! the bell!" he shouted, and started to his feet. Pete barked in sympathy.

"Golly! what bell?" asked Arty.

"The nine o'clock bell at Cambridgeport! At least, I thought I heard it just then!" He added: "Good heavens! Am I mad?—or dreaming?" Then he laughed confusedly, and said: "Well, I must have been in a waking dream. Don't mind it. Here comes the train."

And, as he spoke, the teams came, slowly grinding their way through the darkness of the night.

The moon rose and faded away again in the early gray of the morning before the tired emigrants reached Rabbit-hole Springs. It was a queer place. A dry, smooth hill, rounded and baked, bore on its topmost curve a cluster of wells. These were dug by emigrants, and they reached a vein of water which kept these square holes always supplied. Rude steps were cut in the sides of the pits, and, cautiously creeping down them, the precious water was dipped up plentifully. No matter how many were filled, the supply never gave out.

Here the party drank and gave to their beasts. Then, filling all available vessels, they went on to the plain below, where, at four o'clock in the morning, they halted long enough to get ready a meager breakfast. The air began to grow warm again as the wind fell, and Arty, half-dead with fatigue and sleeplessness, stumbled about his camp-stove in a daze. Everybody but himself had dropped in the dust to sleep. He was alone, although a thousand people were camped all about on the sandy plain.

There was no fuel but dry grease-weed, and his hands were in the dough.

"Get up and get something to burn, you Crogan," he said crossly, kicking his sleeping brother's shins as he lay under the wagon.

"Yes, mother," drawled the young fellow in his dreams; "I'm coming—coming," and he was asleep again.

Half-crying with vexation, Arty sat down on the wagon-tongue and shouted out, in the most general way:

"If some of you fellows don't wake up and get some firing, you'll have no breakfast, so now!"

Nobody stirred, but Nance, gingerly picking her way over the pebbly ground, barefooted and dusty, came up and said:

"I'll help ye, Arty. Take yer hands out o' that

dough and get yer firewood, and I'll finish yer bread. Salt? Bakin'-powder? Now git."

"Nancy, you're the best girl I ever knew," said Arty.

"That's what she is," interposed Johnny, who was now sitting up in the sand. "Did you call, Arty?"

"Lie down again and nap it while you can," said Arty, his anger all gone. "You've a long tramp before you to-day, my little man."

Only two hours were allowed for rest and breakfast, and then the weary march began again. One of Rose's men—a tall, dangling young fellow, known in the camp as "Shanghai"—threw up his contract and determined to "get out and walk." He declared that he had been "put upon" long enough. He had not been provided with the cattle-whip which had been promised him. He had been compelled to drive loose cattle in the fearful dust of the day before, while some more favored person was allowed to drive the steers. To crown all, he had had but one spoonful of "dope" at breakfast that day. This was too much. He would go on alone.

Van Dusen, a stolid, black-bearded man, one of Rose's teamsters, who had very profound views on the subject of earthquakes and volcanoes, and who never, under any circumstances, could get enough to eat, listened to poor Shanghai's tearful complaints, threw down his whip, and said:

"Hang it! Shanghai, I'll go with ye!"

And these two pilgrims, packing all their worldly effects in one small bundle, took their way over the arid hills toward the Golden Land.

At noon, the long caravan, passing over a succession of rocky and dusty ridges, reached the last one, from which they gazed off into the Great Plain. It was like a vast sea. Far to the westward, a chain of sharp, needle-like peaks towered up to the sky. Northward, a range of hills, flaming in red and blue, looked as if they were masses of hot iron. South, the undulating level melted into the brassy sky. Across the dusty waste before them a long line of wagons traveled, far below the point on which the boy emigrants paused before they began their descent.

Looking toward the red-hot hills, and over the plain, tremulous with heated air, Arthur saw, to his intense surprise, a crooked line of shining blue. It glided out and in among clumps of willows, and rippled in the sunshine. It was a creek of considerable size, and, even from this distance, he could almost hear the gurgle of the blessed water.

"Water! water!" he cried.

Everybody gazed. Even the sullen cattle sniffed it with their noses, and poor Tige set up a disconsolate bellow as he looked.

"Only a mirage, Arty," said Mont, with a tinge of despondency. "See it pass?"

And, as he spoke, the trees faded away, the blue waters sunk into the earth, and only the parched rocks and hills remained. Then, moving down, the illusion seemed to strike the caravans below. The wagons grew and grew until they appeared to be fifteen or twenty feet high. Then these spectral figures broke in two, and on each wagon was the shape of another, bottom up and its wheels in the air. Then on this ghostly figure was another wagon, its wheels resting on the wheels of that below. This weird procession lasted a moment, shuddered, and melted away like a dream. Only the commonplace caravan plodded its weary way through the powdery dust.

At sunset, after a second distressing day's drive, the travelers reached the range of peaks which, like an island, divided the desert into two parts. Here was water, but so hot that an egg might have been boiled in it. Tige, who was on the sick list, put his black muzzle into it, and, astonished at the phenomenon, set off on a brisk run with his tail in the air.

"Poor old chap! He has not got all his wits about him now that he is sick," said Mont, compassionately.

Even when the water was cooled in pails, the cattle distrusted it and hesitated to taste it. The boys stewed their beans, baked biscuit, and made coffee, using a portion of the scanty stock of fuel brought a long way for this purpose; for here not even grease-weed, nor the tiniest blade of grass, ever grew. The surface of the ground was utterly bare.

A little withered grass, brought from the Humboldt, remained in the wagons, and was distributed among the cattle. Tige refused to eat it, and as the boys sat in the door of their tent, eating their desert fare, the docile animal came up, and, resting his nose on Arty's shoulder, looked, winking, into his tin plate of stewed beans.

"Have some, Tige?" said Arty. "Poor old Tige, he's off his grub."

And the steer, cautiously sniffing at the plate, put out his tongue, tasted with apparent satisfaction, and licked up the whole.

"Now, I call that extravagance!" said Tom, ladling out another plateful of beans.

"And I call it genewine humanity. That's what it is, Mister Smarty," rejoined Hi. "Whatever else we have n't got, I allow we've beans enough to get us through with."

On again at sundown went the emigrants, as if pursued by some hidden enemy. Out into the desert swept a great train of wagons, cattle, men, and women—out into the desert, with the tall and

motionless peaks of purple towering above them into the evening sky, now flushed and rosy. How they tramped on and on, like a caravan of life, out into an unknown world, rich and poor, young and old, together! Leaving behind them their homes, and leaving by the way their dead, they swept past the islanded mountains, and so pressed on to the West.

When the night came on, and the yellow moon flooded the vast level plain with liquid light, the sight was very strange. The air was cool, the ground white with a firm sand which scarcely yielded to the easily running wheels. In the weird

of mountains. Without waiting to examine the ground, which was a rough plain bordering on a creek, the boys put up their tent, unyoked the cattle, who were too tired to stray, dropped into their blankets, and slept until long after the next day's sunrise.

Many of the cattle brought here, after the drive across the Great Plains, were left to die. The boys rested one day, and, when another night came on, they yoked their unwilling oxen, and were off again. It was sunset when they passed southward around the spur of mountains which lay across their path. And it was four o'clock on the follow-



THE MIRAGE.

luster that covered the plain, a lame steer, turned out to die, and standing away off from the trail, loomed up like a giraffe. To the startled lads, it seemed at first a balloon; then a phantom cow. Looking back, the long train seemed to rise up and melt away into the air; and forward, the blue-black mountains that bounded the plain were flecked with silver where the moonlight fell on quartz ledges and patches of belated snow.

Occasionally, a cry from the rear told that another "critter" had fallen, and some one must be detailed to bring it along, if possible. But the train rolled on until the camp-fires of Granite Creek shone on the desert. At two o'clock in the morning, inexpressibly weary, the emigrants reached a slightly raised bench at the foot of another range

ing morning when they paused and built another camp-fire in the midst of the last stretch of desert, on the western side of the range. Here was a level, floor-like plain, and the tents pitched with the flaps rolled up gave the scene an Oriental air. No Arabian coffee in the desert was ever more delicious than that which our weary young pilgrims drank. And no delicacies of a luxurious city could have been more welcome to these wandering sons than the well-browned biscuits which Arty's deft hands drew from their camp-oven.

The last day's travel was the hardest of all. Cattle dropped by the wayside. Strong men fainted with fatigue, or grew delirious with sleeplessness. In some of the trains there was real want, and strange rumors of a plot to rob the better-provided

ones floated back and forth among the trains, now moving once more in single file over the bleak and barren hills. No vegetation met the eye, no insect nor bird cried in the joyless air; a fierce sun poured down its rays upon the struggling line. Here and there, a grave, newly made and rudely marked, showed where some poor soul had fallen by the way. The very sky seemed to add to the utter desolation of the land.

But, at sunset, the young emigrants, after fording a salt creek, climbed the rocky ridge which separated the desert from the fertile region known as the Smoke Creek country. The train toiled on and passed over the divide. Arthur and Mont paused and looked back. The setting sun bathed the plain below in golden radiance. A flood of yellow sunshine poured over the arid waste, and broke in masses among the violet shadows of the mountain range beyond. Eastward, the rocky pinacles, glorified with purple, gold, and crimson, pierced a sky rosy and flecked with yellow. It was like a glimpse of fairy-land.

Arty held his breath as he gazed and for a moment forgot his fatigue.

"It is as beautiful as a dream," said the boy.

"And as cruel as death," added Mont.

"I shall never forget it, Mont."

"Nor I."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

"POOR old Tige! We may as well take him out of the yoke."

The plucky little ox would have dragged on with his mate Molly until he dropped. But he was too sick to travel. The boys were now near Honey Lake Valley, where feed was good and water plenty. They had crossed the last considerable ridge, or divide, before reaching the Sierra; a few days more would bring them to their journey's end.

The faithful beast had pulled steadily through the awful desert and over the volcanic region which lay between that region and the Honey Lake country. As Johnny and Arthur unfastened the yoke to let the invalid Tige go free, the creature looked around in wonder, as if to ask the reason of this unwanted proceeding.

"Tige, my boy," said Arthur, "I am afraid you won't wear the yoke again."

"Is he so bad as that, Arty?" asked Johnny, sympathetically, and almost with tears.

"Well, you see, Johnny," interposed Barnard, "there is very little chance for a critter that's alkali ever to get well. That dose of melted fat we gave him yesterday didn't do him a bit of good. Hi says that he allows that his milt is all

eaten away by alkali. Whatever the milt may be, I don't know; do you, Mont?"

"Diaphragm, I guess," said Mont.

"Dyer what?" asked Tom. "Dyer—well, that's a good one. I tell you it's the milt. Don't you know what the milt is?"

"Give it up," said Barney, shortly. "Hurrah! there's the Sierra!"

And, as he spoke, their team, drawn now by one yoke, rounded the ragged summit of the ridge, and they beheld the Sierra Nevada.

Below was a winding valley, dotted with isolated lofty pines, and bright with green grass. A blue stream rambled about the vale and emptied into a muddy-looking lake at the south. This was Honey Lake, and the stream was Susan's River. Beyond, westward, was a vast wall, bristling with trees and crowned with white peaks. It was the Snowy Range of Mountains. Beyond was the promised land.

The boys gazed with delight on the emerald valley and the sparkling river; but chiefly were they fascinated by the majestic mountains beyond these. They were not near enough to see the smaller features of the range. But their eyes at last beheld the boundary that shut them out of the Land of Gold. The pale green of the lower hills faded into a purple-blue, which marked where the heavy growth of pines began. Above this, and broken with many a densely shadowed gulch and ravine, rose the higher Sierra, bald and rocky in places, and shading off into a tender blue where the tallest peaks, laced with snow, were sharply cut against the sky.

Beyond the young emigrants were water, rest, and pasturage. Beyond were the mysterious fastnesses in which men, while they gazed, were unlocking the golden secrets of the earth. Up there, in those vague blue shadows, where the mountain torrents have their birth, miners were rending the soil, breaking the rocks, and searching for hidden treasure. The boys pressed on.

But days passed before the emigrants, with their single yoke of cattle, and often delayed by swamps, and by getting on false trails, reached the base of the Sierra. It was now late in September, and the nights were cool. While on the high ridges west of the Great Desert, they had had a touch of cold weather. Ice had formed outside of the tent on more than one night; and, inside, the boys had shivered under their blankets and buffalo skins, though the days were hot. But here was fuel.

Here, too, at the foot of the mountains, they found a ranch, or farm, the tiller of which had steadily refused to be charmed away by tales of gold discoveries on the other side of the wall of mountains.

He leaned on his rail fence and eyed the vast procession of emigrants with a cynical air. The boys almost envied him the possession of such a trim little farm; for, though it was rude and straggling, it looked like a home, a haven of rest, after their long march in the desert and wilderness. They felt, for the first time, that they were ragged, uncouth, toil-stained, and vagabondish in appearance. Here was a man wearing a white shirt, or one that had once been white; and a woman stood in the door-way, with knitting-work in her hands. It was a domestic picture, and in sharp contrast to emigrant life on the plains.

"Oh, you're bound to the gold-diggin's, you be?" he said, with an unpleasant leer. "Wal, now, I've heerd that men were makin' wages over there—day wages jest—and flour at twenty dollars a hundred. But boys—wal, now, this gets me! Boys? No wages yonder fur boys, you jest bet yer life!"

"Don't you worry yourself, old man," retorted Hi, who always did the rude joking of the party. "We'll come back next week and buy out your shebang, boys or no boys, wages or no wages."

"Got any vegetables to sell?" asked Barney, civilly.

"Vegetables! Stranger, look a-there!" said the ranchero, pointing to a patch of ground well dug over. "D'y'e see that there patch? Wal, that there patch was full of corn and taters. Corn don't do well here; too cold and short seasons. But this year them crazy critters that hev been pilin' over the mountains hev carried off every stalk and blade and ear. What they did n't beg, they stole; and what was n't growed, was carried off half-growed."

"Stole your crop?"

"That's about the size of it. I'm from Michigan, I am, and was brought up reg'lar; but I jest laid out in that corn-field, nights, with a double-barrel shot-gun, untel there wa' n't no corn for me to hide in. Stole? Why, them pesky gold-hunters would hev carried the ground away from under my feet, if they'd a-wanted it. Smart fellers, they be!"

"Why don't you go on and try your luck in the mines?" asked Barnard, who, with Mont and Arty, had lingered behind, hoping that they might buy a few fresh vegetables.

"So far as I've heerd tell, there's no luck there. Here and there a chunk, but nothin' stiddy. The mines hev gi'n out; they've been givin' out ever since they were struck, and now they've gi'n out clean."

"And are you going to stay here and farm it?" asked Barney.

"Young feller,"—and here the rough-faced

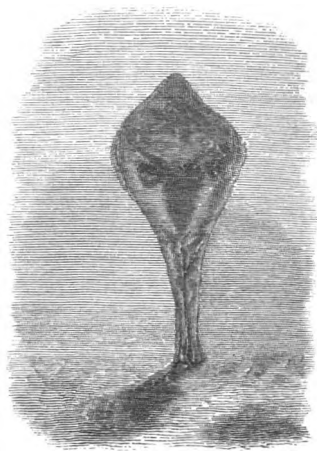
ranchero put on a most sagacious air,—“ranchin' here is better than gold-diggin' over yender. Here I stay. That there's my wife, Susan; that's Susan's River yender, and this here's Susanville, now hear me.”

"And you find farming profitable, although the emigrants steal your crop?"

"Wal, young feller," he said to Mont, "you're a sort of civil-spoken chap; seein' it's you, I'll sell you a few taters for a dollar a pound."

The boys bought two pounds of potatoes and went on, alarmed at their first great extravagance.

"Never mind," said Rose, when they told him of their purchase. "You'll have no more chance to buy potatoes after this. Reckon you might as well get yer fust and last taste of 'em now."



THE PHANTOM COW.

Camping at night in the forests of the Sierra was like being in paradise. No more sand, no more sage-brush, no more brackish or hot water in the rivulets. Gigantic pines stretched far up into the star-lit sky. Ice-cold streams fell over the mountain-side. The cattle lay down to rest in nooks carpeted with rich grass. The boys built a tremendous fire in the midst of their camp, piling on the abundant fuel in very wantonness, as they remembered how lately they had been obliged to economize handfuls of dry grass and weeds in their little camp-stove.

This was luxury and comfort unspeakable; and as they basked in the cheerful light and heat, Hi said: "I allow I'd just as soon stay here forever. The gold-mines are a fool to this place."

Barney poked the glowing fire, which was kindled against a mighty half-dead pine, and said: "Who votes this is a good place to stay in?"

There was a chorus of laughing "I's" about the fire, as the boys lounged in every comfortable attitude possible. At that, there was a horrible roar from the pine-tree by the fire, and from the midst of the curling flames suddenly appeared a huge creature, which bounded through the blaze, scattered the brands in all directions, broke up the circle of loungers, who fled in all directions, knocked over little Johnny, and disappeared down the side of the mountain, with a savage growl.

The boys stared at each other in blank amazement, and with some terror.

"An elephant!"

"A tiger!"

"A catamount!"

"A grizzly bear!"

"It was a bear! I felt his fur as he scabbled over me!" said Johnny, with a scared face and his teeth chattering.

Just then, there was a shot down the mountain in the direction in which the monster had gone crashing through the underbrush. Then another, and another shot sounded. Everybody ran. They came up with two or three men from a neighboring camp, running in the same direction. Reaching a little hollow in the wood, they found two emigrants examining a confused dark heap on the ground.

"What is it?" cried the new-comers.

"A b'ar," said one of the men, taking out his knife and making ready to skin the animal. "Heerd him crashin' through the brush and let him have it."

"A grizzly?" asked Tom.

"No, a cinnamon, I allow," said the other man, striking a light for his pipe, before he began to help his comrade.

Johnny, who had not quite recovered from his fright, looked at the bronzed face of the emigrant, illuminated as it was for a moment by the flaming match, and exclaimed:

"Bill Bunce!"

"Hello! my little kid," said the fellow, unconcernedly. "Whar've yer bin this long back?"

Johnny was too much astonished to reply, and Mont, with some severity of manner, said:

"This is the boy you abandoned on the Mississippi River, is it not, Bunce?"

"Well now, stranger, I allow you are too many for me. My understandin' was that he throwed off on me. Say, pard," he continued, addressing his mate, "just yank him over on his back. There now, this skin's wuth savin'. He's fat, he is; must weigh nigh onto three hundred."

The boys went back to their camp-fire very discontentedly. After all, there was nothing to be done. They might have accused him of attempting to steal Old Jim.

"Well, we've got our baked potatoes, anyhow," grumbled Barney, as he raked two dollars' worth of that useful vegetable out of the ashes.

Later, while they were debating as to what they might demand of Bill Bunce, when they should see him again, the comrade of that mysterious person appeared by the camp-fire with a huge bear-steak.

"With Mr. Bunce's compliments," he said, with a grin. "It was your bear, like, as it mought be; came outen your back-log," and the stranger disappeared.

"Cheeky," said Barney.

"Now, a b'ar-steak is not to be sneezed at. We'll have a jaw with that Bunce feller to-morrow," said Hi, surveying the welcome fresh meat with great gratification.

But, next day, when the boys awoke at sunrise, and surveyed the neighboring camping-grounds, no trace of Bill Bunce's party was to be found. They had "lit out" early in the dawning, a good-natured emigrant informed them.

On the second day after this adventure, the party reached a narrow ridge, the summit of the gap in the Sierra over which they were passing. They had toiled up a steep incline, winding among rocks and forests. Here was a descent too steep for any team to be driven down. Yet the road pitched over this tremendous incline, and they saw the tracks of wagons that had just gone on ahead.

"See here," said Mont, who had been spying about. "Here are marks on the trees, as if ropes had been slipped around them. They have let the wagons down this inclined plane by ropes."

"But where are the ropes for us? And how do they get the cattle down? Slide 'em?" asked Barney.

"I don't know where our ropes are to be got," replied Morse. "But you can see the tracks of the cattle in the underbrush. They have been driven down that way."

It was a dilemma. They could hardly urge the cattle up the steep slope on the eastern side. There was not room enough for two teams to stand on top, and westward the ridge dropped away sharply, like the smooth roof of a house, for several hundred feet.

"Oh, here comes the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!" said Mont. "He has a coil of rope." And the sad-faced Messer came urging his cattle up the hill. The situation was explained to him.

"Yes, I allow I've heerd tell of this yere place," he said, "and powerful bad sleddin' hit is. Now, how d' yer allow to get down?"

Barnard explained to him how other people must have gone down. The rope was produced from Messer's wagon, one end made fast to the hinder

axle of a wagon. Then a turn was taken about a tree, and some of the party carefully steadied the vehicle down the hill, while the others held the rope taut, and let it slip around the tree-trunk, as the wagon slid slowly down. The oxen and loose cattle were driven over by a roundabout way through the brush. Poor old Tige at once lay down on reaching the valley below, and Arthur almost wept as the sick creature staggered to his feet and struggled on after the train, when they had crossed the divide and yoked up on the western side of the range.

Passing through "Devil's Corral," a curious, huge bowl of rocks, set up like a gigantic wall about a grassy hollow, the party camped on the margin of a magnificent meadow. Here was a flat valley, filled with springs and rank with grass and herbage. A pure stream circled about its edge, and, like a wall, a tall growth of pines and firs shut it in all about. The forest which sloped down this enchanted spot was aromatic with gums and balsams, and multitudes of strange birds filled the air.

In this lavish plenty, the boys camped for two days, in order that the tired cattle might be rested. It seemed as if this abundant grass and sparkling water would restore Tige's health, if anything could. Arty carefully tended the poor beast. But he was filled with forebodings, and, rising early in the morning after their first night in the valley, went out to look after his favorite. Johnny was up before him, and came toward Arty, dashing something from his eyes with his brown fist.

"Well?" said Arthur, with a little quiver in his voice.

"He's all swelled up," sobbed the boy.

Arthur ran down into the meadow. The little black steer was lying cold and stiff. Tige's journey was done.

There was lamentation in the camp, and the sad-faced Missourian, who had camped with Capt. Rose and the boys, said, with the deepest melancholy:

"Such luck! Wish I had n't a-come!"

From this point, many emigrants dropped out to the north and south, and some pressed on to the

westward, striking for the rich mines said to exist on the edge of the Sacramento Valley.

The news was good. More than that, it was intoxicating. Men raced about as if they had a fever in their bones. The wildest stories of gold-finds floated among the camps, faces grew sharp with anxiety and covetousness, and mysterious murmurs of robberies and darker crimes began to fill the air. The boys were on the edge of the gold diggings. The wildness and lawlessness came up from the whirl beneath like faint echoes into these peaceful old forest solitudes.

On the last day of September, the boy emigrants mounted Chapparral Hill. Mont, Arty, and Barnard, climbing a peak near by, looked off on a golden valley, rolling far to the west, sparkling with streams and checkered with patches of timber. Westward, a misty mountain wall of blue melted into the pale sky. Nearer, a range of purple peaks rose, like a floating island in the midst of a yellow sea. This was the valley of the Sacramento, with the Coast Range in the distance and the Sutter Buttes in the midst. Beyond all, but unseen, rolled the Pacific.

The wagons crept over Chapparral Hill and halted by a group of canvas and log houses. Some uncouth-looking men were loitering about the camp. Beyond, by a creek, others were shoveling soil into a long wooden trough, in which water was running. Others were wading, waist deep, in the stream.

There was an odor of fried bacon in the air, and the sinking sun shone red over the camp-fires, where the men were cooking their supper.

"How's the diggings?" asked Capt. Rose of a tall fellow, who was lying at full length on the ground, and teasing a captive magpie.

"Slim," was the reply.

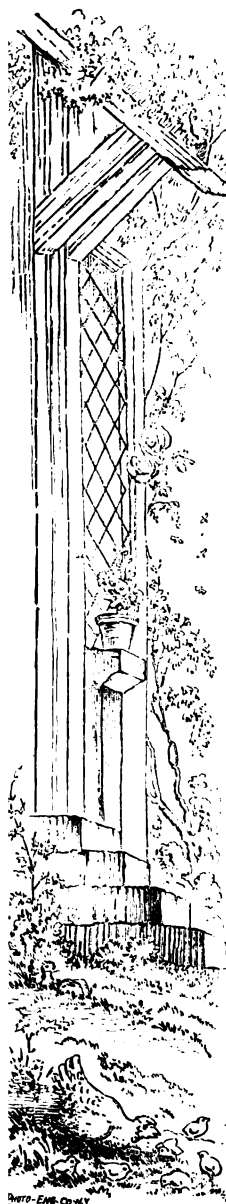
"Well, I reckon we'll stop here for the present. Claims all taken up?"

"Thar's room enough;" and the miner laughed as he went on playing with the bird.

The boys, somewhat dejected, drove down by "the branch," unyoked their cattle, and set up their tent.

This was the Golden Land.

(To be continued.)



A JUNE MORNING LESSON.

BY JULIA M. DANA.

Twice one are two :
Prairie roses, blushing through
My window—all aglow with dew.
Twice one are two.

Twice two are four :
Bees a-humming round the door—
Calling others by the score.
Twice two are four.

Twice three are six :
Pansy-beds their colors mix ;
See the mother-hen and chicks.
Twice three are six.

Twice four are eight :
Gorgeous butterflies, elate,
Dancing, poising, delicate.
Twice four are eight.

Twice five are ten :
Sweetest strains from yonder glen,
Echoed o'er and o'er again.
Twice five are ten.

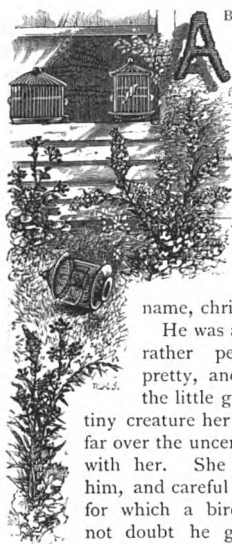
Twice six are twelve :
Merry maidens of the year—
Some in snowy gowns appear,
Some in gold and silver sheen ;
Yet the fairest is, I ween,
Dainty June, in pink and green.



WILLIE'S WONDERFUL FLIGHT.

(A True Incident.)

BY CELIA THAXTER.



ABOUT thirteen years ago there lived in Jamaica Plain, near Boston, two little girls who each had a canary-bird. The grandfather of these children lived in Fayal, and had sent from that distant island her bird to the eldest girl a short time before my story begins. May, for that was her

name, christened him Willie.

He was a green and yellow bird, rather peculiarly marked, very pretty, and he sang sweetly, and the little girl was very fond of the tiny creature her grandfather had sent so far over the uncertain sea to find a home with her. She was kind and good to him, and careful he should lack nothing for which a bird might wish; so I do not doubt he grew very fond of her, and was as happy as he could be. But

into that pleasant home the war of the Rebellion brought its inevitable sorrow, and May's father joining the army, the household was broken up, and the family went to New York for the winter. Before going, May wrote to me asking if I would keep Willie for her till the spring, when they hoped to return. Of course I was glad to do so, and Willie was brought from Jamaica Plain to Newton one day in late autumn. His cage was covered with brown paper, so that he might not be alarmed at all the unaccustomed confusion about him; he was taken in the cars to Boston, and from Boston brought out to Newton in another train of cars, and at last deposited safely in my hands. I took the paper off the cage and hung it up at one of the four windows of my sunny parlor, already cheerful with birds and flowers, and Willie looked about him with bright black eyes surveying his new surroundings. It was a pleasant place, where the sun shone all day. He saw a robin and a song-sparrow at one window, a yellow canary at another, and still another bird, with dusky plumage like his own, stood in the middle of the flower-stand in a bower of green. All about the windows ivies and smilax were climbing, nasturtiums and geraniums blossomed brightly, and

every plant bloomed and spread gay leaves of freshest green to make a summer in the place when winter should storm without. I think he missed his dear little May at first, but he soon grew accustomed to the change and seemed quite content. A cherry-tree stood close to the window inside which his cage was hung, and to the boughs of this tree I was in the habit of tying mutton and beef bones to feed the wild birds when the snow was on the ground. How he used to watch them when they came! Sometimes the tree seemed alive with pretty woodpeckers, chickadees, and Canada sparrows with red brown caps, and handsome, screaming jays, resplendent in brilliant blue. I wondered what he thought about them, but apparently he was not troubled with many thoughts. He ate, and drank, and sang his prettiest for me, till at last, the winter ended, the final snow-storm flung us a bitter good-bye; the strong sun unlocked the frozen earth, the grass crept out, and the world grew glad and glorious again. The outside windows were taken off, and all day long, when the sun shone, the inner ones stood wide open with the cages close together on the sills, shaded now by vines which grew outside, and touched by long sprays of pink flowering-almond that waved in the warm wind. Every night before sunset I took the birds in and hung them up in their places. One afternoon I went as usual to take care of my pets. What was my distress to find Willie's cage missing! Half afraid lest I should see some prowling cat in the act of devouring him, I looked out of the window. There on the ground lay the empty cage, with the door open. How my heart sank at the sight! May's little bird, which she had intrusted to my care, was gone. Though we did not own a cat, our neighbors did, and how could I be sure that one of the stealthy creatures had not found its way to the birds and selected my dear guest to destroy! I was in despair; fond as I was of my pets, I would gladly have sacrificed all the rest could I have brought back that one which had been intrusted to me. I knew the family had returned to Jamaica Plain, and only the day before I had said to myself that I was glad Willie was in such good condition to return to May. And there lay the open cage and he was gone! Very sad and sorry, I sat down to write to the little girl that she would never see her dear bird again.

Now happened a wonderful thing.

I sent my letter, but before it reached its desti-

nation that little bird had arrived in its old home, and was safe in May's possession again! He flew straight from Newton to Jamaica Plain, a distance of ten miles as the crow flies, and entered at the nursery window where of old his cage had hung. It was Willie himself, there was no mistaking the bird.

Now, was it not amazing that he should find his way with such unerring certainty across the wide and varying country, to that town, to that house, to that window? When his cage fell off my window ledge to the ground, and the door sprang open with the shock and set him free, how did he instantly know which way to fly to reach his former home? What told him to select a course due south-east instead of any other point of the compass? For the world was all before him, where to choose. Evidently he lost no time, for he arrived at his destination toward nightfall the next day. The children heard him fluttering at the window that night, but, supposing it some wild bird, took no notice of him. So he lingered without, and when in the morning the window was thrown open, swiftly the little wanderer flew in and perched on the cage of the other canary, which hung where he used to see it before he was carried to Newton.

Now, how *did* that little bird find out the way over woods and fields, and hills and dales, and many a town and group of houses? How could he be so wise as to select Jamaica Plain from all the places he must have passed over? Though he had lived there he had never really seen it, you know, and he was brought to Newton by the way of Boston, with his cage covered close with brown paper. Then, among all the houses, how did he find the house where little May lived? What led him straight to that nursery window? Of whom could he have inquired the way? To think that this tiny tuft of feathers should carry a spark of intelligence so divine, so far beyond the power of man's subtlest thought! Through the trackless air he found his way without hesitation or difficulty; his frail and delicate wings bore him safely across all those weary miles, and he entered contentedly the cage prepared for him, and dwelt there peacefully the rest of his little life.

Well may we look with wonder on everything that exists on this wonderful earth, and that a canary-bird can, in one sense, be so much *wiser* than the wisest man that ever lived, is not the least astonishing thing among many marvels.



MABEL'S MAIDS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

"O FAIRY GOD-MA! I do want"—

Said Mabel to her own dear Aunt—

"I want a little Maid,

To wash and dress me, with me play.

And mend my clothes, and—but you'll say

That's lazy, I'm afraid.

"But see! this button's off again;

And on my hand there is a stain—

It is not dirt, I'm sure.

Oh dear! there is so much to do:

Dear Fairy God-Ma! cannot you

A little Maid procure?"

"One's not enough for all you want,
My Mabel!" said the Fairy Aunt:

"At least some eight or ten

Your needs require. Well, well, we'll see.

Be a good girl and trust to me,

And you shall have them, then.

"Say, Mabel! ten smart little elves
Like those in the books upon your shelves—
I think I know a few—
To brush your hair, to wash your hands,
And do what now poor Aunt demands
So many times of you."

"How nice!" said Mabel. "Will they stay?
You're sure they will not run away?
Will they be always good?"
Said Aunt: "They'll stay, and every hour
They'll grow more clever, have more power
To do the things you would."

"That is, dear, if you use them well:
Else you may break the fairy spell.
Now look! we have not far
To go for them. At my first call
The little Maids come, one and all."
"Why, these my fingers are!"

"Well, Mabel! are not they enough
For your small doings, smooth or rough,
These cunning little elves?
I guess they'll help. And, my own Mabel!
Once set to work, you'll find them able
To do it all themselves."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOY EMIGRANTS."

AT last ST. NICHOLAS can answer, and answer truly, the often-asked question, How does Mr. Brooks look?—for on the next page is his picture, taken from the life.

"Tell us all about him, dear ST. NICHOLAS," write the girls. "Where does he live?" ask the boys. "Did he really go to California by the overland route, years ago? Is he Arthur? Is he Mont? Who is he?"

Noah Brooks was born in the quaint old-fashioned town of Castine, Maine, in 1830. His father was of a well-known Massachusetts family, a ship-builder by trade, in the palmy days when the seaport towns of Maine were enlivened by the sound of the ax and mallet. It is quite likely that this Brooks lad, loitering about his father's ship-yard, and on the wharves, beaches, and rocky ledges of Castine, absorbed some of the romance of the sea and shore which since have appeared in his writings. He was left an orphan at the age of eight years, and was kept at the homestead by his elder sisters. Leaving school when eighteen years old, he went to Boston, where he studied drawing and painting; but, as this did not quite suit him, he, after awhile, drifted into new work, as a newspaper correspondent and writer.

In 1854, Mr. Brooks, then twenty-four years old, went to Illinois, where he engaged in business, but very soon, with an intimate friend and companion, he struck out for the Far West. The two young fellows took up a claim in the extreme western part of the then Territory of Kansas, but beyond hunting buffalo and winged game, nothing seems to have come of their visionary scheme of making their fortune as "settlers." The Kansas

experiment having failed, the two friends moved on toward California. After returning to Illinois for an outfit, they started from Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the overland emigrant route. There were many changes in the original party, but five finally began the trip. Of these, one true, faithful friend of young Brooks did not survive to reach California. His tragical death by drowning in the river Platte, near Fort Laramie, was a painful disaster to the little company. Otherwise the journey went prosperously on, and the young emigrants seemed to have had a good time.

The story of "The Boy Emigrants" is understood to be a faithful relation of life on the Plains and in the California gold mines. Many of the adventures of the young travelers, as told in this realistic tale, actually happened to Mr. Brooks's party, or under their own eyes, and from the notebooks of the author have been drawn the materials for the story, as well as for some of its illustrations; and almost all of the characters introduced are real people who crossed the Plains with the young emigrants.

Arriving in California, Mr. Brooks and his companions, as was the free-and-easy custom in those days, engaged in any pursuit which appeared most in demand. Mr. Brooks very soon returned to newspaper work, and in partnership with B. P. Avery, whose recent death in Pekin, where he was United States Minister, may be known to some of our readers, he established a daily newspaper, *The Appeal*. This was at Marysville, originally the "Nye's Ranch" of "The Boy Emigrants." In 1862, just after the sudden death of his wife and an infant child (for he had been married in 1856),

Mr. Brooks sold out his newspaper interest, and accepted the position of Washington correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, an influential California paper.

His letters during the war, signed "Castine," gained for him a wide and very favorable reputation in California and the adjoining States and Territories. It is pleasant to see now that some of the California newspapers, noticing "The Boy Emigrants" in ST. NICHOLAS, refer to the author as the "Castine" of those old days.

In Washington, Mr. Brooks renewed a former acquaintance with President Lincoln, who offered

him had been writing for the magazines. He was one of the little band of writers whose pens were engaged in the early numbers of the *Overland Monthly*, a magazine edited by Bret Harte. Mr. Brooks supplied stories, sketches, book reviews, and other work demanded by the lively young magazine, meantime superintending the publication of a semi-monthly newspaper for young folks.

In 1871, Mr. Brooks left California and came to New York, where he became one of the editors of the *New York Tribune*. Two years ago, he transferred his services to the *Times*, in which journal he is now engaged as an editorial writer. Since



NOAH BROOKS.

him the appointment of Private Secretary, when the gentleman then filling that office was about to go abroad as Consul at Paris. This offer was accepted, but, before the change could be made, the good President was assassinated.

Immediately after this, Mr. Brooks returned to California, having been commissioned Naval Officer of the port of San Francisco. He occupied this office about a year and a half, when he was removed during the political excitement which President Johnson's administration created. Mr. Brooks returned to his newspaper work with great zest, and until 1871 was the managing editor of a San Francisco paper, the *Alta California*. All this while he

Mr. Brooks has been in New York, he has frequently contributed to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*, some of its most powerful stories being from his pen; and the young folks who read ST. NICHOLAS have known him almost ever since they have known the magazine. Sometimes in ST. NICHOLAS Mr. Brooks hides away under a *nom de plume*, but the boys soon find him out, for they know his touches. "The Boy Emigrants" has gained him hosts of young friends and admirers, both here and on the other side of the ocean; and, as already intimated, this brief sketch is a response to many letters the burden of which is,— "Please tell us about Noah Brooks."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

JUST after the middle of June, one hundred and one years ago, a battle was fought in New England; and on the same day of the month, fifty years afterward, a great American orator stood on the old battle-ground and told its story. The reason I mention these facts is that, on the 17th of June, the Deacon has promised to read that very oration to the boys of the red school-house. Should *you* like to read it on the same day, my patriotic youngsters? Then look for the "Address of Daniel Webster, delivered at Bunker Hill on the seventeenth of June, 1825."

PROF. GOBBA'S EXPERIMENT.

I CANNOT tell you how many girls and boys have tried Professor Gobba's experiment, of which I told you in February St. NICHOLAS. Dozens and dozens have astonished themselves and their friends with their success, and I dare say the flowers have been more astonished still. One little chap turned a pink primrose green and a white carnation yellow. The latest experimenter, a little Southern girl, writes: "I tried the aqua ammonia, dear Jack, and it turned a blue hyacinth into a green one, and a pink one into a yellow one, and a piece of white spiræa into lemon-color. I tried a bunch of wild violets, and they became green; some of the flowers of the Judas-tree or red-bud became a pale sea-green. We have a great many flowers in bloom now,—such as violets, red-bud, yellow jasmine, saffras, and wild plums."

THE LEAF OF LIFE.

THERE'S a certain curious member of the plant family, very common in Jamaica, I'm informed, called the life plant, or leaf of life, because it is almost impossible to kill the leaves. You may cut one off, and hang it up by a thread, where any

ordinary leaf would be discouraged, and dry up. It will send out long, white, thread-like roots, and set about growing new leaves. You may cut off half a leaf, and throw it into a tight box, where it can get neither light nor moisture (necessaries of life to other plants); the spirited little leaf puts out its delicate roots all the same. Even pressed, and packed away in a botanist's herbarium,—the very driest and duldest place you ever *did* see,—it will keep up its work, throw out roots and new leaves, and actually grow out of its covers! I'm told that botanists who want to dry this pertinacious vegetable are obliged to kill it with a hot iron or with boiling water.

TRUE TALKING.

I THOUGHT, at first, Deacon Green was lecturing the young fellows; but no, he was reading, and reading with a certain look upon his face,—half stern, half sorrowful,—that showed very plainly how much in earnest he was. He told the boys that the writer's name was John Ruskin. Some other deacon, I suppose.

This is what he read, word for word:

In general I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth," indugently; I would infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for willfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.

EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE.

CHILDREN, and grown people, in Africa think it quite a dreadful thing to eat an egg, and some of them would rather be severely punished than to drink cow's milk, yet one and all are very fond of a cake made of ants!

These ants, I believe, are called Ter, ter— It's very strange, now, that I cannot remember that word; it's ter—something, though, and may be some of you may be able to find it out.

TOO MUCH SUCCESS.

TOO much success is sometimes as bad as defeat. "How's that, Mr. Jack," do you say? Well. I'll tell you a true story, and then you shall think the matter over and find your own answer:

Last spring a colony of crow blackbirds occupied the evergreen trees in a neighboring yard. Among the earliest of our spring arrivals, their noisy chattering usually mingles with the song of the robin, and the mellow music of the blue-bird, and they begin to prepare for housekeeping, while both robin and blue bird are shivering with the cold. Even before the winter's snow had gone from the north side of the fences, they had been busily carrying straw, sticks and string to the trees. May-day came, finding the ground white and frozen; but

the sun was riding too high for such weather to last, and my black chatters were soon hard at work again measuring and weighing their treasures, with that busy strut which makes the crow black-bird a character in his way. Watching them, I saw one seize a long rag, the tail of a last year's kite, perhaps, and take the usual step or two before flying. The rag was stretched to its full length, and one end was frozen into the dirt. The bird pulled lightly at first, then gave harder jerks, and, finally, began pulling with all his might, bracing himself backward like a boy tugging at some high, tightly set weed. At last the end of the rag loosened, and, as it suddenly yielded, the bird dropped squarely on its back, kicking in fine style. He arose ashamed or astonished at the mishap, and flew away leaving the rag behind.

Is n't it sometimes true, then, that too much success is as bad as defeat?

A HORN-BOOK.

HAVE you a school-book there under your arm, my boy? Well, there's a tradition in my family that little folks used to learn their letters from a horn-book. A curious-looking thing it was, too, I've heard. A frame something like that of a small slate, with a handle on one end, and where the slate should be, a piece of paper, with letters and figures on it, all nicely covered up from meddling little fingers, with a sheet of very thin horn,—so thin that the letters showed through. No pictures,—no nice little stories like "The Cat can Run," or those in your old primer; no gayly colored big letters with "A was an Archer," to tempt the very babies to learn. Nothing but the alphabet, and figures. Sometimes they contained a verse of a pretty hymn, or perhaps a copy of the Lord's Prayer, but this was not very common. Yet the youngsters in those times did learn to read, I've heard; and they went through some pretty hard books, too.

[The Little Schoolma'am sends a picture of a horn-book of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and if the editors will kindly copy it I shall be much obliged.]

CURIOUS LETTERS.

SPEAKING of old times—curious letter sheets the ancient Romans used to have! It was n't paper at all, I'm told, but a pair of ivory leaves, held together with hinges, like the slates some of you school-boys carry. The inside was thinly coated with wax, and the letter was written with some sharp implement. One could write a letter on the wax, tie it up, seal it, and send it to a friend. When it was read, the writing could be rubbed out with a knife, or any smooth, flat thing, and then it was ready to use again. I fancy people did n't write many letters in those days.

MORE ABOUT THE WOODPECKERS.

Santa Cruz, California.
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Happening to-day to take up St. Nicholas of last November, I read aloud "How certain Woodpeckers Pack their Trunks," and we all thought Jennie Lanier, of Northoff, Cal., had told it very well, but had not waited or watched to find out the whole story. May I tell it to your young folks?

The California woodpecker is a stock-grower, and raises his own fresh meat. He sticks the tree full of acorns, to be sure; and, by and by, the acorns are all lively with worms, and then it is that he reaps the rich reward of his toil.

We have been told that the blue jay often helps at the business. Boss Woodpecker drills the hole, and if the blue jay is not at hand with an acorn to fit it, the brisk little workman screams out in loud, sharp tones, as if scolding the lazy blue jay.

Whether this partnership extends to the harvest season, we have not yet learned. Some sharp-eyed little Jennie must find that out for us.

MARY JAMISON LOCKE.

Here is still further evidence, from a Chicago girl:

As to woodpeckers "packing their trunks," some years since, a friend, who is a great enthusiast in natural history, and has noticed the habits of birds, told me of this practice of the woodpeckers; but he said that it is for the sake of the worms which, after a sufficiently long time, will inhabit them, that the acorns are so carefully packed away, where they can easily be found when wanted. It may be that the woodpeckers like the meat of the acorn also; but what wonderful instinct it is that teaches them thus cunningly to plan for their winter food!

SUSY H. WELLES.



A HORN-BOOK OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

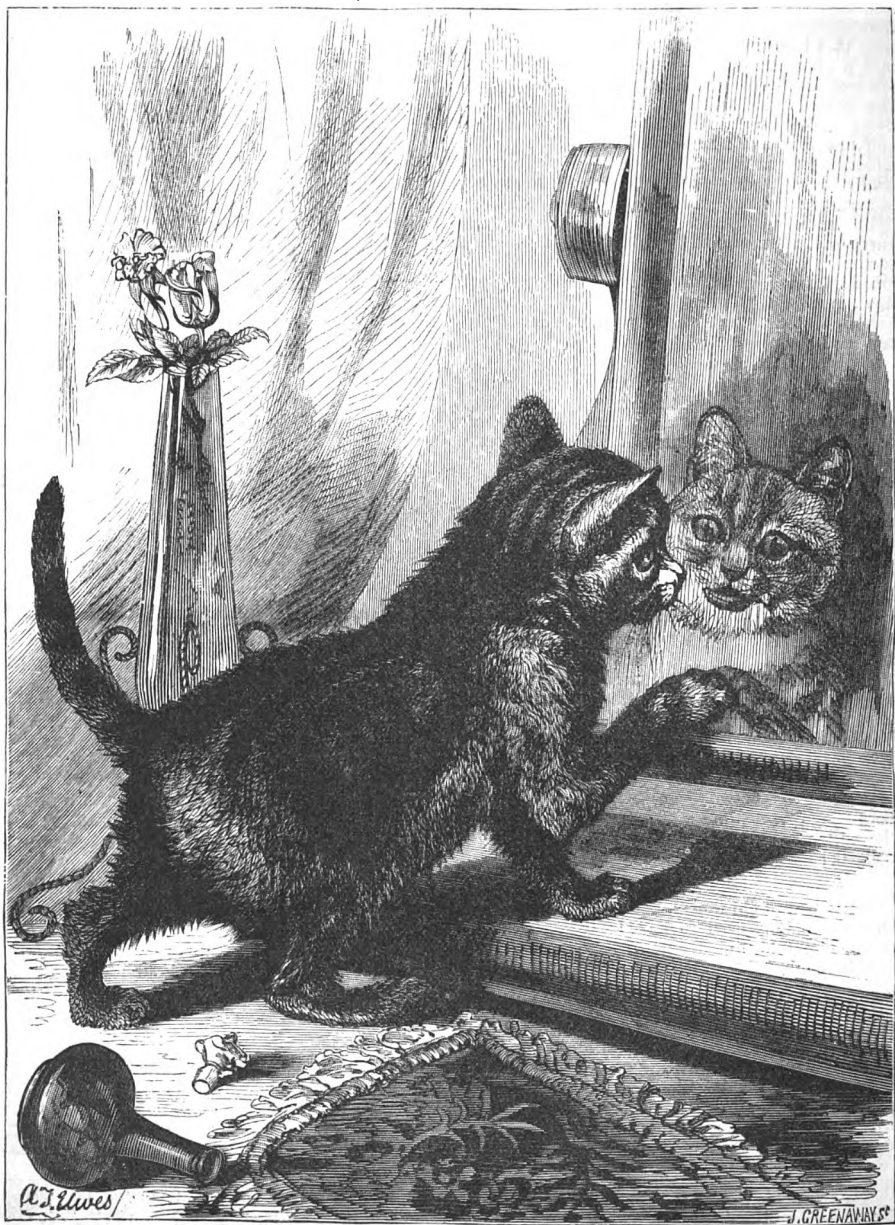
SAND-WRITING IN INDIA.

THIS letter from a Baltimore girl will interest you, especially after hearing about the horn-book and the wax writing-tables, of which your Jack tells you this month:

DEAR JACK: I have been reading a very interesting book that tells about schools in India, and I thought the information well worth sending to you. These schools must be curious affairs. A village school is held under a large spreading tree, where the soil is all sand. About thirty or forty boys sit around in a circle, and the master stands in the middle, with his rod in his hand. He gives out a question in spelling or arithmetic, and all the scholars answer together, each boy writing the word in the sand with his fingers; and when done, springing to his feet, raising his right hand to his forehead, and making a bow, to indicate that he is ready for another question.

Even in universities, where young men are taught, they sit in circles on the floor, cross-legged,—hundreds of them. The professors stand before them, so as to teach several circles at once. Each student has a book, and studies the text out aloud, swinging back and forth, and all do this at once! It sounds like Babel.—Yours,

H. M.



"WELL, YOU STRANGE CAT!—NOT A WORD FROM YOU YET?"

WHAT KITTIKIN SAID TO THE KITTEN IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MIAOU! What sort of a kitten do you call yourself, I wonder!—and where are your manners, I should like to know? Here have I been standing for a quarter of an hour, saying all the pretty things I can think of to you, and not so much as a purr can I get in reply. It is very rude, too, to mock me in that way, and imitate everything I do. My mother has always taught me to be polite to strangers; but perhaps you have n't any mother, poor thing! and never learned any manners. It is a pity, for you are a good-looking kitten,—something like me, in fact, only not so pretty. Miss Jenny, my mistress, said yesterday that I was the prettiest kitten in the world—and of course she knows, for she goes to school and learns lessons out of a book. I thought awhile ago that I should like to go to school too, and learn lessons. So one day I started to follow Miss Jenny up the lane; but a great ugly monster of a dog barked at me, and frightened me out of my wits. So then I thought I would learn to read too; and as all the reading is in books, I thought the best way would be to eat one. But before I had eaten half a leaf, Miss Jenny came in, and she took away the book and called me a naughty kitten, and mother boxed my ears and sent me to bed without any supper; so after that I decided that reading was not good for kittens.

Well, you strange cat!—not a word from you yet? Come now, do be good-natured and come out from behind that window. Such a grand frolic as we might have together! My brother Tom was given away last week. He jumped up on the breakfast-table, and upset the cream-jug all over my mistress's new dress; and she said, "That comes of having so many cats about! One of them must go to-day"—and so Tom went.

Well, I cannot waste my time here any longer, for there is nothing to be got out of you but rudeness. I shall never come to see you again. And of all the ugly, rude, disagreeable kittens I ever saw —

There! See what you've done! You made me so mad that I've knocked over Miss Jenny's beautiful blue and gold smelling-bottle, that her grandpapa gave her on Christmas!

There! it has rolled off the dressing-table and broken into bits. Oh! I'm sure I'll get no supper to-night; and—oh dear—what *shall* I do if mother boxes my ears again! . . . Oh! oh! You've knocked off your bottle, too! My! wont you get whipped, though!

VIOLETS.

Words by "ALBA" (From "Little Folk Songs").

Music by F. BOETT.

Allegretto.

1. Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from the
2. Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your eyes, Do you not hear all the

mf

un - der the eaves; The great sun shines warm, and the sky is all blue, My sis - ter and I are
bus - tle and noise Of the lit - tle nest build - ers at work o - ver - head, While the cuck - oo is call - ing, "Make

wait - ing for you. So o - pen your leaves like good flow - ers, do! So o - pen your leaves now like
me, too, a bed." Yet there you lie sleep - ing as if you were dead, Yet there you lie sleep - ing as

good flow - ers, do!..... Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from
if you were dead! Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from

rallén..... f a tempo. dim.

un - der the eaves.
un - der the eaves.

f dim.

enter, he will probably come toward you, slowly and with a kind of listless swagger, until within six feet of you, when he will halt and look steadily at you for a few moments, as if to fix your image in his mind, or perhaps to satisfy himself—who knows?—that your purposes are innocent and praiseworthy. And then, after this careful inspection, he will wheel around as listlessly as ever, and return to his old place beside the stove.

"Such, at least, was the way that he welcomed me when I first saw him. I went to the store, at the request of a friend, with the single purpose of seeing the dog, and was standing idly by the counter, when I suddenly became conscious of a gleam like that which dazzles us in the reflection of a ray of light from a bit of mirror. Looking downward, I perceived that it came from Snyder's eyes, which were fixed strongly and steadily on mine. He had two heavy door-keys in his mouth (which seemed large enough to hold a dozen more), and, having approached me unperceived, was standing there in his usual way, gazing up at me from out his saucy ugliness. His look, half-careless, half-defiant, was this time rendered laughably serious and important by the two keys dangling from his jaws. He was evidently an officious and suspicious janitor; but after the usual time of searching scrutiny, he turned away, satisfied, apparently, that I was worthy of no further notice—a compliment which I should certainly have returned but for the action of the clerk, who suddenly stooped, and, snatching the keys from Snyder's mouth, placed them on a shelf as high as one's head.

"This interference transformed the dog into a state of restless activity, which engaged all eyes. He first began to whine as if entreating the restoration of his stolen property; then gave a few sharp and sudden barks of indignation; and, finally, became silent, as he began a curious gyration, wheeling gradually around in a circle, and scanning intently everything within range of his eyes. He was evidently measuring his chances and searching for his means; and the latter he was not long in finding, for there, about twenty feet away, stood the book-keeper's stool, which, being then vacant, was as much his property as anybody's. And so he thought, indeed, for in an instant what should he do but rush forward to that stool (which was heavy enough to have broken his back if it had fallen on him, but which he, being a very wiry little fellow, was quite able and determined to manage); and what should he do next but drag it slowly forward toward the shelf, holding to the round with one foot, and moving at an awkward but very steady gait upon the other three. And then, as we stood watching the sly fellow and wondering if he would succeed, on he drew the stool until quite near the shelf, and up he went with a bound: till at last, seated upon three legs, he stretched out the remaining paw toward his treasures, in a way so eager but vain (since the stool was not yet near enough), so serious but utterly comical,

that the tenderest and hardest-hearted must have laughed alike at his ambitious pawing of the empty air.

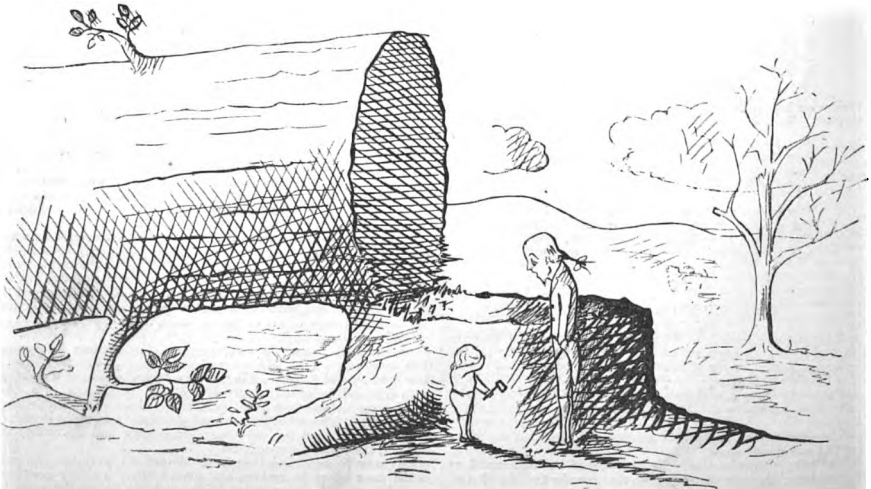
"It was a sorry grief to Snyder to see that he had erred in calculation; but he jumped down from his pedestal and moved it nearer, keeping all the time a wary eye upon the clerk, who did not interfere a second time. And then, a moment after, there was the little hero on the stool again; and there was his paw stretched anxiously and tremulously forward, as if he were afraid that some accident might happen even yet; and there, just below the shelf, and ready to receive the keys as they should drop, was his great yawning mouth; and there, finally, were the keys themselves, caught beautifully between his teeth, and with a snap of victory, as he raked them off the shelf!

"Of course, the applause which followed Snyder's piece of generalship was loud and hearty; but he seemed careless, if not actually resentful, of our admiration (which, seeing that our aid would have been of much more real value to him, was not unnatural); and I fancied that he considered his achievement as something quite ordinary, which we might have foreseen or expected, had we possessed as full a knowledge of his powers as he had. He came down from his perch quite modestly, and went to his customary place beside the stove, only still keeping the keys in his mouth, and not taking the trouble to replace the stool, which little discourtesies were readily forgiven.

"As for personal habits, there was never a being born who was better able to care for himself than Snyder is; and every day of his eventful life (at regular hours, too, I suppose), he goes to a certain keg, wherein he keeps his dinner-basket; and, with the handle of the basket between his teeth, he walks demurely to the door, opens and closes it, turning the latch as handsomely as anybody could, and goes up the street and into the butcher's shop where he is fed. Then the meat must be clean and perfectly untainted, for he is a connoisseur at marketing, and is known to have deserted a butcher who gave him food of a somewhat doubtful quality, and to have gone of his own accord to another, some distance farther up the street. This latter caterer, by prompt and faithful attention, still enjoys his patronage, and gives him regularly a fine piece of meat.

"And so he lives, and so he has gradually become known to all the customers of the store and all their friends, until Snyder is now quite an advertisement for his owner. And I, when I had read about Victor Royle and his wonderful Wild Mazeppa and Professor Macfozelem, imagined that many a Victor Royle among the St. NICHOLAS readers would be glad to hear about this homely little fellow, who has no such high-sounding name as either of Victor's prodigies, but who has actually done almost as marvelous things as he *thought they would do in time.*

"For this story of Snyder is true."



"FATHER! I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET."

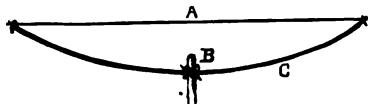
(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, contributors who wish to favor the magazine will please postpone sending their articles until after the last-named date.

Oakland, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here, in California, we have the new sort of kite mentioned in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS. I have two of them. One of them represents a pair of fish, and the other two birds. You are not quite right about the character of the music, the "soft, charming music," sounding like a young saw-mill in operation. The hummer, as we call it, is fastened above the kite, and looks like this:



A is a thin strip of bamboo, which is kept tight by the bow, C; B is the vertical stick of the kite. The kites were given to me by the Chinese servant we employ, Ah Line by name.

The Chinese kites represent various things. Some represent the moon and seven stars, others centipedes, others fish, and others butterflies.

Saturday night I sent my kite up with a paper-lantern on the end. It looked very funny, as you could not see the kite.

Hoping this will throw some light on how the music is produced, —I remain your constant reader,

WM. ARMES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What is the solution, and who is the author of the following riddle?

There was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling-place;
He had a house all covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt since or before.
It was not built by human art,
Of brick or lime in any part,
Of rock or stone, in cave or kiln,
But curiously was wrought within.
'Twas not in Heaven, nor yet in hell,
Nor on the earth, where mortals dwell.
Now, if you know this man of fame,
Tell where he lived, and what his name.

I have never been able to find out anything about it, except that it is very old.—Your constant reader,

STELLA M. KENYON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last winter, on a very cold day, I went down to the chicken-coop, and in one of the nests I found a little kitten, that was almost dead with cold. After covering her carefully, I came into the house, and left her there all night. Next morning she came out to eat with the chickens. We always give our chickens meat, and the kitten ate that. She soon became strong and well, but still she slept in the nest at night. She would play with the chickens all day, and when they lay under the bushes she would lie by them, and I never knew her to hurt any of the little chickens or the old ones. We began to expect to hear her crow, or to see her tail-feathers growing. When we had little chickens she would play with them. When the chickens went to eat, she would run and rub against them and under their necks, so they could not get their bills to the ground. She is a large cat now, but she still makes visits to the chickens, and we call her the chicken-cat.

ROBERT THORNE NEWBERRY.

Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw that list of cities, with their names, that Lewis L. Smith sent. I think that he has forgotten one. Toledo, Ohio, is called "Corn City." My mother thought that Toledo was not important enough, but as I live there, I could not let it go.

In 1870, it had about 31,000; now it has over 50,000. Please tell the children about this.

ALFRED COLEMAN.

THE following lines, as we are assured by her friends, were improvised at Rye Beach, N. H., by a little girl six years old:

Cold, blue ocean, dark and deep,
How I love thy placid sleep!
Waves of fierceness, do not roar
Upon the sand-beach lonely shore.
For thou art so deep and wild,
Thou frightenest a little child.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to know about my journey to Heidelberg, in Germany.

Heidelberg is a queer old town, with narrow streets, and most of them without side-walks. There are some very old churches, and one, called the Church of the Holy Spirit, is one-half Protestant and the other Catholic. But the best of all is the castle. We used to have such fun finding our way in and out of the ruins. Sometimes we would take a candle, and trudge along through long, dark, lonely underground passages, which were, I suppose, in their days, often trodden by knights and princes. I was there two years, and got to know the castle pretty thoroughly.

Will you please print this if there is room in the Letter-Box?

I have taken you for two or three years, and like your stories very much. So does my brother.—Good-bye. From a friend. E. T. E.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me to congratulate the prize winners of the "Pilot Puzzle" through you; and I am sure that in doing so I am heartily joined by all who were in any way interested in the puzzle.—Your constant friend and reader,

FLORENCE P. SPOFFORD.

Hope Seminary, Hope, Ind., March, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wanted for some time to write you a letter about our birds, and must really not put it off any longer.

I wish some of your readers could see what we see every day, but most particularly yesterday morning. During the night there had been a fall of snow that covered the ground completely, and it was still snowing when we came down-stairs in the morning.

Before the door there was such an array of robins, we counted as many as one hundred. Mamma has a feeding-tray there, upon the stump of an old peach tree, and they and all the other wild birds depend on finding food there all the winter.

It was bitter cold. The birds of passage had come to us with the very mild days of February, and here they were in the greatest need. The first thing we did was to have a large loaf of corn bread baked, and from that we had to keep feeding them all day long.

Now, I will give you a list of all the birds that came to us, and then what we gave them. Besides flocks of robins, there were woodpeckers, cardinal red birds, blue jays, cedar birds, blackbirds, sparrows, blue-birds, and snow-birds. During the winter we feed the birds with bread-crumbs, scraps of cold meat chopped up, cracked hickory nuts and walnuts, dried pokeberries, hemp and canary seed, &c.

The ground was covered with birds, and they were so cold that they crouched upon their little feet to keep them warm.

They staid about the house till it was almost dark, and we were afraid they would perish; but while we were watching and wondering, they all flew off to their sleeping-places among the evergreens.—Your very devoted reader,

JENNIE E. HOLLAND.

W. E.—You can be a Bird-defender. The next muster-roll will appear in the July number.

Portland, Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading about how to make Christmas presents in the December number, I thought I would write and tell you how to make a very pretty picture-book for children, one that they can't tear.

For materials, you will need some white, and any other color you prefer (blue is pretty), sarsenet cambric, some worsted the shade of your cambric, and some bright pictures. Now, cut your cambric into twelve sheets, about the size of a sheet of music, half white and half colored, then button-hole them together separately, two at a time, a white one and a colored one, and when you have them all done, tie them together with three ribbon-bows, the color of the worsted, and then paste in your pictures prettily, the bright ones on the white cambric and the prints on the colored, and then you have a pretty book at a very little expense, and one that will last longer than the ones that you buy.

I am very much interested in cooking, and I like the Little House-keepers' page very much.—Yours truly,

M. S.

Newport, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please inquire through your Letter-Box, if any of your readers know of the whereabouts of "Marmaduke Multiply," who used to be such a friend to the children in teaching the multiplication-table when our mamma was a little girl? It is full of bright pictures, and begins, "Twice one are two, this book is something new;" and thus goes on through the whole table in rhyme.

Mamma has vainly tried to get it, but thinks it is out of print. Can't a copy be procured somewhere to have some printed like it? We are sure all the children would like to have one.—Yours respectfully,
B. AND M.

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will introduce myself by telling you I am eight years old, and have never been to school, as I am not very strong. I have been taught the little I know by my mother. Santa Claus sends me the ST. NICHOLAS this year, and I like it very much. I will send a poem to you I composed, which my mother thinks will do to publish in it.—Yours with love,
CARL S. HUBNER.

THE VIOLET.

By a spring a flower stood,
In a green and shady wood;
Bright and fragrant little flower,
Waiting for a golden shower.

Such a pretty little thing,
Growing by the mossy spring;
Trying hard its head to sink,
To get a sweet and cooling drink.

When the sun has gone to rest,
Sinking in the glowing west,
Then the dew your lips will wet,
Tender little violet.

Orphan Home, Bath, Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine is perfectly splendid, and I don't believe there are any boys in the country so glad to get it as we are. I think the most of Mr. Trowbridge's stories—he is my man; and Willie C. always asks if there is anything of Mr. Bessing in the book, and then he exclaims, "Bless me, I am surprised!" "The Young Surveyor" was tip-top, and we are interested in "The Boy Emigrants." I hope they'll come out well, but it seems to me rather risky for those fellows to be out there in that wild region alone. Do you suppose Bill Bunce will get hung? Perhaps I ought to say "W. Bunce?"

But you don't know who I am, do you? Well, we are all soldier boys. Our fathers were in the war, and we live together at the Orphan Home. We are just like other boys: some of us are pretty good, and some are going to be better by and by. If ever you come to Maine, you must come and see us, and we will show you how well we keep you. The numbers we have of you are beautifully bound, and we have to have our hands clean when we take them.

Good-by till next May, when I shall be happy to greet you.—Yours truly,
R. FRANK SAWYER.

The frontispiece of the present number is taken from Messrs. Estes & Lauriat's beautiful edition of Guizot's "History of France."

ANNA M. (aged twelve) and "MADGE WILDFIRE" (aged ten).—Your trick is too transparent.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. I sold my setter pup for two dollars, and mamma gave me one dollar for helping her with her flowers, and I took all of my money to get ST. NICHOLAS, and I think it the best spent three dollars I ever spent.

I hope you will read my "Short Tale," and give me one of the nice premiums you promised for it.—Your little friend,
T. L. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Minnesota, on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, in Kandiyohi Station, Kandiyohi County. I take the ST. NICHOLAS: I like it very much. We have a horse and a cow. We call the horse Doll. I have a little brother and sister. Freddie (that is my brother's name) has a little rucking-horse, which he calls Doll, after our horse, and does not like for his sister to touch it, and for that very reason she likes to get at it. The other day I went to ride on Doll: when I had done riding, nothing would do Freddie but he must ride on the real horse, too. So pa got on Doll, and took Freddie on with him, and they took a ride. Freddie went to sleep while they were riding. May (that is my sister) wanted to go, too, but pa did not know it till he had put Doll away, and then it was too late. I was looking at the ST. NICHOLAS the other day, Freddie came up to me, and said "Find Doll." I found Bob. After looking at it, Freddie said, "That is Bob." Freddie is two years old, and May is nine months old. I go to school.—We have six months' school this year, three in the summer and three in the

winter. The winter term began in January, and ends this month. I love your paper very much, for I like reading better than anything else.—Waiting for your paper, I remain, your constant reader,
OSMER ABBOTT.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I want to send the little "tale" to you, and I hope it is accurate, neat, and of good penmanship, and I hope I will get a prize. I am thirteen years old, and a few days more than two months, and I have got red hair, but it is dark red.—Your faithful reader,
G. T.

Garden Grove, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what land-snails live on, and if there are snails that have no shells?—Yours truly,
JULIA HOWES.

Snails live principally upon plants or vegetables, though they sometimes devour each other. They are often very injurious to gardens, doing great mischief to the plants in a single night. There are species that are without shells.

Ishpeming, Mich., April 10, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wishing summer would come, and thinking what fun I had last summer. I live in such a cold country, where the winters are so long, I get very tired of them, though when the sleighing is good I have fun with my sled—a very nice sled that my cousin Will gave me, because he broke my old one. But now it is so muddy and slushy I can't take my sled out, so I long for the time to come when we can play ball.

We have a nice yard, all sodded, on the north side of our house, and a large rock at one side of the yard, that we use when we play "Indian." I have a little brother named Willie, who will be four years old this month. I am seven now, will be eight in September. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, my brother takes the *Nursery*. I read them to him, and we both enjoy them very much.

I like the "Boy Emigrants" better than any story I ever read, and I think the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine ever published. Here I will end.—Your most constant reader,
FRANK B. MYERS.

East Greenbush, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you so much. Santa Claus sent you to me more than a year ago, and you have come every month since.

I want to tell you something: Last winter my auntie took me to New York, to see the grand sights. Soon after I arrived there I was taken sick, and had to lie in bed a great many days. Of course I was very much disappointed, and the days seemed very long. And this is the way I became acquainted with Miss Alcott, who writes for your magazine. She was staying at the same hotel, when she heard I was sick, she used to come in my room and tell me stories. I thought she was very kind and interesting, and I enjoyed her stories so much. I am well now, and my mamma has promised to get all the numbers bound, so that I may lend the book to any little boys who are sick and don't have Miss Alcott to tell them nice stories.—Your little friend,
WILLIE A. RICHARDSON.

BOOKS AND MUSIC RECEIVED.

LITERATURE FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Selections from Standard Authors and Easy Lessons in Composition. By Elizabeth Lloyd. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

WATER WAIF: A Story of the Revolution. By Elizabeth S. Bladen. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

From American Tract Society, New York: THE STORM OF LIFE, by Hesba Stretton: WHAT ROBBIE WAS GOOD FOR, by Mrs. M. D. Brine: THE VICTORY WON, by C. S. M.

MY YOUNG ALCIDES. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS. By J. Willis Westlake, A. M. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

The following music has been received:

From S. T. Gordon & Son, New York:
MURMURS. Song. Words by Adelaide Anne Procter. Music by Thos. P. Murphy.

NIL DESPERANDUM. Galop. By Thos P. Murphy.

DOST THOU REMEMBER STILL? Song.

EVENING BREEZE. Wachtmann.

FROM BIGLOW & MAIN, New York:

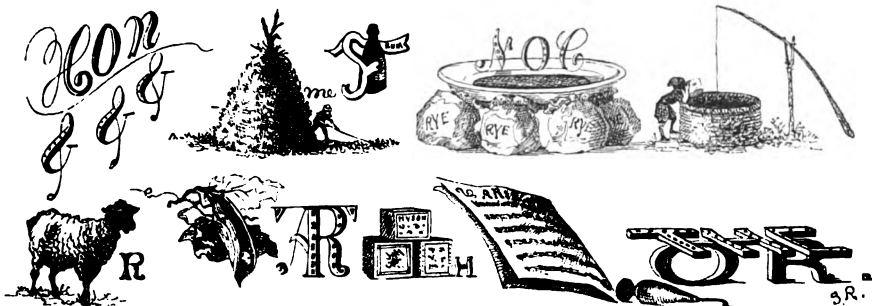
BYE, BABY, BYE. Lullaby. Words by Mary Mapes Dodge. Music by Hubert P. Main.

FROM F. W. HELMICK, New York:

THAT BANNER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. Words by B. De Vere. Music by Eddie Fox.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters. My 3, 22, 7, 20, 14 is a small fruit. My 5, 15, 19, 17, 24 is an aromatic plant. My 7, 9, 18, 8, 1 is a blacksmith's tool. My 14, 12, 6, 1, 16 is a rapacious bird. My 18, 24, 9, 21, 10 is a planet. My 20, 17, 22, 2, 23 is a European city. My 25, 4, 12, 22, 13 is a voracious fish. My whole is a proverb.

ISOLA.

CHARADE, No. 1.

My first a much-used vessel is,
Or means to have capacities;
My second is a heavy load,
And also the prevailing mode;
My whole you'll quickly understand,
If I send you off to Switzerland.

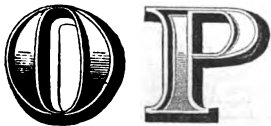
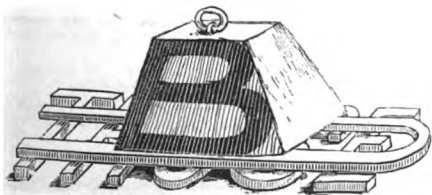
L. W. H.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. SWIFT. 2. Fragrance. 3. Pertaining to the poles. 4. A likeness. 5. Challenged.

PICTURE-PUZZLE.

(Advice to those in high stations.)



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials name a famous island, and the finals the largest object to be found upon it. 1. Four. 2. A famous lake. 3. A title of nobility. 4. Brief and concise in style. 5. A prophetic. 6. A celebrated philosopher. 7. An extinct bird.

L. W. H.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a complete diamond: 1. A card. 2. A masculine name. 3. Useful on a door-step. 4. Narrow filets or bands. 5. To unite. The following form the diamond: 1. In city and country. 2. A masculine name. 3. A kind of cloth. 4. An animal. 5. In vice and virtue.

CYRIL DEANE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bugle, but not in horn;
My second is in sunset, but not in morn;
My third is in land, but not in sea;
My fourth is in flower, but not in tree;
My fifth is in earl, but not in king;
My sixth is in twist, but not in wring.

Put these together,
You have my all;
Swift as an arrow,
Round as a ball.

F. B.

HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.

CONCEALED in the following sentence are five words, occurring in their order, which when found and placed in proper positions will form a square word:

The short lyric poem the frail youth wrote was not worth a rupee, being filled with stale, prosy items, and as tedious as a game of chess.

J. F. B.

CHARADE, No. 2.

My first the suitor hears with dread,
However sweetly it be said.
The debtor fears my second more:
With first repels it o'er and o'er.
Could he, through all his future days,
Have first and second meet his gaze,
He'd feed and fatten on his neighbor
Who lives and thrives by honest labor.

I know you'd count it dreadful loss
If you should have my third a cross.

My fourth is used by ancient maids,
Who say their intellect it aids;
Of gossip and of wit provocative,
It warms their blood and makes them talkative.

My whole by virtue is not won,
Where father gives it the son:
With us the candid mind discerns it
In every man who fairly earns it.

H. D.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL. 2. Quick. 3. Part of the year. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant. C. G. B.

REBUS, No. 3.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Schuyler, Burgoyne.

S —hru— B
C —hapa— U
H —cile— R
U—mbago— G
Y —edd— O
L —il— Y
E —nsig— N
R —iff— E

LOGOGRIPH.—Cat, mat, bat, sat, Pat, hat, fat, pat.

EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.—Finches, inches. Bringing, ringing.

NOVEL PUZZLE.—1. Madden. 2. Denmark. 3. Market. 4. Etna.
5. Naval. 6. Valley. 7. Leyden. 8. Dental. 9. Talon. 10. Onset.
11. Settee.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Be intent on charity (B in tent on chair at tea).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Pulp, in, jacket, hit, Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Scoffer, coffer, offer. 2. Preparation, reparation.
3. Bore, ore. 4. Oliver, liver.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Astronomer, Moon-starrer.

A —lar— M
S —ol— O
T —oled— O
R —ave— N
O —pera— S
N —ea— T
O —meg— A
M —a— R
E —v— E
R —oa— R

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Crow, cow. 2. Meat, mat. 3. Cart, cat. 4. Dime, die. 5. Pain, pan. 6. Boat, bat. 7. Load, lad. 8. Bread, bead. 9. Clock, cock. 10. Coat, cot.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.—Ireland, England.

CHARADE.—Cupboard.

REBUS.—

Of in the stilly night,
When slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—W, Cap, Wales, Pen, S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Robert Burns, Robert Bruce.

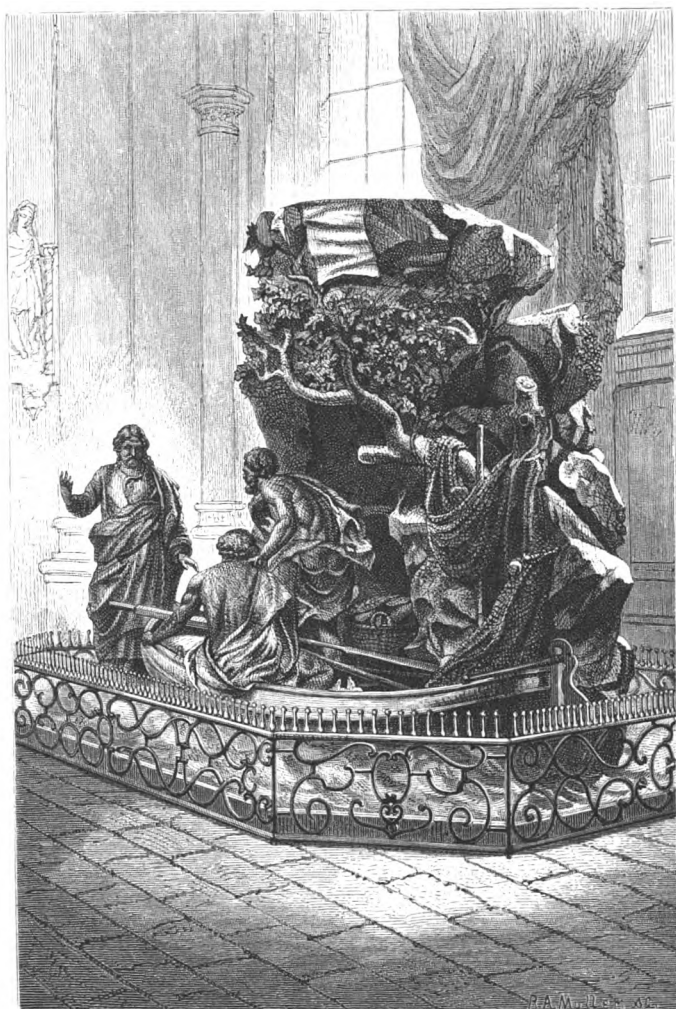
R —amble— R
O —th— O
B—abel Mande—B
E —rskin— E
R —uyte— R
T —rea— T
B —om— B
U —she— R
R —ichelle— U
N. C. (North Carolina)
S —ax— E

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—Baton-Rouge.

B
B A D T O E
B A T O N - R O U G E
D O G E G
N

SQUARE-WORD.—Lark, Aloe, Rose, Keel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Alice Robinson, Charlie Loesch, "Restissimo," Katie A. Nicholls, Nellie S. Colby, F. B. N. and K. W. N., Lucy A. Barbour, "C. O. B. Webb," Emma Elliott, S. H. Griest, "Lulie," "Cupid, Venus, and Psyche," May W. Bond, Alice Taylor, Blanche Nichols, M. W. Collet, Lehman D. Schaffer, Edna B. Smith, Annie C. Edmonds, John R. Lapham, Edith S. C. Lillie May Farman, Rachel Geddes, Georgie and Helen Hayes, Ella Higbee, Mollie Ritchie, Howard S. Rodgers, Bessie Taylor, O. Delancie Ward, "Roderick," C. W. Hornor, Jr., Lulie French, Alice W. Edwards, Stella B. Mitchell, Anna J. Oppen, Joseph O. Davis, H. Engelbert, Daisy and Dollie Deane, Alice Broome, Kitty Loomis, M. W. Tronson, Marie Couchard, Harold Nathan, Guv W. Currier, "Caly and Carlo," "Bunker Hill," "Lou Marie," Fred W. McKee, Lizzie and Bertha Lee, Geo. H. Dale, Oda Deuchaj, J. Le B. Drummer, B. P. Emery, Howard D. Humphrey, Harry C. Wiles, Clara T. Walworth, Lena Long, Jessie E. Hay, Samuel E. Lusk, "Hunter," Howard S. Rodgers, Nannie C. Long, Willie Perrine, Bessie Cocke, Florence E. Hyde, Helen S. Mackintosh, E. Benj. Cushing, W. H. Rowe, Mary B. Stebbins, Lida B. Graves, John Zebley, Jr., Wm. F. Bridge, Jr., Charlie W. Olcott, "Winnie," Annie L. Sharp, W. S. Sutton, Chas. N. Moulton, Annie E. Hilands, Lillian M. Chambers, "Cadiz," Brainerd P. Emery, Allie Anthony, Harriet B. Townsend, Sue Slaymaker, Addie C. Mead, "Golden Eagle," Nellie Beach "Two Friends," Winifred P. Ballard, Hattie Hamilton, Brenda B. George, A. Townsend, Helen L. Brainerd, Edward Fiske, Mamie L. Harrison, Gerrie B. Adams, M. N. Ballinger, Gertrude C. Eager, "Killdeer," Maggie Acheson, Kitty H. Chapman, Fred Collins, Louise Ensign, Lillie J. Studebaker, A. J. Lewis, Cecil Grey, Carrie E. Powell, John C. Robertson, Wm. Creighton Spencer, Nellie Emerson, "Apollo," Addie S. Church, Belle Benton, Alice Robinson, Henry O. Fetter, Lizzie B. Allen, "Alex," Cecilia Rice, Thomas Hunt, John Hinkley, Lizzie Little, Lucy M. Brace, Josie McLaughlin, Libbie E. Noxon, C. T. S., Grant McCargo, Lizzie G. Hea, Mary W. Wadsworth, Clive Mechlin, Alburis Seaboldt, Ted Butler, Willie Locke, Mary H. Washburne, W. L. Young, Nessie Stevens, Albert L. Gould, E. C. Wilstach, Lizzie C. Brown, Madeline D. W. Smith, Edward S. Emory, Genevieve Allis, Freddie S. Pickett, "Maria and Katy," H. T., "Roland," J. K. W., Hattie Gibson, "Max and Helen," Cornelia A. Pratt, Jennie W. Ward, S. M. Beckley, Arthur H. Brown, Lena Trego, Kittie Warren, Susie N. Pierce, N. Blanche Mosier, E. D. and C. F. Hennessey, Mamie E. Sanders, Robert L. Parsons, "Helen," C. H. Tibbitts, Jr., Ernest L. Browne, Robert L. McAlpine, Kenneth L. Browne, "Hodena," Grace Keysham, A. E. and C. Mestre, Fannie Stone, Bessie G. McLaren, Nellie J. Evans, Fannie M. Beck, Clayton S. Fitch, H. L., Minnie M. Tilden, Alice H. Fuller, Gertrude C. Eager, Helen W. Clarkson, Polly Light, "Leila," Bessie V. McCargo, Warren E. Thomas, Rachel Hutchins Winnie Howells, Hattie H. Johnson, Perlee and Isabel Rieman, Mary Lill, John B. Greiner, Allie Bertram, Bessie B. McElhinney, John Pyne, Fletcher Dubois, L. F. C., Carrie Johnson, Anna F. De Witt, Bestor G. Brown, Mamie Cummings, Edith S. McCargo, Louise Merriam, and Emma R.



WOODEN PULPIT IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW, ANTWERP.

(See "The Mother's Stratagem.")

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1876.

No. 9.

THE MOTHER'S STRATAGEM.

BY EDWARD KING.

CHAPTER I.

ONE sunny morning, a few years ago, Jan Kammerick came up from the cabin of his barge—which his men were slowly working through a lock near the quaint and ancient city of Antwerp—and set his huge Dutch feet upon the deck. His first act was to bellow ferociously at the good-natured fellows who were doing their best to get the barge through without even so much as scraping the fresh paint on her sides; his next was deliberately and cruelly to kick a small moon-faced boy who was lying on his back, and looking up at a carved wooden figure whose grotesque head grinned from a side rail.

Many of the loungers along the banks of the lock knew old Jan Kammerick for a mean and cruel Flemish boor, who maltreated his wife, his children, his bargemen, and who sometimes flew into such terrific fits of anger that he thrashed his own sides with his round fists. You may see people just like him in some of Teniers' paintings,—men with low, cunning faces, small, twinkling, greedy eyes, thick lips; men with broad shoulders and stout limbs; men who seem always ready to get down and scramble away on all fours, like the animals they so much resemble. No one in Antwerp—not a market-woman on the shore of the Scheldt, nor a bargeman on river or canal—liked the choleric and brutal Jan Kammerick; many times the wretch had narrowly escaped a ducking at the hands of a mob because of his cruelties; and on this occasion, seeing the poor child who was kicked begin to cry and to crawl away toward a refuge under a pile of rope, every one shouted:

"Jan Kammerick! Jan Kammerick! you are a mean, bad man, and no one will be sorry when you come to harm!" or "Jan Kammerick! you

shall be complained of to the judge of the district!"

The women shook their fists at him, and the men muttered that the boy must be taken away from his cruel father and cared for. Kammerick's poor wife, who was washing her pots and kettles on deck, looked as if she inwardly sympathized with the people on shore; but she trembled, and dared say nothing.

Jan was in such a dreadful temper that the cries of the people on shore made him more furious still.

"It's none of your business," he shouted, "how much I pound and kick this brat! He is good for nothing but whittling and breaking knives. If he carves any more of his pudding faces out of my boat rails, I'll send him adrift. Then you will have what you want! Then, neighbors, you will have a pauper on your hands; and when you feed him in your kitchens, he will carve doll puppets out of your table-legs."

Then he vanished down the hatchway, followed by the maledictions of the by-standers.

"If I were you," cried one of them to the boy, "I would run away."

The barge went on through the locks, and the boy still crouched in his corner. The tears yet dimmed his eyes, but he had already forgotten his bruises. There was no resentment in his heart toward his wretched father. His mind was filled with a thousand beautiful and fantastic images,—delicate fancies which he now and then sought to embody in bits of wood that he laboriously carved with clumsy knives or chisels. He longed to be free from the rude work which he was compelled to do upon the barge, and to study, that he might become a great sculptor in wood. When the barge

passed near some of the curiously adorned old houses of which there are so many in Antwerp,—houses whose windows, whose roofs, whose arches, whose doors were richly and profusely adorned with carvings of birds and foliage, of beasts and dragons, of mystical figures from mythologies, or comical transcripts from every-day Dutch life,—he studied them carefully and with passionate adoration. He had never been allowed to go into the streets, and look at them for hours at a time, as he could have wished to do; for old Jan, who plied to and from a little village on the banks of the Scheldt, at some distance from Antwerp, would never allow his child to go on shore during any of their tri-weekly visits to the city. He yearned for a sight of the grand churches of which his mother had told him—cathedrals in whose solemn stillness he could stand undisturbed all the day long, drinking in beauty at every pore. The harshness and hardship of his life, the beatings of his unnatural father, would have been as nothing to him if he could have been allowed to learn something of art. But old Jan not only refused to allow him to work, but had thrown into the river many beautiful images of saints, of birds, of dragons, which the child had carved by stealth when the bargeman was not near, and had then offered to the boor, asking him to sell them and buy tobacco for himself with the money.

"No child of mine shall waste his life over such mummeries," said old Jan.

While the boy was musing bitterly on his lot, his mother, who had finished washing her pots and kettles, came to him, and while she wrung out her dishcloth with her lean and blistered hands, she said, in a low voice:

"Jan, boy, you are small and feeble, but you are now thirteen, and I think you would be brave and resolute. The good soul down-stairs" (she always called Father Jan good soul, because she knew that he was an old brute)—"the good soul has made up his mind that you are to be a bargeman, and he is stern, as you know. Now—do not speak—we must try a new way to get you launched in the world." (Here the mother's tears began to fall fast, and she thought of the beatings which she might receive if she carried out her plan.) "My child, you must leave us; you must run away!"

The boy's eyes flashed; he rose, and limped toward his mother.

"Never!" he said. "I cannot leave you, mother-kin! Leave you with that man!"

"Listen, child!" she said. "We will try a little way which the good God has put into my head. You will be a genius, my son—one of those great people who can express just what they want to say. You will carve out your thoughts in wood—in

stone, perhaps. To-night, when the barge stops near the lock, I will make an errand for your father on shore. I will give you a few pieces of money out of the sum which we had saved for Bertha's dowry, and you shall fly. Your father will not hunt for you; his heart is hard, and he will say that he is glad you are gone."

The boy looked at his mother with wonder in his eyes. But there was no longer any sign of tears in them. A new fire lit them up.

"Go," she continued, "to Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's. There take a chamber, and may God be with you! Now and then, perhaps, I may come to see you. But it is better that I should not, and that your father should think you gone away, no one knows where. But—and now listen earnestly—in a year from this day, toward sunset, I will bring your father to Saint Andrew's Church. It was there that he first saw me, twenty years ago; there by the great carved pulpit, which you, poor child, have never seen, but which will delight your eyes. Jan, one year is not a long time, but you have already done much, and perhaps, before twelve months have passed, you will have done a noble work. Meet us, then, by the pulpit in St. Andrew's Church in a year from this day, at the sunset hour. Bring with you some delicate carving as an offering to him, and at the same time say that you wish to return to us. Perhaps his heart will have been softened by your absence;" and the good little mother almost smiled, and looked very wise, through her tears.

"Motherkin," said Jan, "I will obey you."

Then the poor child began to tremble at the thought of going out alone into the world. But his courage came to him finally, and he kissed his mother again and again.

"If anything dreadful happens, I will let you know," said she, "but father Jan must not hear from you, nor see you, until a year from this day."

"Farewell, then, motherkin," said the child; "farewell for a long, long year. By the carved pulpit in Saint Andrew's, in a twelvemonth!"

They took their farewells then and there, lest old Jan should suspect them, if they were crying toward evening.

At night-fall, as the barge approached the lock again, after its station near a market all day, the mother went on shore to get a pail of clear water; old Jan followed her, storming and threatening, as she knew he would, because supper for the workmen was not ready. The boy took the little bag of clothes and the money which his mother had prepared for him; as the boat grazed the side of the lock he jumped out, and was speedily lost to view in the crowd.

Two hours later, he had been received at the

house of Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's Church. He slept in an old carven bedstead, whose head-board was a pictured history of the destruction of Pharaoh's host, whose feet were griffins' claws, whose curtain-posts were lovely angels with uplifted faces—angels whose very silence seemed eternally to praise God.

CHAPTER II.

A year brought sad changes to old Jan Kammerick. At first, when he learned of his son's flight, he ascribed it to meddling neighbors, and his rage knew no bounds. He stoutly insisted that he would never try to bring back the vagabond wood-hacker. He would not hear the boy's name spoken. Sometimes, when he saw that the mother looked paler than was her wont, and that she wept silently when she was polishing her pots and kettles, his conscience smote him. But he would never have been really sorry if misfortune had not come upon him. One of his bargemen, whom he had once beaten, scuttled the barge and fled. Jan and his wife had a narrow escape from drowning, and, had it not been for friendly aid, would have lost all their pots and kettles. Young Jan had been sent away to Brussels by the good Gasker Willems, a few days before this, and knew nothing of it until many days afterward. He was busy with his art, in which he made astonishing progress.

The next misfortune which befell old Jan was the loss of his little house on the banks of the Scheldt. A fire burned out the interior, and cracked the stone walls. Old Jan had not money enough to rebuild it. Then his limbs began to fail him; they shook and trembled. The neighbors said: "It is because he kicked and beat his son!" And old Jan himself began to be very much of their opinion. He had now only a small barge; was obliged always to live in it, and was very poor and discouraged. Sometimes his heart was softened toward his patient wife, and he would say:

"You will be the first to be killed by my poverty. It would have been better for you if I never had seen you in St. Andrew's Church."

Then she would answer: "No, indeed! Our fortune is yet to come out of that church, Jan."

She said this so often, and with such emphasis, that one day he looked at her curiously and said:

"Why, Anneken, what do you mean?"

"To-morrow," she answered, "we shall see. Jan, it is many a year since we have taken a holiday. We are as good as the rest of the world; let us live our youth over again; let us stay in Antwerp, and at sunset to-morrow let us visit St. Andrew's Church, and stand by the carven pulpit where——"

"Stuff!" the old man was saying, when the mother put her hand upon his mouth. He no longer threatened or beat her; his punishments had sobered him; his heart almost yearned for his lost son.

"By the carven pulpit," continued the mother, "where we may say a prayer for our lost son."

"Well, if you will have it so, Anneken," he answered, almost gently.

In the Netherlands there are many churches filled with rare and exquisite carvings, with altarpieces, shrines, pulpits, choirs, vestries, fonts, and sacristies laden with a wealth of intricate work, done in wood by skillful hands; and in Antwerp the richest specimens of this curious labor are to be found. In the great Cathedral of St. Jacques, where Peter Paul Rubens, the painter, lies buried, there are hundreds of rich and fantastic carvings, out of which the fancies of the elder artists peer curiously at the prosaic present. Sometimes the birds are a little too odd to be real, the dragons are almost too funny for a cathedral, and the flowers and leaves are not constructed strictly in accordance with botany; but, on the whole, you feel that if things in nature are not like those in the carvings, they at least ought to be—so charming, so droll, so satisfactory are they!

In St. Andrew's Church, of which young Jan's mother had so many tender memories, stands a large carven pulpit, of a peculiarly daring design for artists who work in wood. It represents a rocky crag near the sea-shore. Just beneath the crag lies a fishing-boat, in which stand the figures of the apostles Andrew and Peter. Behind them, on the right, their fishing-nets hang upon a tree. The apostles are looking earnestly at a figure of the Saviour, which stands in an attitude as if beckoning them; as if saying, "Follow me, and I will make ye fishers of men." Two of the cleverest artists in the Netherlands gave much time and talent to this delightful carving. Van Hool did the foliage, the nets, the rocks; Van Gheel did the figures of the apostles and the Saviour. The latter figure seems to have genuine inspiration in it; the sculptor has wrought marvelously, bringing effects out of stubborn wood rarely obtained before. When evening light—the last ray of the declining sun, reflected through the stained glasses of the church, and softened to the delicacy of summer twilight—falls gently upon this group, the sacred figures seem to have all the supreme finish of marble,—nay more, they appear to live!

So thought the good mother Anneken, as on the appointed day, one year from the time when she had sent forth her child into the world to give his

genius scope, and to escape from his hard-hearted father, she led the feeble and now quite subdued old Jan Kammerick into St. Andrew's Church. As the couple came in view of the pulpit, memories, endearing and solemn, came to them; the specters of their vanished youth rose up before them, not in mocking shape, but as good spirits, come to cheer them on the path of life. Old Jan remembered how he had seen the fair maiden standing near the pulpit, with her hands folded, and her eyes closed in prayer, and how he had sworn to win her for his wife. He was glad he had come into the church, and then—he thought of his son.

At that moment there was a joyful cry from the mother, and young Jan, wonderfully improved in voice, in manner, and in health, rushed into her arms. A hundred kisses, and half a hundred words sufficed for them; for the good little mother had kept herself informed of all her son's progress, through the medium of old Gasker Willems. But the father was astonished beyond measure. He stepped back, trembling; and, shading his eyes with his hands, he looked long at the youth.

"Hey day, son!" he said; "we thought we had lost you! But here you are back again, and no word of repentance?"

Old Jan tried to be severe, but his voice softened at every word.

"Father," said the youth, "I bring you a peace-offering."

Just then Gasker Willems came hobbling up, bearing a large box, which he placed upon the cathedral floor. Young Jan opened it, and took from it a piece of wood carving.

"Quickly!" said Gasker Willems, after he had been greeted; "look at this before the beadle sees us, for it is a time when many stroll into the church. Quickly, and then let us all go to my house."

Young Jan stepped to a point near the pulpit, where the light still fell with some sharpness, and

held up the carving. Then the astonished parents saw that it was an exact reproduction, on a tiny scale, but done with surpassing finish, of the pulpit before which they stood at that instant. But this was not all. In front of the miniature pulpit, stood a maiden, with eyes downcast, and hands folded in prayer; and near her, watching her reverently, with parted lips and expectant air, was a brave young bargeman, exactly like those one may see every day on the Scheldt. In this carving old Jan and his wife saw the story of their first meeting told, as the mother had so often told it to her son.

"Father," said the youth, "this, and another like it, have been my year's work. The fellow to this has been sold to a prince for a large sum of money; and the prince wishes to help me to study until I can help myself more. But I shall not need him; and neither mother nor you will ever work more, for the prince's bounty, with my future work, will be enough for us all. Father, will you take my offering?"

Old Jan bowed his head, and took the carving. He set it down upon the cathedral floor, and took his son to his arms.

"I was an old brute," he said; "how did I ever become such a scoundrel?"

On the way to Gasker Willems', where the party took supper, the good mother told the husband of her stratagem to help her child. Old Jan said but this: "A good wife is a good thing; but I have not merited one!"

Gasker Willems, who was bringing up the rear with the carving in his arms, said:

"Say, rather, that you have merited nothing, like the rest of us; but that God is good, and moves in mysterious ways; and that your tough heart could only have been softened by the stratagem which He sent into the mother's mind!"

"Well, well!" said old Jan, "I must try and get grace enough to thank Him properly."

A MILLION little diamonds

Twinkled on the trees;

And all the little maidens said:

"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched,

To catch the diamonds gay,

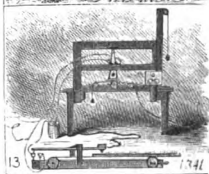
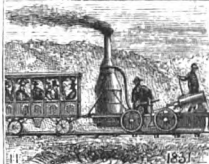
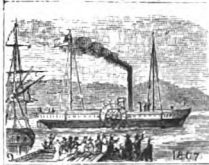
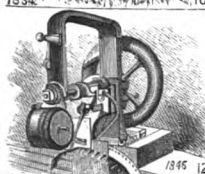
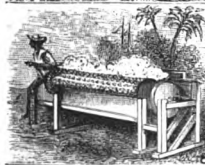
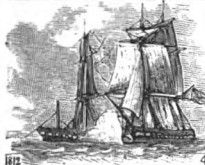
A million little sunbeams came,

And stole them all away.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Declaration of Independence signed ¹	1776
Lafayette came to America—Valley Forge ²	1777
France acknowledged our independence, and sent men and ships.....	1778
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown ³	1781
American independence recognized by Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Russia and Holland.....	1782
Treaty of Peace signed at Paris.....	1783
Washington's farewell ⁷	1783
The Constitution adopted.....	1787
George Washington elected the first President.....	1789
The first cotton-gin invented ⁸	1793
Death of Washington at Mount Vernon	1799
The Territory of Louisiana ceded by France.....	1803
Impressment of American seamen by Gt. Britain.....	1806
The first steamboat launched on the Hudson ⁹	1807
War declared against Great Britain.....	1812
Capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution ⁴	1812
Perry's victory on Lake Erie ⁵	1813
Treaty of peace signed at Ghent.....	1814
War declared against Algiers for piracy.....	1815
Florida ceded to us by Spain.....	1819
Lafayette's visit to this country ⁶	1824
The first American locomotive started ¹¹	1831
The first reaping-machine patented ¹⁰	1834
Texas declared its independence.....	1836
The North-west boundary line settled.....	1842
The first telegraph apparatus used ¹³	1844
War declared against Mexico.....	1846
The first sewing-machine invented ¹²	1846
Treaty of peace with Mexico and cession of Cali- fornia and New Mexico.....	1848
Beginning of the Civil War	1861
Proclamation of Emancipation.....	1862
End of the Civil War	1867
Purchase of Alaska from Russia.....	1867
The Pacific railroad opened.....	1869
The Centennial Celebration and Exhibition.....	1876



THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIÈRE.)

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

CHAPTER VI.

(CONTINUED.)



HE steward, one evening, ordered Faribole to come to his chamber, and after closing the door carefully and assuring himself that no one was listening, he said :
 "Moumouth is your friend; you

have followed my recommendations exactly."

"I shall remain in the house—is it not so?"

"Probably. You find yourself very well here?"

"Without doubt! I, who lived on black bread, I make four good meals a day. I had a wretched blouse, full of holes, and patched trousers, and now I am dressed like a prince. I suffer no more from cold, and, instead of lying out under the stars, I go to sleep every night in a comfortable bed, where I dream of gingerbread and fruit-cake."

Father Lustucru rested his chin on the palm of his right hand, and, fixing his piercing eyes upon Faribole, said to him :

"Suppose you were obliged to take up again with the vagabond life from which I lifted you?"

"I believe I should die with shame!"



LUSTUCRU AND FARIBOLE.

"Then you would do anything to preserve your present position?"

"I would do anything."

"Anything?"

"Anything, absolutely."

"Very well. Now, this is what I demand of you imperatively; Moumouth follows you willingly; to-morrow, just at night-fall, you will lead him into the garden; you will put him into a sack which I have made expressly, and tightly draw the cords of the sack——"

"And then?" said Faribole, who opened his eyes wide.

"We will each arm us with a stick, and we will beat upon the sack until he is dead."

"Never! never!" cried the poor boy, whose hair stood up with fright.



FARIBOLE'S OLD CLOTHES.

"Then pack your bundle quickly, and be off; I turn you away!"

"You turn me away!" repeated young Faribole, lifting up his hands to the sky.

"I do not give you five minutes to be gone; you depend upon me here, solely on me."

The unhappy Faribole began to weep, and the steward added, in a savage voice :

"Come, now! no faces! Take off your clothes, and put on your rags, and disappear!"

Having pronounced these words, Lustucru took from a closet the miserable vestments which Faribole had worn the day of his installation. The steward seized them disdainfully between his thumb and forefinger, and threw them upon the floor.

The boy looked with an air of despair at the habits he had on, compared them with those which he was obliged to resume, and the comparison was so little to the advantage of the latter, that he broke into loud sobs.

However, he was decided not to purchase handsome clothes at the price of a perfidy and a horri-

ble murder. He resolutely threw off his vest, then his neckerchief; but at the idea of giving up his new shoes, of walking barefoot, as formerly, over roads paved with gravel and broken glass, the luckless Faribole had a moment of hesitation.



"ONLY ONE IS KEPT—THE REST ARE TOSSED INTO THE RIVER."

Father Lustucru, who observed him closely, profited by this circumstance with consummate cunning.

"Foolish fellow!" said he; "you refuse happiness when it would be so easy for you to retain it. If I proposed to you the death of a man, I could understand, I could even approve of your scruples; but I propose that of a cat—a simple cat! What do you find in that so terrible? What is a cat? Nothing—less than nothing; one does not attach the least value to the lives of cats. Inn-keepers give them to their customers to eat; the most celebrated surgeons massacre them in making certain experiments. Cats are thought so little of, that when a litter of six or seven are born, only one is kept; the rest are tossed into the river."

"But Moumouth is large, Moumouth is fully grown," said Faribole in a plaintive tone; "and then, you do not know, I love him."

"You love him! you dare to love him!" cried the steward with inexpressible rage. "Very well! I—I detest him, and I wish his death!"

"But what has he done to you, then?"

"What business is that to you? I desire his death, and that's enough."

"Mercy for him!" cried Faribole, throwing himself at the feet of hard-hearted Lustucru.

"No mercy!" replied Lustucru, hissing the words through his clenched teeth. "No mercy, neither for him nor for you. Get up, depart, be off this very instant! It rains in torrents; you will be drenched; you will die of cold this night,—so much the better!"



"GET UP! DEPART!"

A beating rain, mixed with hailstones, pattered against the window-panes, and the wind swept with a mournful sound

through the halls of the house. Then poor Faribole thought of the cold that would seize him, of the privations which awaited him, of his few resources, of his immense appetite, and how disagreeable it was to sleep on the damp earth. His evil genius took possession of him, and whispered into his ear these words of Father Lustucru: "What is a cat?"

"Monsieur Lustucru," said he, weeping, "do not send me away, I will do all that you wish."

"To-morrow, at night-fall, you will lead Moumouth into the garden?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

"You will put him in this sack?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

"And you will beat it with me?"

The response to this question was long coming; Faribole turned pale, his legs bent under him; finally he bowed his head, letting his arms droop at his sides, as if he had sunk under the weight of his destiny, and murmured, in a stifled voice:

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH FATHER LUSTUCRU IS ON THE POINT OF ACCOMPLISHING HIS PURPOSE, AND MOTHER MICHEL'S CAT IS IN AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.



LUSTUCRU had fixed the following day for the cruel execution of Moumouth—for he knew that Mother Michel on that day was to carry to the express office a package destined for her sister.

All the forenoon and afternoon Faribole was plunged in the darkest despondency, and when the fatal hour sounded, he was assailed by the irresolutions of the previous day. When Mother Michel, before going out, said to him, "I leave Moumouth in your charge; you must take care of him, and make him play, so that he will not fret too much during my absence," the poor lad felt his heart fail, and his natural loyalty revolted.

"Come, we have not a minute to lose," said Father Lustucru to Faribole; "here is the sack; go look for the beast!"

Faribole once more appealed to the pity of the steward; he was eloquent, he had tears in his voice, he pronounced a most touching plea, but without being able to gain his cause. The executioner was immovable; he insisted on the death of



"THE STEWARD LIFTED HIS CUDGEL

the cat; and the boy, overpowered by this evil spirit, saw himself forced to obey.

Moumouth allowed himself to be enticed into the garden; he followed his treacherous friend with the confidence of the lamb following the butcher, and, at the very moment when he least thought of it, he found himself fastened in the sack that was to be his tomb. Lustucru, who was hiding, appeared suddenly, bearing two enormous cudgels; he handed one to his accomplice, and taking hold of the sack, cried: "Now!—to work, and no quarter!"

Faribole heard him not; the boy was struck with stupor—his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, his face was livid, his mouth open, his arms without strength.

Father Lustucru, animated by the nearness of his vengeance, did not remark what passed in the mind of his companion. Having thrown the sack rudely on the ground, the steward lifted his cudgel, and was about to strike when the small door of the garden opened.

"How unfortunate!" he muttered; "Faribole, hide yourself in the hedge; I will come back here presently."

He approached the person who had entered, and halted, petrified with amazement, on beholding Mother Michel. He imagined at first that she had been brought back by some vague suspicion, by some presentiment; but he recovered himself, hearing her say:

"I am obliged to postpone my walk, for I have seen Madam de la Grenouillère's carriage coming; it turned out of its way on account of the repairs being made in the street. By re-entering through the garden I was able to get here in advance. Come, Monsieur Lustucru, let us hasten to receive our good mistress."

"I am with you, madam," said the steward; then, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand, he cried to Faribole:

"Strike all alone! strike until the cat has ceased to move!" and he rejoined Mother Michel in the court, where the domestics were drawn up in a line like a well-drilled battalion.

On stepping from the carriage Madam de la Gre-

nouillère honored her servitors with a benevolent glance, embraced Mother Michel with touching familiarity, and demanded news of Moumouth.

"Your protégé is wonderfully well," said Mother Michel, "he grows fatter and handsomer under our very eyes; but it may be said, without injury to the truth, that his moral qualities are even beyond his physical charms."

"Poor friend, if he does not love me he will be a monster of ingratitude, for since our separation I have thought of him constantly; Heaven has taken



"MAKING A SPEAKING-TRUMPET OF HIS HAND."

away many beings that were dear to me, but Moumouth will be the consolation of my old age!"



THE COUNTESS EMBRACES MOTHER MICHEL.

As soon as the Countess had given the orders which her arrival made necessary, she prayed Mother Michel to fetch Moumouth.

"He will be charmed to see you again, madam," Mother Michel answered; "he is in the garden in the care of Faribole, a little young man whom your steward judged proper to admit to the house; the young rogue and the cat have become a pair of intimate friends."

Mother Michel went down to the garden and there found Faribole alone, seated upon a bench, and with a preoccupied air stripping the leaves from a branch of boxwood which he held in his hand.

"My friend," said the good woman, "Madam the Countess desires you to bring Moumouth to her."

"Mou-mouth!" stammered Faribole, starting at the name as if he had been stung by a wasp.

"Yes, Moumouth; I thought he was with you."

"He just quitted me; some persons passing in the street made a noise that frightened him, and he leaped into the hedge."

Mother Michel, after having spent more than half an hour in scouring the garden, returned to Madam de la Grenouillère, and said: "Moumouth is absent, madam; but do not be anxious; he disappeared once before, and we found him in the garret."



FARIBOLE SEATED IN THE GARDEN.

"Let him be searched for! I do not wish to wait. I desire to see him this instant!"

Alas! this desire was not likely to be gratified, if any reliance could be placed upon the words exchanged in the dark between Lustucru and his accomplice.

"Well, did you do it?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru, I pounded until the cat ceased to move."

"What have you done with the body?"

"I have thrown it into the Seine."

"Was he quite dead?"

"He did n't stir."

"Anyway, the sack was securely fastened. Justice is done!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH MOTHER MICHEL SEARCHES FOR HER CAT.



SEVERAL days passed in painful expectation; but the cat, like General Marlborough, did not come back. The despair of Madam de la Grenouillère was sincere, profound, and silent,—all the more intense because it was suppressed. She continually pictured to herself the charming ways of Moumouth, his natural goodness, his superior intelligence. No animal had ever displayed to her so many brilliant qualities; not one of her previous favorites had ever caused her such bitter regrets.

Generous in her misfortune, she did not reproach Mother Michel; on the contrary, the Countess sought to comfort that poor woman, who had given herself up wholly to grief. The Countess said to her one night:

"What can you do against an irresistible calamity? The wisdom of man consists not in struggling with unhappiness, but in submitting himself to the will of Heaven."

"I am of your opinion," replied Mother Michel. "If I believed, like you, in the death of Moumouth, I would resign myself without a murmur. But I have the idea that he still lives; I picture him running through the streets, the victim of ill treatment, with saucepans, may be —"

"Go to, Mother Michel, you deceive yourself; Moumouth is dead, otherwise he would have come back to us."

"Something tells me that he is still in this world, and if Madam the Countess wishes to have tidings of him, she has only to address herself —"



MOTHER MICHEL PAYS THREE CROWNS.

"To whom?"

"To our neighbor, Madam Bradamor, that celebrated fortune-teller, who predicts the future, removes freckles, reads in the Book of Destinies, and charms away the toothache."

"Fie, Mother Michel! how can you, a sensible woman, have any confidence in the juggling of an adventuress?"

"But, madam, I am not alone; the most distinguished people go to Madam Bradamor; she is more learned and less dear than her rivals, and asks only ten crowns to make you behold the devil Astaroth."

"Enough, for pity's sake!" responded the Countess, dryly.

Mother Michel remained silent; but she had made up her mind, and, the first time she had a moment of liberty, she ran to the house of the necromancer.

The fortune-teller occupied a spacious apartment richly furnished, for she gained a great deal of money by cheating the public. Her consultation-room was draped with hangings of black velvet sprinkled with gilt stars; upon a square table, in the center of the chamber, stood painted tin obelisks, jars of electricity, retorts, and divers mathematical instruments, of whose uses the pretended sorceress was quite ignorant, but which she had placed there in order to impose on the weak-minded persons who came to consult her.

She at first showed some embarrassment on beholding Mother Michel; however, after having closed a glass door which communicated with the other apartments, she returned to salute her new client, and said in a solemn tone:

"What is your desire?"

"To question the present, the past, and the future."

"I am the very one to satisfy you," replied Madam Bradamor; "but what you demand is very difficult, and will cost you three crowns."

"There they are; I give them to you with all my heart."

Madam Bradamor, full of regret that she had not insisted on having more, pocketed the money, and began in these terms:

"What is the date of your birth?"

"The 24th of May, 1698."

"What are the initials of your name and the first letter of the place in which you were born?"

"A, R, M, N, L, S."

Madam Michel was named Anastasie Ravegot; the widow, since twelve years, of François Michel, in life inspector of butter in the Paris markets; she was born in Noisy-le-Sec.

"What is your favorite flower?"

"The Jerusalem artichoke."

After these customary questions, the fortune-teller examined some coffee-grounds poured into a saucer, and said:

"Phaldarus, the genie of things unknown, informs me that you are in search of a being very dear to you."

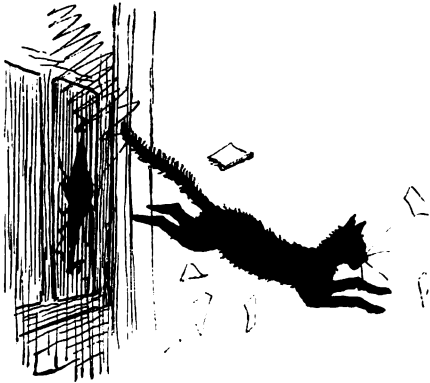
Mother Michel bounded in her chair with sur-



THE FORTUNE-TELLER CONSULTS HER CARDS.

prise. Madam Bradamor continued: "This being is not a man; it is a quadruped—either a dog or a cat. Ariel, spirit celestial, reveals to me that it is a cat."

Mother Michel was more and more impressed; without giving her time to recover herself, the for-



MOUMOUTH APPEARS.

tune-teller took a pack of cards, shuffled them, cut them three times, then disposed them in a systematic order on the table, and said gravely:

"Your cat is the knave of clubs; let us see what happens to him. One, two, three, four; ten of spades! He is a wanderer, he has a passion for travel, he sets out at night to see the curiosities of Paris. One, two, three, four; the queen of spades! It is a woman who manufactures ermine fur out of cat-skin. One, two, three, four; the knave of spades! It is a rag-picker. One, two, three, four; the king of spades! It is a restaurant-keeper. The falling together of these three persons alarms me. One, two, three, four,—clubs! One, two, three, four,—clubs again! One, two, three, four,—always clubs. Your cat would bring money to these three persons: the rag-picker wishes to kill him in order to sell the skin to the furrier, and the body to the restaurant-keeper, who will serve it up to his customers as stewed rabbit. Will the cat be able to resist his persecutors? One, two, three, four; seven of spades! It is all over, madam; your cat no longer exists!"

"They have eaten him, the cannibals!" cried Mother Michel, sinking back, and she fancied she heard a plaintive *miau*, the last agonized cry of Moumouth. But it was not an illusion; a cat had miaued, and was still miauing in the next chamber. Suddenly a pane of glass in the door described was shivered to atoms, and Moumouth in person tumbled at the feet of Mother Michel.

From the top of a wardrobe he had perceived his

affectionate guardian; he had called to her several times, and as she did not answer him, he had thrown himself, in his desperation, against the glass door, through which he had broken a passage.

"My cat was with you!" said Mother Michel; "you have stolen him! My mistress is powerful; my mistress is the Countess Yolande de la Grenouillère; she will have you chastised as you deserve to be!"

While making these threats Mother Michel placed Moumouth under her arm, and prepared to depart. Madam Bradamor stopped her, saying:

"Do not ruin me, I conjure you! I have not stolen your cat!"

"How is it in your house then?"

"I have it from a little boy named Faribole; he got this cat for me, which I have long desired to have, on account of his supernatural shape and appearance, to figure in my cabalistic conjurations. This is the truth, the whole truth. I beg of you that your mistress will not disturb me."

"Madam the Countess will act as she thinks proper," responded Mother Michel, haughtily; and she vanished with her cat.

She made but one step from the house of Madam Bradamor to that of Madam de la Grenouillère; one would have said that Mother Michel had on the seven-league boots of little Tom Thumb. She did not linger in the parlor, when she arrived out of breath and unable to speak a word, but carried Moumouth straight to the Countess.

On recognizing the animal, the Countess gave so



"DO NOT RUIN ME, I CONJURE YOU!"

loud a cry of joy that it was heard as far as the Place de la Carrousel.

Lustucru assisted at this touching scene. At the



"LUSTUCRU ASSISTED AT THIS TOUCHING SCENE."

sight of the cat he was so dumbfounded that his reason wavered for a moment. He imagined that the cat, so many times saved, was a fantastic being, capable of speaking, like the beasts in the fairy-tales, and he said to himself with a shiver: "I am lost! Moumouth is going to denounce me!"

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH IS SATISFACTORY
TO EVERYBODY BUT THE
GUILTY.



SOON as Madam de la Grenouillère learned how Moumouth had been recovered, she ordered young Faribole to be brought before her.

"I'll go and look him up," said Father Lustucru, with alacrity. He was very anxious to warn his accomplice, and sought an excuse to steal off.

"No, remain! You have admitted him to the mansion, you shall see him turned away, and will learn to bestow your confidence more wisely in future."

Lustucru remained, and, recovering from his first stupor, resolved to boldly deny everything, if Faribole should dare to accuse him.

Introduced into the parlor, Faribole did not wait to be interrogated.

"Madam the Countess," said he, "the presence of your cat tells me why you have called me; but

I am less guilty than I appear; permit me to explain."

"It is useless," replied Madam de la Grenouillère; "your justification is impossible."

The steward, believing it best to play a bold game, said with irony:

"I am curious to know what unlikely story this rogue has to tell," and in accenting these words slowly he gave Faribole a glance which signified: "If you accuse me, woe to you!"

Without allowing himself to be confused, Faribole commenced in these terms:

"It is necessary to avow it, madam; I entered into your service with the intention of stealing your cat; the fortune-teller wished to have him, to make him play the part of the devil Astaroth; and she had seduced me by the promise of a crown of six livres and a pair of shoes. They treated me so well, and Moumouth appeared to me so charming, that I renounced my wicked plans; I never, no, never would have put them into execution, if I had not found it was necessary to get Moumouth out of the way in order to rescue him from the attacks of an enemy all the more terrible because he was hidden."

"Of whom does he wish to speak?" demanded Lustucru.

"Of you! of you who have said to me, 'Kill Moumouth, or I chase you from the house!'"

"I, I have said that! what an impudent falsehood! Ah, Madam the Countess, you know me well enough not to hesitate between the declarations of this fellow and my flat denial."



FARIBOLE EXPLAINS.

"Faribole," said the Countess severely, "your charge is grave; can you bring any proof to support it?"

"Proof, alas! no, madam; but I am ready to swear to you —"

"Enough," interrupted the Countess; "do not add calumny to the theft of the cat, but deliver me of your presence."

The miserable Faribole wished to protest, but at a sign from Madam de la Grenouillère, Lustucru seized him by the arm, led him through the door without further ceremony, and treated him in so rough a manner on the staircase as to quite relieve him of any idea of asking for his personal effects.

However, the iniquities of the steward were not to remain long unpunished; that same day, Mother Michel, in arranging the closet in the antechamber, was very much astonished at finding the bodies of several dead rats and mice; she was wondering what had caused their death, when she recognized the famous hash that the cat had refused to eat, and which had been left there by mistake. Two mice were dead in the plate itself—so powerful and subtle was the poison!

This discovery tore away the veil which covered the past of Lustucru. Mother Michel, divining that the charges of Faribole were well founded, hastened to inform Madam de la Grenouillère, who recommended her to keep silent, and sent for the steward.

"Have you still the 'death to rats?'" she asked him.

"Yes, madam, I think I have a little left."

"Some should be placed in the antechamber; you have not thought of that before?"

"Never, madam; I did not know there were rats in that part of the house."

"Very well; you can retire."

Madam de la Grenouillère wrote to a celebrated chemist, who, after having analyzed the hash, declared that it contained a prodigious quantity of poison.

The crime of Lustucru was then evident; but other proofs were not long in rising against him. The adventure of Croquemouche and Guignolet was talked about among the boatmen; Faribole heard the story from one of them, and discovered a person who had seen Lustucru throw Moumouth from the bridge of Notre Dame.

The steward, confounded, did not wait to be discharged; he fled, and, to escape the vengeance of Madam de la



FARIBOLE IS TREATED ROUGHLY ON THE STAIRCASE.

Grenouillère, embarked as cook on board of a merchant vessel bound for Oceanica.

It was afterward learned that this ship had been wrecked on the Sandwich Islands, and that the savages had eaten Lustucru. History records that at the moment of expiring he pronounced but a single word, the name of Moumouth!

What was it that brought this name to the lips of the guilty man? Was it remorse? or was it the last explo-

sion of an unforgiving hatred? This is what history has neglected to inform us.

The health of Madam de la Grenouillère had been altered by the heavy shocks she had experienced in losing her favourite animals. The tenderness and graces of Moumouth would perhaps have been sufficient to attach her to life; but the respectable lady had reached an age when sorrows press

of all her lovable qualities, that one would have believed she slept. She was nearly in her seventy-ninth year.

By her will, which she had deposited with her lawyer, she had left to Moumouth and Mother Michel an income of two thousand livres, to revert, in case of the death of either, to the survivor.

Mother Michel took up her residence near her sister, provided handsomely for all the children, and selected for her own retreat a pretty cottage situated in Low-Breton upon the banks of the river among the green trees.

Faribole, received again into the service of Madam de la Grenouillère, conducted himself so well that his transient error was forgotten. He would have been able to distinguish himself in the kitchen,



A CELEBRATED CHEMIST ANALYZES THE HASH.



LUSTUCRU FLIES.



THE FATE OF THE STEWARD.

very heavily. Mother Michel had the grief, one morning, to find the Countess dead in her bed: her face was so calm and bore so plainly the impress

but he preferred to serve the State, and enlisted at the age of sixteen in an infantry regiment. He took part in the expedition against Majorca under

the command of Marshal Richelieu, and was named corporal after the capture of Port-Mahon, June the 29th, 1756. When he obtained his discharge, he returned to live near Mother Michel, for whom he had an affection truly filial. To the agitations of their existence succeeded calm and happy days, embellished by the constantly increasing graces of Moumouth.

Our cat henceforth was without an enemy; he won, on the contrary, the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His adventures had made him quite famous. Besides the ballad,—of which, unfortunately, only two couplets have been preserved,—the poets of the period wrote in his honor a large number of verses that have not come down to us. He received visits from the most distinguished men of the time, even from the King himself, who once, on his way to the Chateau of Bellevue, dropped in for a moment on Moumouth.

A grand lady of the court condescended to choose for Moumouth a very gentle and very pretty companion, whom he accepted with gratitude. In see-

You wish to know what finally became of Moumouth? He died,—but it was not until after a long and joyous career. His eyes, in closing, looked with sweet satisfaction upon groups of



MOTHER MICHEL'S COTTAGE.

weeping children and grandchildren. His mortal remains were not treated like those of ordinary cats. Mother Michel had built for him a magnificent mausoleum of white marble. Following a custom then adopted at the burial of all illustrious



MOUMOUTH AND HIS FAMILY.

ing himself a father Moumouth's happiness was at its highest, as was also that of Mother Michel, who felt that she lived again in the posterity of her cat.

personages, they engraved upon the tomb of Moumouth an epitaph in Latin, composed by a learned professor of the University of Paris.

THE END.

BOSTON BOYS.

(Grandfather's Story.)

BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT! you want to hear a story all about that old-time glory,
 When your grandsires fought for freedom against the British crown;
 When King George's red-coats mustered all their forces, to be flustered
 By our Yankee raw recruits, from each village and each town;

And the very boys protested, when they thought their rights molested?
 My father used to tell us how the British General stared
 With a curious, dazed expression when the youngsters in procession
 Filed before him in a column, not a whit put out or scared.



"THEN THE LEADER TOLD HIS STORY."

Then the leader told his story,—told the haughty, handsome Tory
 How his troops there, on the mall there (what you call "the common," dears),
 All the winter through had vexed them, meddled with them and perplexed them,
 Flinging back to their remonstrance only laughter, threats, and sneers.

"What!" the General cried in wonder,—and his tones were tones of thunder,—
 "Are these the rebel lessons that your fathers taught you, pray?
 Did they send such lads as you here, to make such bold ado here,
 And flout King George's officers upon the King's highway?"

Up the little leader started, while heat lightning flashed and darted
 From his blue eyes, as he answered, stout of voice, with all his might:
 "No one taught us, let me say, sir,—no one sent us here to-day, sir;
 But we're Yankees, Yankees, Yankees, and the Yankees know their rights!"

"And your soldiers at the first, sir, on the mall there, did their worst, sir;
 Pulled our snow hills down we'd built there, broke the ice upon our pond.
 'Help it, help it if you can, then!' back they answered every man then,
 When we asked them, sir, to quit it; and we said, 'This goes beyond

"'Soldiers' rights or soldiers' orders, for we've kept within our borders
 To the south'ard of the mall there, where we've always had our play!'"
 "Where you always shall hereafter, undisturbed by threats or laughter
 From my officers or soldiers. Go, my brave boys, from this day

"Troops of mine shall never harm you, never trouble or alarm you,"
 Suddenly the British Gen'ral, moved with admiration, cried.
 In a minute caps were swinging, five and twenty voices ringing
 In a shout and cheer that summoned every neighbor far and wide.

And these neighbors told the story how the haughty, handsome Tory,
 Bowing, smiling, hat in hand there, faced the little rebel band;
 How he said, just then and after, half in earnest, half in laughter:
 "So it seems the very children strike for freedom in this land!"

So I tell you now the story all about that old-time glory,
 As my father's father told it long and long ago to me;
 How they met and had it out there, what he called their bloodless bout there;
 How he felt — "What! was he there, then?" Why, the *leader*, that was he!

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III.

THE BABY KING.

ON a dark December afternoon, when the days were short and the winter at its hardest, a little wailing infant, weakly from its birth, though born Prince of Wales and heir to the most powerful of European kingdoms, was born in Windsor Castle in the year 1421: Henry, only child of Henry V., the conqueror of the age, and grandson of Henry IV., one of the most wise of English kings. He himself was not destined to be either brave or wise or fortunate. His mother, Katherine of France, had been won at the sword's point; and the marriage was supposed to give some claim of right to the sovereignty of France, which Henry V. had got by right of conquest before he married her. What her own feelings were about it, or whether she loved her bold English husband and her feeble English baby well enough to be willing that her brother should be disinherited for them, and her country brought under a stranger's rule, no one

knows—for it is always difficult to make out what the poor women felt about it, who have to take a passive place in history and say nothing about what they are thinking. Anyhow, poor Katherine, one would imagine, must have been sad enough in those dull wintry days at Windsor—her husband far off in France, fighting against her family and her people, and doing all he could to crush out every germ of freedom in the conquered country; for in those days, and even in our own days, a man may be very fond of freedom for himself and for his own country, who is quite ready to call the love of liberty rebellion in other people.

Henry V. was a patriotic and popular monarch, doing everything he could to enrich England and secure her peace by ruining her neighbor, as the most of us have lived to see another great nation do. But Henry did not succeed, and I hope the other enemy of France will not succeed either. He was far away in France, at his favorite work of fighting, when he got the news of his son's birth—his first and only child. It seems that brave Henry

had in him some touch of superstition, as is not very unusual with fighting men; and he did not wish his child to be born at Windsor, no doubt from some idea that it was unlucky or unwholesome. When he heard where the event had taken place, he turned to his chamberlain, Lord Fitzhugh, and gave vent to a dreary prophecy: "I, Henry, born at Monmouth, shall small time reign and much get," said the foreboding King, "and Henry, born at Windsor, shall long reign and all lose; but

old when his father died, and he in his swaddling clothes became King of England; and the first time that history shows us any glimpse of him is in a strange, gorgeous scene which took place in the September after his birth, when a procession of splendid noblemen in all their robes of state, bishops and archbishops, and all the great officials of the country, came thronging into the Castle to bring the Great Seal of England, the highest emblem of imperial authority, to the new monarch.



THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND IS PRESENTED TO THE BABY KING.

as God wills, so be it." This was Henry VI.'s welcome into this cold and wintry world. And, after a while, his mother went away to France, and the baby was left solitary in the great silent Castle; so great and powerful, heir to two kingdoms, yet so feeble and helpless and small. You cannot fancy a greater difference than there was between this poor little atom of humanity and his position; and if he had died then in his cradle, or been suffered to grow up among the grooms in the stable, a humble servant of the King's household, one cannot but think it would have been better for that last Henry Plantagenet—better for England, and certainly better for him.

The poor little baby prince was but eight months

Poor little soul, in his nurse's arms! There he sat while all the fine people came in, carrying the Seal in an embroidered bag, itself sealed by the Lord Chancellor, that no one might tamper with it. Perhaps the gold and the jewels, the ribbons of the Garter, and the beautiful badge (of which I told you) all wrought in enamel and gold,—the "George," which all the Knights of the Garter wore,—dazzled and delighted the baby. Or, perhaps, he only sat and looked on with that solemnity which you see in babies sometimes, as if, just newly arrived out of heaven, they were too much above us to trouble themselves about such trifles. It was at the hour of vespers, when the bell was pealing from St. George's Chapel, and all the chorister boys in

their white robes were streaming into the cool, dim choir out of the slanting sunshine; and all about the Castle the fair woods lay green, and the sun dropping into the west made the long line of the Thames into a shining, golden pathway. This outside; and all the great lords within bowing and doing homage, offering the Seal to the infant, handing it back again with elaborate ceremonies, at which perhaps in their hearts they did not know whether to laugh or to weep: for what could be more pitiful than the thought that their great Harry whom they loved, he of Agincourt, who had conquered France, was lying dead, and that this was King Henry of England—this speechless, unconscious child? I do not think there could have been a more pathetic scene—though, indeed, you may call it laughable, if you like. The great dukes, the bishops who were princes, the Chancellor of England, and all those splendid officers of state, kneeling to kiss the baby's feeble fingers. "The King's Majesty,"—that is what they called him, though he was but nine months old.

Poor little Henry staid at Windsor without moving, apparently, till he was nearly two years old. His great father was brought sadly home and buried in Westminster, and all the affairs of State rolled on as usual, and laws were made and a great many important matters settled in the child's name. "Our present lord, the King, with the advice and consent of his Council," is supposed to have done a great many things of which he could have known nothing; and it was he, nominally, who set King James, his "cousin of Scotland," free after his long captivity. There is an account, in an old chronicle of the time, of his baby naughtiness, put down very solemnly as if it had the highest meaning in it. His mother set out with him in November, 1423, to open Parliament, as Queen Victoria is just now, while I write, preparing to do. Queen Victoria, however, can travel from Windsor to Buckingham Palace in half an hour whenever she pleases, whereas it was a long journey for Queen Katherine and her baby. They started upon a Saturday, and lodged that night at Staines, a small town a few miles from Windsor. But next day being Sunday, when the Queen's chair (in which, I suppose, she was carried) was brought out to continue the journey, "the Kyng shrieked and cryed and sprang, and wolde not be carried forthere; wherefore he was borne again into the inne, and there abode the Soneday al day"—for who could venture to cross the King? On Monday, however, you will be glad to hear, Henry's temper improved, and "he beyng then gladde and merie," was carried off in triumph as far as Kingston, where they rested for the night. Next day brought them to Kennington, and on the

Wednesday they arrived in London, and "with a glad sembland and mery chere, in his modyer's arms in the chare, he rode through London to Westminster," where, poor babe! the "Kyng's Majesty" opened the great English Parliament the next day. And of all those powerful, ambitious lords, his uncles, of the same royal blood as himself, and those of the house of York, who were afterward to dethrone him, not one endeavored then to twitch the reins of State out of those little helpless hands.

A little later there is a record that, being carried into St. Paul's, he "went upon his fete" from the west door to the choir,—evidently quite a long walk for the little fellow,—and that he kept his seat "diverse daies in the Parliament." Imagine the poor child, in his heavy dress all shining with gold and jewels, and small forlorn, pale face, seated there, frightened, no doubt, and weary, wondering at the discussions and talk that were carried on before him—most solitary of children, upon the throne so much too big for him! I am sure, if you think of all that he had to go through in this way, you will pity the baby King from the bottom of your hearts.

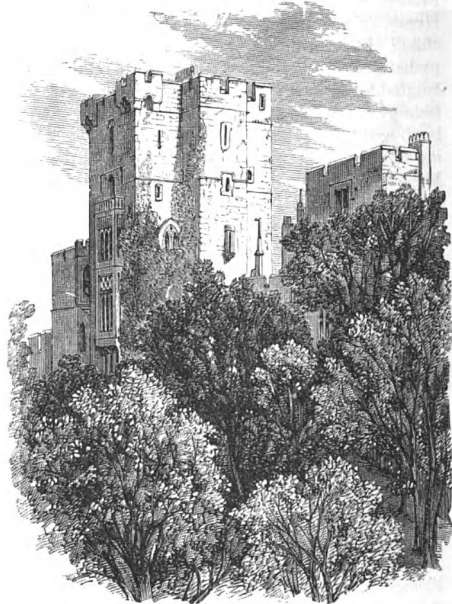
It is more amusing, though, when he began his education, to find a special Act of Parliament in his name, giving authority to the Earl of Warwick, his "governor," to whip him when necessary! I do not suppose Henry had much to do with this, but it had to be put in his name. "If we are negligent in learning, or commit any fault, or do anything contrary to instructions of our said cousin, we give him full power, authority, license, and directions reasonably to chastise us from time to time, according to his discretion, in the manner that other princes of our age, as well in this kingdom as in others, have hitherto been accustomed to be chastised—without being impeached or molested by us or by any other person in future for so doing." Let us hope that Warwick was not very hard upon poor, gentle Harry, who loved learning, and no doubt prepared all his lessons like the meek and tranquil boy he was. It was a great deal better, was it not, that he should be whipped for his own faults than that he should have had, as it is said James VI. of Scotland and I. of England had—a "whipping-boy," who was punished when his little master did wrong, and whose cries were supposed to have the same effect upon the royal sinner as if he had himself been whipped? In Henry's time, I suppose, such a clever idea had not been thought of; so he was made to forgive Earl Warwick beforehand for chastising him. He was so gentle and so good that I believe he would have forgiven him anyhow, and taken his punishment very sweetly, if he had required any. How-

ever, whether he was punished or not, he was so trained that he came to love learning and to do a great deal for the education of his country. And of this, as it was, perhaps, the only one successful enterprise of his life, I will tell you now.

From the north side of the Castle, where stands the Winchester Tower (of which you have here a picture), and where now there is the fine terrace which Queen Elizabeth made, you look down upon a broad stretch of country spreading far away in level lines rich with wood, and showing close at hand, at the foot of the hill, a glimpse here and there of the Thames as it travels downward to London and to the sea. From this point, nowadays, the most conspicuous object is the beautiful Chapel of Eton, and the buildings of the college which is, as I dare say you have heard, the chief public school in England; and were you to visit Windsor now, you would meet at every turn shoals of Eton boys, in their black jackets and tall hats, walking about in twos and threes in the streets, in the park, on the terrace of the Castle, everywhere—and see them on the river, and in the fields at play by hundreds (but not in jackets and tall hats then).

When Henry VI. spent his own boyhood in Windsor Castle, under Earl Warwick's charge, there was no great college at Eton, but only a little village half a mile off on the other side of the river, lying peacefully with its red cottage roofs in the sun, where young Henry at his lessons saw it every day. Education, had sunk low in England at that time, and William of Wykeham (as I told you), he who was once architect of Windsor Castle, had founded the great school at Winchester, and a college in Oxford in which the Winchester boys could finish their studies, not very long before, by way of reviving learning in England, and training the new generations to be more enlightened than the old. Young Henry, as he grew to be a man, took more interest in this than in tournaments and hunts and feasting. "Uncasy lies the head that wears a crown," his grandfather had said—or at least Shakespeare said it for him; and when you think that the crown had been heavy on Henry's brow since ever he could remember, you will be less surprised that his spirit had been crushed by it. I think he must have been frightened in his very childhood by the commotions of the world—the fighting in France and the confusions at home, and the bloodshed and all the troubles. "He was fitter for a cowl than a crown," says old Fuller, "and of so easie a nature that he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valor." You must not despise him, however, for few of the fighting men have left behind them such a monument as did this patient Henry. He set his heart upon establishing a school as Wykeham had done,

and, in addition to the school, a college where the boys might be trained to be ripe scholars, and teach others in their turn. Before he was nineteen he went to Winchester to see the foundation there, and how it was going on. Young men of nineteen seldom took much interest in such undertakings in those days, or indeed much later; and immediately after he had made that inspection, he announced his wish to found a similar school close to Windsor. That he should have chosen Eton, the village which lay under his windows, and where he could watch every stone as it was laid, and see the buildings



WINCHESTER TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE

rising day by day, was very natural; and years before he is said to have begun planning for his great object, getting the parish church transferred from the authority of the Bishop of Lincoln to attach it to his new foundation, and buying up little properties from the country folks about. Thus, while he was but a boy himself, he began to provide for English boys to countless generations. I fear the lively Etonians would not have thought very much of the gentle, weakly little King. They would have said (and probably so would you boys on the other side of the seas) that he was "not good at anything," and laughed at his plans and quiet pleasures. But, you perceive, while all the great soldiers and statesmen left little more than troubles and wars between them, this boy King,

who was not good at anything, who could not fight, and was not fit to make any noise in the world, has left behind him an institution which is one of the most flourishing in all England, which has had an influence more or less upon the country for four hundred years back, and which is now the greatest school in the world.

In King Henry's days, however, there was no education thought of except by the side, and under the protection, of the Church; so that the very center of the foundation was the chapel and the little corporation belonging to it, who were to keep up the worship of God without fail, which at that time was supposed to be the only way of making any undertaking blessed and prosperous—and I think it was a very beautiful thought, and one which we should all do very well to imitate still. So the first thing Henry did was to secure for his school-boys that great advantage. He "established," as an old historian says, "an honest college of sad priests, with a great number of children, which he there of his cost frankly and freely taught the rudiments and rules of grammar." You must not think, however, that the expression "sad priests" means anything very melancholy, like the monks of La Trappe, for instance, who never say anything to each other except, "Brother, we must die." All that was meant was, that these were serious men, giving themselves gravely to their work. They had nothing to do with the school, which was to be taught by "one master in grammar, who should gratuitously instruct the poor and indigent scholars, and others coming there from every part of the kingdom, in the knowledge of letters, and especially in the art of grammar." Besides the "provost and fellows, priests, clerks, and choristers," who were to maintain the daily services, and the "poor and indigent scholars," with their master, there was also a charitable establishment for "poor and infirm men." Thus, you see, the buildings which Henry watched from his windows were to be used for all the good deeds that a man of his day could think of—the worship of God, the education of the young, and the relief of the poor.

This was the first public act of the young King. When his father, Henry, won that great battle at Agincourt, which you can read of in Shakspeare as well as in history, it made a great deal more commotion in the world. That was Henry V.'s way of beginning—in fire and flame, and warlike glory; and if I must tell you so, I am obliged to confess that I like that bold Harry, with all his faults, better than the timid, patient son whom he left behind him. But Henry V.'s conquest of France came to nothing except heart-breaking wars and bloodshed, and double bitterness between the

two nations France and England, which were enemies for the reason which ought to have made them friends—*i. e.* because they were close neighbors. Henry VI.'s first act was done with no excitement or glory about it, to make it look splendid in the eyes of the world; but it has had very different results. It has helped to keep up education in England for all these centuries. It has trained for us statesmen, philosophers, historians, great lawyers, even great soldiers—for the Duke of Wellington was an Eton boy; and at this present moment it is greater, more active and flourishing than ever—a living power in England, though Agincourt for centuries past has been nothing but a name.

This will show how the gentle and timid may be greater conquerors sometimes than the boldest and bravest. To do a startling, splendid feat for the moment, and to do a quiet, worthy work which no one remarks—which is best? I do not expect you to choose the last; and perhaps it is as well, while you are young, that you should like the idea of taking the world by storm, for that is very necessary too. But let no one despise the meek Henry, sitting there over his studies in his palace window, and watching the new walls rise across the river on that flat meadow land, where the trees grow to such noble size, and the grass is so green. All that he hoped for, I suppose, was that the bells should jangle on for ever and ever, calling the homely village folks and the poor scholars to God's service, and that there for ever priests should pray and poor boys learn. How could he tell that his seventy poor scholars, with the one master in grammar (and one usher afterward allowed to help him), should grow and increase, until now there are more nearly fifty ushers, and more than nine hundred boys, to celebrate the memory of the pious founder, whose statue stands in the quadrangle, and whose recollection has been kept sacred through all these years?

While he was doing this, a great deal was going on in the King's name in France, which you have read in your histories. The Maid of Orleans, the wonderful young saint and soldier, Jeanne (or, as we call her, Joan) of Arc, had delivered France and had fallen into English hands—alas that we should have to say so!—and had been tortured and burned in the old market-place at Rouen. Not long ago, when I passed through that market-place, I felt inclined to go down on my knees, among all the people, and pray God to pardon England for such a cruel deed. But they did not see things then in the same light, and thought that noble and pure peasant-maiden was a bold madwoman. This was done in King Henry's name, but it did not win back France for him; and perhaps so great a

wickedness had something to do with the misfortunes that befell him. The Duke of York, who represented an elder branch of the house of Plantagenet, thrust aside by King Henry IV. when he seized the crown, took advantage of Henry VI.'s weakness and made a terrible civil war, which, you know, was called the War of the Roses—Henry taking the red rose for his emblem, and York the white. Both of the poor Roses were dyed red enough with blood before that wicked war was done; and our poor King Henry was dethroned, and at last killed by his cousins. After his death, however, so good and so patient and so holy had he been, that the people made pilgrimages to his tomb in St. George's Chapel, and paid honors to him as a martyr; for the world always finds out the good man in the end, though often too late to give any pleasure to him. He lies in his grave in the Castle where he was born; and is Henry of Windsor in history for ever.

Thus you see that no sadder life could be than that of him who was a king in his cradle. He who was so gentle, it was his fate to be tossed about continually among feuds and quarrels and rebellions, all sorts of people struggling over him, though he hated contention. And often he was sick in body

and often in mind; and his life and his reign are little more than a muddle of confusion and misery, helplessness, weakness, and final downfall. But when, in the freshness of his youth, from the battlements of the Castle on a summer evening, or at his window on the wintry days, he looked across the green country and planned out his beautiful chapel and the lodgings for his poor scholars, and thought with tender sympathy of all the books that would be read there, and all the good men who might grow up pure and peaceable to serve God and England, I think the poor young King must have been happy—happy as he never was again. Long after, when happiness was over for Henry, if ever he met some wandering pair of his school-boys about the Castle yard or in the park, he would stop to ask their names and talk kindly to the lads, "and, besides his words, would give them money to win their good-will, saying to them (in the only language which was then thought worthy for learned men to use), 'Sitis boni pueri: mites et docibiles et servi Domini.'" "Be good boys,"—you shall translate the rest for yourselves. But, you see, from gentle King Henry downward, this is all we elders have to say to you. Be good! and, whether you are very happy or not, all will be well.

JEMIMA BROWN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

BRING her here, my little Alice—
 Poor Jemima Brown!
 Make the little cradle ready,
 Softly lay her down.
 Once she lived in ease and comfort,
 Slept on couch of down;
 Now upon the floor she's lying—
 Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly,
 Rosy-cheeked and fair,
 With her eyes of brightest azure,
 And her golden hair.
 Now, alas! no hair's remaining
 On her poor old crown;
 And the crown itself is broken—
 Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely,
 And her nose was straight;
 And that arm, now hanging lonely,
 Had, methinks, a mate.

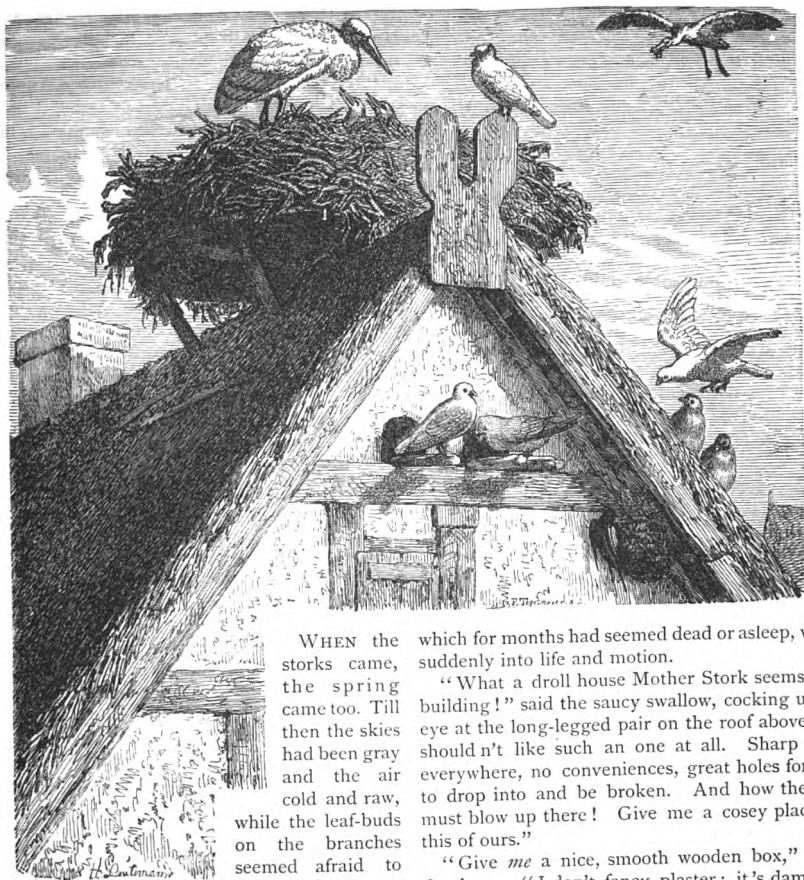
Ah, she was as finely dressed as
 Any doll in town.
 Now she's old, forlorn and ragged—
 Poor Jemima Brown!

Yet be kind to her, my Alice!
 'T is no fault of hers
 If her willful little mistress
 Other dolls prefers.
 Did *she* pull her pretty hair out?
 Did *she* break her crown?
 Did *she* tear her arms and legs off?
 Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief,
 You must do your best
 Now to give the poor old dolly
 Comfortable rest.
 So we'll make the cradle ready,
 And we'll lay her down;
 And we'll ask papa to mend her—
 Poor Jemima Brown!

HOW THE STORKS CAME AND WENT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



WHEN the storks came, the spring came too. Till then the skies had been gray and the air cold and raw, while the leaf-buds on the branches seemed afraid to

peep from their coverings. But when the call of the storks was heard, and the click of their large white wings, the leaves took courage, unrolled their woolly blankets, and presently the trees were green. Soon other birds came too. The doves went to housekeeping in their cote under the peak of the roof-gable. Just beneath, a pair of swallows built a nest of plastered clay: the cherry-tree in the garden was chosen as home by a colony of lively sparrows. All the air was astir with wings and songs, and the world,

which for months had seemed dead or asleep, waked suddenly into life and motion.

"What a droll house Mother Stork seems to be building!" said the saucy swallow, cocking up one eye at the long-legged pair on the roof above. "I should n't like such an one at all. Sharp sticks everywhere, no conveniences, great holes for eggs to drop into and be broken. And how the wind must blow up there! Give me a cosy place like this of ours."

"Give me a nice, smooth wooden box," cooed the dove. "I don't fancy plaster; it's damp and rheumatic, my mate says. But you need n't worry about Mother Stork's eggs. They're too large to drop through the holes in the branches and be broken."

"What coarse things they must be!" remarked the swallow, looking complacently at the tiny clouded spheres beneath her own wings.

"They *are* big," agreed the dove. "But, then, Mother Stork is big too."

"Listen to those absurd creatures!" said Mother

Stork to her partner. "Coarse, indeed! My eggs! I like that."

"Never mind them," replied Papa Stork, good-humoredly, giving a crooked twig the final shove to the side of the nest.

Below on the grass, which was still winter-brown, three little children stood gazing wistfully up at the storks.

"They flew straight to our roof," said Annchen. "Frau Perl says that means good luck before the year ends."

"What does good luck mean?" asked Carl, the youngest boy.

"It means—oh, all sorts of things," replied Annchen, vaguely: "That the mother should not work so hard; that we should have plenty,—plenty to eat every day,—and money, I suppose,—and my new shoes I've waited for so long;—all sorts of things."

"Perhaps my father'll come back," suggested Fritz, with a joyful leap.

Annchen shook her brown head. The boys were too little to understand, but she knew well that the father would never come back. She recollected the day when he marched away with the other soldiers to fight the French. He had lifted her in his arms. She had played with his beard and kissed him, and Fritz had cried after the glittering helmet-spike, till at last the father took the helmet off and gave it him to play with. Then the drum-tap sounded, and he had to go. The mother had watched awhile from the window, and when she could no longer see anything, had sat down to sob and cry with her apron over her face. Annchen recollected it perfectly, and that other dreadful day when Corporal Spes of the same regiment had come, with his arm tied up and a bandage round his head, to tell how the father had been shot in one of the battles before Paris, and buried in French soil. Everything had been sad since. There was less black bread at dinner-time, less soup in the pot, sometimes no soup at all, and the mother worked all day and far into the night, and cried bitterly when she thought the children were not looking. Annchen was too young to comprehend the full cause of these tears, but she *told* the sadness; it was like a constant cloud over her childish sun. Now the stork was come to their roof, which all the neighbors said meant something good. Perhaps the happy days would begin again.

"How I hope they will!" she whispered to herself.

"Hope who will?" asked the mother, passing behind with an armful of wood.

Annchen felt abashed.

"The storks," she murmured. "Frau Perl said

when they build on a roof it brings good fortune always." The mother sighed.

"There is no good fortune for us any more," she said, sadly. "Even the dear stork cannot undo what is done."

"But are n't the storks lucky birds?" asked Fritz. "Jan Stein said they were."

"Ah, luck, luck!" answered the mother. "That is a word only. People use it, but what does it mean?"

"Is n't there any luck, then?" asked Annchen.

"There is the good God, dear,—that is better," replied the mother, and carried her wood into the house.

"Jan said the stork was God's bird," observed little Carl.

"That's it," said Annchen, brightening. "God's bird; and the good God may let the stork bring us good fortune. Dear storkie, do! If only you would!"

Mamma Stork looked solemnly down on the children, and wagged her head gravely up and down. Annchen thought it was in answer to her appeal.

"See, Fritz! see, Carl! She says she will!"

The stork kept on nodding, and Annchen went in to supper, feeling happy.

Days grew into weeks, and spring into full summer. The big eggs and the little eggs had in turn cracked and given place to young birds, who sat in the nests clamoring for food, and being fed, caressed and kept warm by their mothers. At first the nestlings were ugly, featherless creatures, and seemed all beaks and appetites; but presently they began to grow, to put out plumage, and become round and fat. Soon they could hop; then they could flutter their wings; the air was full of their calls and their swift-moving bodies. Mother Stork's babies were white like herself, and had long legs and big bills. The swallow thought them awkward, and contrasted them proudly with her own brisk, glancing brood; but in Mother Stork's eyes they were perfect in every way, and graceful as birds should be. The dove thought the same of her plump squabs,—each parent was entirely satisfied with the kind of child which the Lord had sent her; and that was a happy thing, was it not?

Summer was over, and now it was September, but Annchen had not ceased to hope for the good fortune which the stork's coming prophesied. Each morning, when she woke, she ran to the window to see if the lucky birds were still in the nest. There they were, but nothing else happened, and the mother worked harder than ever, and the black loaf grew smaller. Still Annchen hoped.

"Do you notice what a kind bird the stork is?"

said the mother one night, as she was putting the children to bed. "She never gets tired of taking care of her babies, nor beats them with her wings, nor scolds them. Do you not love her for being so amiable?"

"Sometimes the babies scold her," remarked Fritz from his corner.

"I don't think that is scolding. What they say is, 'Mother, we are hungry. We want a fish or a couple of young frogs; when will the father bring them?' The little storks do not like to wait for their dinners any more than you children do. I heard once a story about a good Mother Stork. Shall I tell it you?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the children; but the mother went first for her knitting-work, for even at the twilight hour she dared not let her fingers be idle for a moment.

"Once there was a Frau Stork," she began, "who built a nest in the roof of an old shed, and in it laid three blue eggs. Presently out of the eggs came three baby storks, large and hungry. Then was Frau Stork very proud and glad. All day she sat in the nest, keeping her little ones warm under her feathers, while Papa Stork flew to and fro, seeking places where were ponds with fish and frogs; and these he fetched home in his beak, and with them fed his brood, who sat always with open mouths ready for anything good which should come along.

"One day when Papa Stork was absent, and Mother Stork had hopped from the nest to the roof, she heard a crackling sound which she did not at all understand. Then the air grew thick and smoky, and there was a smell of burning wood. The shed was on fire! Frau Stork became uneasy, and called loudly for her mate, but he was too far away to hear her voice. Presently the smoke became more dense, and a little red tongue of flame crept through the thatch. When it felt the air it grew large, swelled, and at last, like a fiery serpent, darted at the nest and the screaming brood within."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the children, sitting up in their beds. "What *did* the poor stork do?"

"She could easily have flown away, you know," continued the mother. "There were her strong wings, which would have borne her faster than the fire could follow. But she loved her babies too well to leave them like that. She seized them with

her beak, and tried to drag them from the nest. But they were too heavy, and flapped and struggled, hindering her, for they did not understand what she wished to do. The flames drew nearer, the branches began to blaze. Then Mother Stork took her usual place in the nest, gathered her brood under her wings as if to shield them, bent her poor head, and ——"

"Oh, she did n't burn up!—please don't say she did!" interrupted Annchen.



THE FAITHFUL MOTHER-STORK.

"Yes. When Papa Stork came from the pond with a fresh fish in his beak, there was no roof there, no nest, no little storks,—only a heap of ashes and curling smoke. Frau Stork loved her children too well to desert them, and they all died together."

There was silence for a minute or two. Annchen was sobbing softly, and a suspicious sniff was heard from the direction of Fritz's pillow.

"I hope *our* stork wont burn up," said Carl, solemnly.

"Yes,—because then she wont bring us good luck, you know," added Fritz.

"Do you think the stork has forgotten?" whispered Annchen to her mother. "I've waited and waited for her so long that I'm tired. Do they forget sometimes?"

"She will have to bestir herself if she is to do anything for us this year," said the mother; and though her heart was heavy enough just then, she smiled into Annchen's eager eyes. "Autumn is here; the winter will come before long. Frau Stork and her family may fly off any day."

"I shall *have* to remind her," murmured Annchen, sleepily.

She remembered this resolution next morning, and went out into the yard. The day was chilly; the blue sky, all dappled with gray, looked as if a storm were coming. Mother Stork was alone on the roof. Her young ones could fly now, and they and their father were off somewhere together.

"Mother Stork," said Annchen, standing close to the wall, and speaking in a loud, confidential whisper, "you won't forget what you promised, will you—that day when you nodded your head, you know? The mother says you will fly away soon, but please bring us our good luck first. Poor mother works so hard and looks so pale, and sometimes there is almost no dinner at all, and the cold winter is coming, and I don't know what we shall do, if you don't help us. Please do, Mother Stork. We can't wait till you come again, it's such a long time. Pray fetch our good luck before you go."

Mother Stork, perched on one leg on the roof's edge, nodded her head up and down, as if considering the point. Then she rose on her large wings and flew away. Annchen marked her course through the air, and her eyes grew large and eager with delight.

"She has gone to the fen!" she cried. "That's where she keeps it. Oh, the dear stork!"

"What is it? Who has gone where?" asked the boys, running into the yard.

"Frau Stork," explained Annchen. "I reminded her about it,—our good luck, you know,—and she flew straight off to fetch it. She went to the fen, the beautiful fen, where I went once with the father—*such* a place! How I should like to go there again! You never saw such a place, boys!"

"I want to go to the fen too," said Carl.

"I wonder if we might!" went on Annchen, thoughtfully. "It is n't so very far. I did n't get tired at all that day when I went before. And we could help Frau Stork, perhaps. I wonder if we might."

"I'll go in and ask the mother," said Fritz, running to the door with an eager demand: "Mother, may we go for a walk,—Annchen, and Carl, and I?"

The mother, who was very busy, nodded.

"Don't go too far," she called after him.

"Mother says we may," shouted Fritz, as he ran again into the yard; and the children, overjoyed, set forth at once.

It was quite a distance to the fen, but the road was a plain one, and Annchen had no difficulty in following it. When she went there before, not only her father had been along, but Ernst the wood-cutter, with his donkey; so, when tired, she had rested herself by riding on top of the fagots. She was three years older now, and the sturdy lads did not mind the distance at all, but ran forward merrily, encouraging each other to make haste.

The sun had broken through the clouds, and shone hotly on the white road. But as they neared the fen, they passed into shade. Softly they lifted the drooping branches of the trees, and entered, moving carefully, that they might not disturb the stork. A little farther, and the ground grew wet under foot. Bright streams of water appeared here and there. But between the streams were ridges and island-like tufts of moss and dried grasses, and stepping from one of these to the other, the little ones passed on, dry-shod. Tall reeds and lance-shaped rushes rose above their heads as they crept along, whispering low to each other. The air was hushed and warm, there was a pleasant fragrance of damp roots and leaves. The children liked the fen extremely. Their feet danced and skipped, and they would gladly have shouted, had it not been for the need of keeping quiet.

Suddenly a beautiful water-rat, with a long tail, glanced like a ray of gray sunshine from under a bank, and at sight of the intruders flashed back again into his hole. Fritz was enchanted at this sight. He longed to stay and dig into the bank in search of the rat. What fun it would be to take him home and tame him! But Annchen whispered imploringly, and Carl tugged at his fingers; so at last he gave up searching for the rat, and went on with the others. They were near the middle of the fen now, and Mother Stork, they thought, must be close at hand.

Pop! glug! An enormous bull-frog leaped from a log, and vanished into the pool with a splash. Next a couple of lovely water-flies, with blue, shining bodies and gauze-like wings, appeared hovering in the air. They rose and sank and circled and whirled like enchanted things; the children, who had never seen such flies before, felt as if they had met the first chapter of a fairy-story, and stood holding their breaths, lest the pretty creatures should take alarm and fly away. It was not till the water-flies suddenly whirled off and disappeared, that they recollected their errand, and moved on.

All at once Annchen, who was in advance of the rest, stopped short and uttered an exclamation. The parting of the reeds had shown her a pool larger than any they had seen before, round which grew a fringe of tall flowering water-plants. Half in, half out of the pool, lay a black log with a hollow end, and beside it, dabbling with her beak as if searching for something, stood a large white bird. At the sound of voices and rustling feet, the bird

"I want to go home," whined Carl. "It's dinner-time. I want my dinner very much."

All of them wanted to go home, but it was not an easy or quick task to do so. The children had wandered farther than they knew. It took a long time to find their way out of the fen, and when at last they reached the rushy limits and stood on open ground, it was an unfamiliar place, and much farther from home than the side where they had



"THE BIRD SPREAD A PAIR OF BROAD WINGS AND FLEW SLOWLY UPWARD."

spread a pair of broad wings and flew slowly upward, turning her head to look at the children as she went.

"It was," cried Annchen. "Oh, Mother Stork, we did n't mean to frighten you. Please come back again. We'll go away at once if you don't like to have us here."

But Mother Stork was no longer visible. She had dropped into some distant part of the fen—where, the children could not see.

"Her eyes looked angry," said little Carl.

"Oh dear!" sighed Annchen. "I hope she is n't angry. That *would* be dreadful! What will poor mother do if she is? And it would be all our fault."

entered. Weary, hungry, and disheartened, they trudged along for what to them seemed hours, and it was long past midday when at last they reached the familiar gate.

Frau Stork had got there before them, and stood on the roof beside her mate, gazing down as the sorry little procession filed beneath. Annchen had no heart to greet her as she passed. She was tired, and a dread lest their long absence should have frightened or angered the mother added weight to her fatigue, and made her heart sink heavily as they opened the door.

The mother did not start or run forward to meet them as the children expected she would do. She

sat by the table, and some one sat opposite her—a tall, stately officer in uniform, with an order on his breast. His helmet lay on the table, with some papers scattered about it. When the children came in, he turned and looked at them out of a pair of kind blue eyes.

"Ah," he said. "These are the little ones, dame?"

"Yes," said the mother, "these are *his* children. Take off your hats, boys; and, Annchen, make your reverence. This is the Herr Baron, your father's captain, children."

Carl stared with round eyes at the splendid Herr Baron, while Annchen demurely dropped her courtesy. The captain lifted Fritz and perched him on his knee.

"My fine fellow," he said, "you have your father's face,"—and he stroked Fritz's yellow hair, while Fritz played with the bright buttons of the uniform. The captain and the mother went on talking. Annchen did not understand all they said, but she saw that her mother looked happier than for a long time before, and that made her feel happy too.

At last the captain rose to go. He kissed the children, and Annchen saw him put a purse into her mother's hands.

"I take shame to myself that I left you so long without aid," he said; "but keep up heart, dame.

Your pension will no doubt be granted you, and I will see that you and the children are cared for, as a brave man's family should be. So good-day, and God bless you!"

"May He bless you, Herr Baron," sobbed the widow, as he went away.

"What is it, mother,—why do you cry?" asked little Carl at last, pulling her sleeve.

"For joy, dear. The good Baron has brought your father's back-pay. I can discharge my debts now, and you need hunger no more."

"It is the good luck come at last. I knew it would," said Annchen.

"We will thank God for it," said her mother. And they all knelt down and repeated "Our Father," that beautiful prayer which suits equally our time of joy and our time of sorrow.

But when the prayer was said, and the mother, smiling through her tears, was bustling about to cook such a supper as the little family had not tasted for many a day, dear, superstitious little Annchen stole softly to the door and went into the yard.

The young storks were asleep with their heads under their wings, and Frau Stork, poised on one leg, was gazing about with drowsy eyes. She looked bigger than ever against the dim evening sky.

"Thank you, dear stork!" said Annchen.

1876.



FOURTH OF JULY.

OUR FLAG.

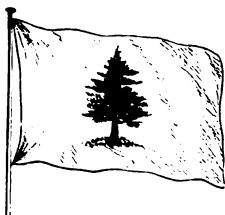
BY KATE FOOTE.

EVERY nation has its flag. Every ship in foreign waters is known by the colors she shows at her peak. The French frigate hoists her bunting of three vertical stripes, red, white and blue; the English man-of-war shows a red flag, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a blue

and on the opposite side the motto, "Appeal to Heaven."

Washington, in his character of General-in-Chief, commissioned several privateer schooners, and they all carried this flag.

The Alfred was one of the few large ships we



THE OLD MASSACHUSETTS STATE FLAG.

union in the upper left-hand corner; and the Austrian, a double-headed black eagle, on a yellow ground,—every nation with a name and a place, having its own appropriate symbol.

When we were colonies of England, we sailed and fought under her flag. Twenty years before the Revolution, when we were at war with the French and their allies the Indians, many a brave man in some hot skirmish with Indians would have welcomed the sight of the red flag of England—it would mean aid and comfort when sorely pressed.

But the time was coming when he was to hate it as much as he had hated the French colors. The time was coming when the sight of it was to mean oppression and tyranny to him, and every feeling of his nature would be roused against it. Every child knows how we finally rebelled; it was nothing less, and, to England, our George Washington was merely a leading rebel. It was a bold proceeding. We were thirteen little States, fringed along on the Atlantic coast, with the unbroken forest behind us, and among the great family of nations we had neither place nor name. We were like the last new boy at a public school—we had to fight to obtain due respect from all the great old nations who were looking on.

Of course we had no flag; we had to earn that, too. For a year or so our privateers carried the Massachusetts State flag. It was better, they thought, than the English flag, at any rate. The field was of white bunting; in the middle, a green pine-tree, as you see in the above picture;

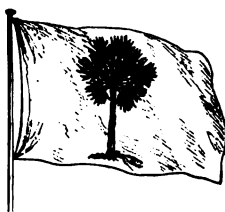


THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG.

had, and she carried the pine-tree flag, and beside that, one with thirteen stripes, in red and white, but with no stars; while on the stripes was coiled a rattle-snake, with the motto, "Don't tread on me." The rattle-snake being found only in America, there was, of course, a peculiar meaning in this emblem.

In the early part of the Revolution, some of the South Carolina regiments carried the palmetto-tree on their flag. That was a very good symbol, and the State yet keeps it on her coat of arms, though it grows everywhere in the South. The palmetto logs at Fort Moultrie were found very good things to receive cannon balls when that fort was besieged by the British in June of 1776.

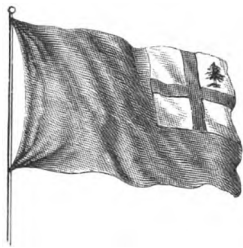
There was this multiplicity of flags, because we did not clearly know what we were. No nation had



THE PALMETTO FLAG.

acknowledged us as belonging to their great family yet; in fact, we had not quite cut loose from England, yet we were fighting her with all our might, and it seemed absurd to be under her colors. In

the fight at Bunker Hill. the flag planted in the corner of that famous redoubt was of blue bunting, with the cross of St. George in red in the corner,



OUR FLAG AT BUNKER HILL.

and a pine-tree, that same pine-tree, in the upper right-hand quarter of the cross.

Our army at Cambridge celebrated New Year's Day, Jan. 1st, 1776, not as the Chinese, by firing crackers and illuminating lanterns in the evening, nor yet by making calls, but by unfurling for the first time in an American camp the flag of thirteen stripes. But even then we had not declared ourselves independent of Great Britain, and this flag had the British union in the corner, and the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

Finally, on the 14th of June, 1776, Congress, which met then in Philadelphia, settled upon our style of flag. "It shall have," said they, "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the union of the States shall be indicated by thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

They followed up the adoption of a flag by a Declaration of Independence, and then we went to fighting harder than ever, and, either because we showed better pluck under our new flag, or be-



THE FLAG OF JAN. 1, 1776.

cause other nations began to feel some respect for our courage under difficulties, or for some other reason, France acknowledged our independence.

It was not until about forty years ago that it was

decided to add another star for every new State as it joined the Union. So that the constellation as it is now, with nearly forty stars in it, has grown a good deal from the original thirteen. But the stripes still remain the same in number, to remind us of the first little band of States who "fought it out" against Great Britain.

In the late war of the Rebellion every regiment carried, in addition to the United States flag, a State flag, so that the soldiers if they were lost or separated from their company, in the confusion of battle, could at least find, if not their own regiment, one belonging to their State. How many eyes may have looked wearily over the broken and scattered columns of marching men on a field of fight, searching through the wreathing smoke for the bannered eagle of Illinois, the crossed arrows of Ohio, or the rising sun of the New York State flag, which might bear healing on its folds!

While the siege of Sumter was in progress in 1864, a review of the troops at Morris Island was



THE FLAG OF 1876.

ordered. They stood, twenty-five thousand men drawn out in line of battle, on the white hard sand beach, with the Atlantic sending in its long thundering surges behind them. Then it was pleasant to look along the glittering line where the sun struck lightning from bayonet and gun-barrel, as they stood at "parade rest," and notice the flags. There on its silken ground ramped the black and white horses supporting the shield of Pennsylvania; then Maine, with the pine-tree and the deer; then the vines of Connecticut, three clusters on the shield—going back to the time when the Norsemen called her shores Vineland: those old pirates who roamed further and knew more in their day of the other side of the world than all the rest of Europe. Then the shield of good old Massachusetts, with its mailed arm ever ready to strike, but with a motto enjoining peace; and my eyes grew misty as I saw that of my own State,—but I shall not tell which that was, for every State flag waved by the side of the great United States flag, as much as to say, "We are not for ourselves, but for all."

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CROWBAIT GULCH.

THERE was not much time for the young miners to look about them. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, cold weather was coming on, and what mining was to be done must quickly be undertaken. They had settled on one of the innumerable branches of the Rio de los Plumas, or, as the newcomers called it, "for short," Feather River. This branch was only a shallow creek now, rippling over a bed of gravel. Later, it would be swollen with the fall rains, and choked with floating ice. Their stock of ready cash, which had seemed considerable when they left home, was now so small that it would hardly buy a hundred pounds of flour. Their bacon was quite gone, and the only staple article of food left them was a goodly bag of beans. Farmer Stevens had insisted on their taking a plenty of beans. The boys had remonstrated, and Barney had laughingly said that the miners would accuse them of being bean-merchants. But he and Arty now acknowledged the wisdom of their father's advice. Beans were in great demand. Sixteen dollars for two quarts of beans had been paid at the Chapparral Hill diggings; and the boys had nearly a bushel.

By some miscalculation, as they once thought, they had brought more coffee than they needed. Often and often, the weather was so bad that they could not roast and grind the coffee which was part of their outfit; they had used the tea, because that could be easily steeped, whenever they could heat a pot of water. But the coffee had resisted all their efforts to get rid of it. When their wagon was upset in the hard places on the plains and over the mountains, the coffee was always safe. The passing emigrants, who asked them if they had any stores to sell or exchange, never wanted green coffee. It was too much trouble to prepare it. The boys had thirty pounds of coffee, now worth eight dollars a pound, and almost a bushel of beans. This represented a small fortune, though they had no money.

They had one ox, one cow, and one horse. But poor old Jim was so thin and feeble that he was at once named by the friendly miners "Crowbait." Their wagon was in fair condition. The tent was as good as new. They had pans, picks, and shovels for gold mining; and with stout hearts, strong hands, and high hopes, what was not possible to

them? The gold was hidden all about them in the ravines, gulches and river-beds. They had come to dig it out, and were impatient to begin.

Scattered up and down the stream, were small encampments of diggers. A few had tents; many slept in the open air, wrapped in their blankets, though the nights were cold. Some of the more home-loving miners had built booths of boughs and logs, and had fashioned rude tables, benches, and a few bunks from the costly lumber which found its way up here from Greasertown, a small camp down the river, where some industrious Mexicans had established a saw-pit. These little settlements were at once given names of some sort, in order to distinguish them from each other in the rude gossip of the country. One group of tents, cabins and booths, which boasted a population of twenty-five men, was known as "Forty Thieves," though there were only twenty-five people in the camp, and not one was a thief. Another was called "Fatty Gulch," because one of the members of the party in the camp happened to be an excessively lean fellow; and another was dubbed "Swellhead Diggings," on account of the personal character of several miners located there. Further down stream were "Slap-Jack Bar," "Bogus Thunder," and "One Eye," names which might have meant something yesterday, and which stuck there long after men had forgotten why they were ever given.

"I allow I'll light out of this," said Captain Rose, when they had been two days in camp. They had settled up accounts all around, and were ready to dissolve partnership now.

"Well, if you go, we allow to stay, and if you stay, we allow to go," said Hiram, very frankly.

"There aint room for all of us."

"You can stay then, boys," said Rose. "There's nothin' doin' here. Nobody's makin' more than one or two ounces a day; and I want more than that."

"More than that!" cried Arty, opening his eyes with amazement. "Why! one ounce is sixteen dollars. Sixteen or thirty dollars a day!"

"That may suit you young fellers," said Rose, discontentedly. "I've heerd tell of chaps down on the American River takin' out a thousand dollars at a lick. That's about my size. I'm bound to go on to the American. Be you fellers goin' to hang together?"

"Really, we had not thought of that," said Mont, with a smile. "We have not divided up our little

property. I suppose we shall stick together for the present."

"I thought ye were limited pardners," rejoined Rose. "And if ye are, I'd like to have Arty along with me. Arty's a chirpy boy, and I'll give him a good show if he'd like to go along."

Arthur had heard a great deal about the fabulous riches dug up along the banks of the American, and he was fired with ambition to make money suddenly. Here was a chance for him to go. He looked at Barney and Johnny. He caught Mont's eye watching him with an expression of anxiety, and, breathing a little quicker than usual, he said: "Thank you, Captain Rose, I'll stay with the rest of the boys."

"Hope you'll never be sorry for it. There's lots of gold down there. None here to speak of," and Captain Rose went away disappointed, for he liked the lad.

"How about this partnership, anyhow?" said Hiram, when Rose, a few days later, had left them to themselves.

"My idea about it is that we go right on together," said Barney. "Arty and I must hang together, of course. And I don't see how we can give up Johnny. He's bound to stay with Arty there, so that's three of us, to begin with. How about you and Tom, Hi?"

Hi "allowed" that he could not go off by himself. Tom was willing to do as Hi said, but he preferred to stay with the Stevens boys.

"I was the last one of the firm at Council Bluffs, you know," said Mont, "and I agreed that it should be a limited partnership, lasting only until we reached the diggings; and here we are."

"And you want to bust up the partnership?" demanded Hi.

"Oh no, I'm in favor of continuing the old firm as long as we can live and work together harmoniously."

"That's just my gait," said Hi, enthusiastically. "Shake!" and he extended his rough hand in token of concluding the bargain. Mont took his hand, and, with a laugh, put his arm on Arty's shoulder and said:

"This is the little chap that keeps us together. So long as he has not set the example of running off on a wild-geese chase, we can do no less than stay here and work it out."

"I'd have liked to have seen him going off with John Rose," grumbled Barney.

"It's share and share alike, isn't it?" asked Hi. Just then his eye lighted on Johnny, who was busily cooking over the plentiful camp-fire. Hi's countenance fell, and he asked, with some constraint. "How about the little kid, yonder?"

"Don't call him a kid," said Arthur, indignantly.

"That's slang. Besides, Johnny's quite a big boy now."

"Yes," laughed Hi. "He's four or five months older than when we took him in at Council Bluffs. He can't do no hard work. You can, because you're two or three years older than he is, and are right smart at things."

"Johnny can do as much as I can, come now; and I'm willing to share with him. Tom, he and I will have to do the drudgery anyhow."

"No more drudgery for me," put in Tom, with a frown.

"See here," said Mont, "there are three of us grown fellows and three boys. Arty and Barney belong together, and Tom, of course, joins his brother Hi. Let Johnny's share be with mine; that will make three equal partners in the camp. For my part I am willing to give Johnny one-third of all I make. How's that, youngster?" he said to Johnny, who had left his bean-stew to listen to this interesting discussion.

"Oh, that's too much, Mont," said the lad, gratefully. "I am willing to work for my board."

"And clothes," added Tom, who was astonished at Mont's liberal proposition.

"Yes, and clothes," said Johnny, who had by this time found his Council Bluffs outfit necessary to cover his growing limbs.

"We shall all become covetous, by and by," said Mont, seriously. "I want to make a bargain now, that we shall all keep. Barney, you and Hi ought to be willing to divide with your brothers as I shall divide with little Johnny here. I suppose you are. Then we shall have only three shares, though each of us will have to divide with one of the boys; that is, provided we have anything to divide. For after all," he added with a sober smile, "we are counting our chickens before they are hatched."

"The fact is," said Barney, "Arty and I are equal partners with each other. We settled that before we left home. But I am agreed that there shall be three equal shares in the new concern—yours, Hi's, and mine. Never mind what we do with each share of any division we may make. How's that, Hi?"

"It's a whack," said Hi, heartily. So the partnership was re-organized and the partners were ready for work.

They had "panned out" enough gold from a dry gulch near by to assure them that they could make fair wages there for a time. Most of the mining in that region was done by digging up the gold-bearing earth and carrying it to the river-bank, where it was washed out with pans, and the gold picked out. The commonest way was to carry, or "pack," the earth in sacks on men's backs, and

then "pan" it out by the river. It was wearisome work. The pan was partly filled with dirt, then filled to the brim with water, and twirled around and round, first one way, then another, in the hands of the operator. The fine earth rose to the top, and was carried over the edge of the pan with a peculiar turn of the wrist. Water was added, and was whirled off again, carrying the refuse earth with it, until nothing was left in the bottom of the pan but coarse sand, and gold. Sometimes,—very

often indeed,—after all the washing and watching, there was nothing found in the bottom but coarse black sand. But a miner who had a shovel and a pan had all his necessary mining tools. With these on his back, sometimes carrying a pick, he traversed the country, searching for good diggings. If

own paths. Then these grew more and more beaten, and it was not long before gold-seekers were hurrying up and down the land on routes which led, like roads, from one gold-bearing region to another.

On the very first day after the boys had camped on Chapparral Creek they had "prospected" for gold. The precious stuff, in lumps, nuggets, dust, and coarse grains, was already familiar to their sight. They had sold a quart pot full of coffee for an ounce of golden ore. But they had never dug any out of the ground.

It was an exciting time. In a gulch which led down from the mountains and opened out to the creek was a flat place, overgrown with brambles and small shrubs of chapparral—a thorny bush—and cut up with the action of winter torrents. This had once been the bed of a stream, but only a slender thread of water crept down under the rocks which had formed the bottom of the old creek. The top soil was red and dry. Beneath, it grew darker, browner, and more gravelly. This they shoveled into pans, and lugged to the edge of the creek below. Mont and Hi each took a pan and began to wash. Hi threw the water over his legs, instead of from him, amidst the laughter of the boys, who anxiously looked on. Mont twirled his painful of mud, sand, and water quite dexterously, flirting off the superfluous stuff with a professional skill that delighted Arty, who secretly hoped that Mont would be the first to find the gold. Hi wobbled his pan about clumsily, and soon covered his legs with mud and water. The turbid currents rippled over the edge of Mont's pan as it deftly revolved in his hands. Arty thought he saw the shimmer of the gold in the cloudy mass.

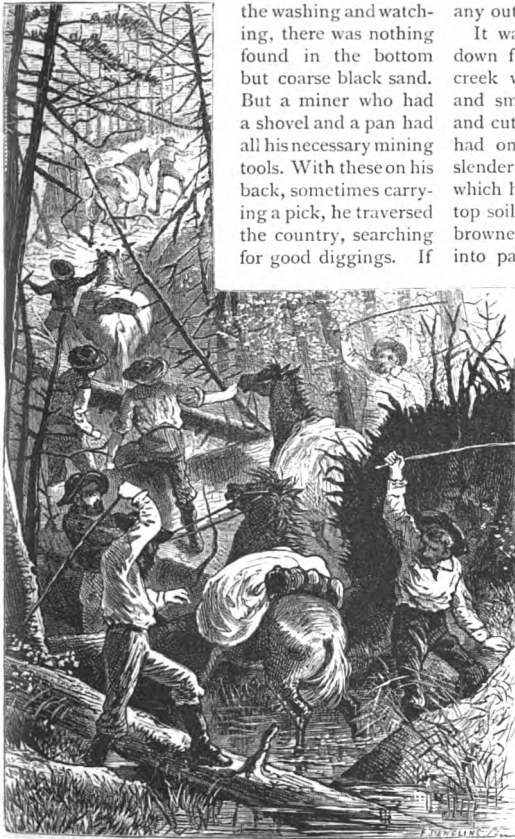
"Hear it! Hear it!" shouted Hi. "Hear it scratchin' on the bottom of the pan!"

Sure enough, there was a rattle of something in the pan different from the steady grinding of the coarse sand. Just then, Hi, who was highly excited, twirled his pan out of his hands, and it fell, amidst a chorus of "Ohs" from the boys, bottom up, and, with its contents, spilled all about. Hi impatiently snatched up

his pan, and there, in a confused heap of sand and gravel, was a lump of bright, hard and shining gold! With a great hurrah, Hi seized it, held it in the air, cut a clumsy caper, and cried:

"The fust gold for the Fender family!"

It was a smooth, water-worn lump, of a dark yellow color, about as big as a robin's egg, and



"OVER THE ROCKY TRAILS OF THE MOUNTAINS."

he found a poor prospect, he journeyed on and on looking for gold.

Some of these wandering diggers, or prospectors, formed themselves into parties, bought mules, or the fiery little horses of the country, and carried their outfit over the rocky trails of the mountains. At first, the travelers were obliged to make their

shaped very much like a pear that has been squeezed nearly flat.

Before the boys could sufficiently express their joy over this first gold of their own finding, Mont, who had only looked up with glittering eyes as he kept on with his work, whirled off the watery contents of his pan and showed the heavier mass at the bottom. There was about half an inch of black sand, and, shining on the surface, were four or five particles of gold. One was almost as big as a pea. The others were a little larger than pin-heads, and one was a crumb so small that it would have been lost if the black sand had not shown it so plainly.

"Sho! that aint nothin'," said Tom, contemptuously.

"Nothin'!" exclaimed Hi, with equal contempt. "Mont's got the color there, and more too. That's over two dollars; and I allow one dollar a pan is a mighty big thing. Them fellers up to Forty Thieves said that twenty-five cents to a pan was good diggin's."

A tall miner from One Eye, who was on his way up the creek, paused as he went by, and looked on curiously at the boys, who with much excitement examined the half-washed heaps of earth on the ground.

"Right smart sort of a scad you've thar, stranner," he said, looking at Hi's find. "Must be more whar that come from."

"Yes," said Mont, "we have just been prospecting up the ravine. Should n't you think it worth while to follow it up?"

"Wal, I reckon yes. Chispas like that yere don't grow into every mud-hole. Thar's quartz rock whar that yere come from. But that's a long ways from yere." And the tall stranger took his way on up the stream, quite unconcerned at the sight of the yellow metal which had so excited our boys.

This was before Rose had left them. Rose, for his part, was not in favor of creek-diggings. He had heard of "crevicing," where the miners dug out the precious stuff from crevices in the rocks, after tearing away the earth; and nothing but "crevicing" would suit him now. Accepting the advice of some friendly neighbors at Forty Thieves, the boys formally made claim to the dry gulch, which they called "Hi's Gulch" from that day. They were mortified, some weeks later, to find that the miners of the neighborhood had christened this "Crowbait Gulch," on account of some fancied connection which old Jim had with their good fortune. Their discomfiture was further increased when they discovered that the name was extended over their camp and party, so that they were called "The Crowbaits," just as if they had been a tribe of Indians with that singular title.

No disrespect was meant to them, however, and they thought they could endure being known as "The Crowbaits" so long as their nearest neighbors were content to be called "Forty Thieves."

Now, at last, they had money enough to buy flour and meat, a claim that was as good as a mine, and a tent over their heads. Already gleams of gold shone in their hands, and rosy visions of wealth began to rise. There was a tolerably sure prospect for the future. Their trials were over, they thought. Their riches were almost on the surface of the ground.

"Do you know what this means, Arty?" said Barnard, one day, showing him a crumb of gold.

"Victuals and drink, board and clothes," said the matter-of-fact lad.

Barney stooped and whispered in his ear one word—"Home!"

CHAPTER XIX.

GOLD.

In a few weeks the young gold-seekers accumulated quite a stock of the precious ore. They could hardly believe their eyes when they weighed it over and over again, figured up the value of it, estimated it, and speculated on the chances of there being more like it in their gulch. It was a marvelous thing that they should actually dig this stuff out of the ground.

But there it was. It cost them many a weary day and many a backache. They had stuck to their gold-pans; and two of the elder members of the party washed out the earth, which the others dug up in the gulch, and carried in sacks to the brink of the creek, where water was plenty. They had tried to make use of the little stream in the bottom of the gulch, but it was too slight to afford water enough; and they were continually digging under it, in hopes of finding rich lumps, or "chispas." The younger boys, in their intervals of packing the gold-bearing earth to the washing party by the creek, often washed out a panful of earth, furtively and eagerly, hoping to find a rich return for their own labor. The gold however was, for the most part, in small bits, like a very coarse gunpowder, with occasional flakes as fine as meal. No such lump as that found by Hi at the beginning of their prospecting could be discovered in the gulch.

The diggings extended, so far as they could judge, quite across the flat mouth of the gulch or ravine, which was four or five hundred feet across, and outward to a sharp ledge, which ran diagonally across it, and thence sloped off to the edge of the creek. This ravine narrowed rapidly, and ran up into the woody ridge, about two thousand feet

from its mouth. So the gold-bearing claim of the young emigrants was a V-shaped patch of earth about four or five hundred feet wide, and tapering off to a point about one thousand feet from the mouth, and thence gradually ascending into the slope in the rear. Mont and Barney made a very systematic "prospecting" of the claim before the boys decided to stay. They sunk deep holes at intervals along the V which has just been described, digging sometimes to a depth of six or eight feet before they reached the bottom layer of coarse black sand, gravel and rock. The top surface was a rich soil, filled with vegetable mold and roots; next below was a clayey loam, and then the gold-bearing sand, gravel and pebbles. Below all was an uneven layer of solid rock, which seemed like the bottom of a basin. This was the bed-rock, and it rose gradually on either side of the ravine, until its nearly perpendicular sides were lost in the abrupt slopes which formed the walls of the gulch. Under this rock, which could be broken through in places, no gold was ever found. The bed-rock, then, was like a dish; it rested on a layer of sterile, yellow gravel and clay. Into its platter-like surface the rain and floods of ages had washed down the soil, gravel, and water-worn gold which had once been scattered among the hills. Perhaps this gulch had once been the outlet of an ancient river. Here the wash of the mountains had been carried down by freshets. The sand and gravel had sunk to the bottom, resting on the bed-rock. The gold, washed out of ledges, now hidden in the hills, had been worn smooth or into fantastic forms as it was tumbled along in the current and over the rocks; it had been swept into the river, and had gone to the bottom with the gravel and stone. The sand had followed it, and the soft soil which settled in, as the stream slackened its current and became shallow, filled in all the interstices. Strange changes took place in the surface of the country. Hills rose up where none had been before, and grass, shrubs and trees grew luxuriantly where once a river had flowed swiftly along. In Crowbait Gulch, for instance, the water almost ceased. The winter rains washed down the soil from the surrounding hills, covering up the rocks, the gravel, the gold, and the sand. Each season added its deposit of vegetable loam, and grass, wild roses, chapparal, and manzanita-bushes grew up, as if to hide the golden secret which lay buried far beneath.

Into this tangled thicket, broken only by the bed of a little stream, and by a few grassy spaces, came the young treasure-seekers. Countless ages had been necessary to prepare for them. While centuries came and went, this wonderful work had gone on unseen. The gold had been rolled and

tumbled, age after age, until it was rounded or smoothed like water-worn pebbles; and generations lived and died, not even knowing of the existence of this wonder-land. The precious ore, for which men go so far and work so hard, sunk into its latest resting-place, and was covered from all human eyes. But not forever, for into this primeval solitude, in the fullness of time, had come the new masters of the mine.

The gold was laid in Crowbait Gulch for the boy emigrants. But it was not yielded up to them without a struggle. Mont dug manfully, Arthur helping him at times, and at times packing the earth and gravel to Hi and Barney, who squatted all day long by the bank of the stream, twirling, twirling their pans, until their eyes ached and their heads reeled with the constant whirling of water, sand and gravel, water, sand and gravel, sand and water again. Not every panful of earth held gold. Very often it happened that the patient labor required to wash out a pan brought nothing but disappointment. Nevertheless, it was fascinating business. As the soil disappeared over the edge of the pan, and the sand began to show through the clearing water, the washer might expect to see the golden gleam of the ore. Or he saw nothing but common sand and gravel; and he began again with the hope that never died in him.

Hi grew intensely interested in the work. He was continually expecting to find a big lump. He washed eagerly, almost feverishly. If he found a few rich grains of gold, his eyes sparkled, and his face beamed with pleasure. If his pan showed nothing but barren sand, his countenance changed, and he scooped up a fresh panful of earth with a mutter of impatience. He was seldom rewarded by any marvelous return, and when Barney, one day, washed out a lump of gold as large as a hickory nut, Hi broke out in open rebellion against his "luck;" and he regarded Barney's find with eyes of covetousness, as if it were not one more acquisition to the common stock. Then, another day, when Arthur, uttering a cry of joy and triumph, dug out a lump of gold almost as big as that first found by Hi, he threw down his pan with an exclamation of disgust, and "allowed" that he had washed long enough. He would take his turn at digging. And so he did, until after a while Mont, thinking that Hi was growing thin and haggard with that work, exchanged places with him again, and Hi went back to the pan.

One day, while all hands were hard at work in and around the gulch, a voice up the thickly wooded hill cried, "Hillo you! How does a fellow get down?"

"Slide," said Mont, with a smile, as he straightened himself up from his toil and looked up the

ridge. There was a crashing and rustling in the brush, and presently a small cart came down the steep slope, backward, and dragging after it a familiar figure. It was Bush. His wagon had lost its cover, and he was partly harnessed in the traces, as his little cow had been.

Breaking through the undergrowth, and half-riding, half-tumbling, Bush and his go-cart reached bottom at last. Bush was brown, ragged, and as cheerful as ever.

"Sh'd think you might hev a road for visitors, leastways," he managed to say, when he could catch his breath. Then, having disengaged himself from his rude harness, he advanced with both hands outstretched, cordially exclaiming, "I'm lookin' for the honest miners of Crowbait; and I reckon I've struck 'em at last. Shake!" and Bush warmly greeted his old companions.

"Where's your cow?" asked Barney, when their former comrade had been duly welcomed.

"Wal, Suke, you see, she up and died one day. After I left you at the divide, I struck off toward the north part of the Yuba, and a powerful rough time we had of it. No trail—rocks, gulches and precipices, till you can't rest. Suke was more or less alkali on the plains, I reckon; and the pull through the timber was too much for her. She pegged out one night, and the coyotes picked her bones before day. Poor Suke!" and Bush twinkled a genuine tear from his eye, as he thought of his vicious little cow.

"Well! how are you making it?" he continued, briskly—"struck it rich?"

"Yes, we're doing first-rate," answered Barnard, heartily.

"Oh, not so powerful rich, though," said Hi, with an uneasy glance at the rest who were gathered around. "Just a livin', you know."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid of me," said Bush, very frankly, "I ain't a-goin' to stay here; I'm just a-pushin' my way across to Dogtown, where I hear there's great diggings. Thought I would take Crowbait on my way. I seen Rose over on the North Yuba. He told me where you were, and when I inquired for 'the Boston boys,' I learned you was Crowbait. Crowbait! I s'pose that means Old Jim?"

"Yes," laughed Arty, "poor old Jim, who ought to have died on the plains, has lived long enough to give us his name. How's your luck at mining, Bush?"

"Well, just ornery; just ornery, boys," and here Bush fished out of the bottom of his go-cart a canvas shot-bag, which he untied, and poured therefrom into his gold-pan about ten ounces of gold-dust. "I should say about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth. That's all I've got to show.

And that there cow of mine would have fetched almost twice as much if she'd lived."

"Where did you pick up that dust?" asked Mont.

"Oh, in spots; just in spots. I have n't worked reg'lar anywheres. No sooner do I get squared off for a wrestle with the pick and shovel than I hear of a better place, and I can't stay."

"Why, you aint earnin' great wages," said Hi, disdainfully.

"Sure's you live," rejoined Bush with a sigh. Then, brightening up, as if recalling a pleasant thought, he said: "And do you believe it, boys, a feller over on Rattlesnake Bar had the cheek to offer me day wages! Fact, he did!" he added, at the expression of surprise on the boys' faces.

"How much?" asked Tom.

"Why, twenty dollars a day, and found. Did you ever see such a fool?"

"What! so much?" exclaimed Arty.

"Much! much!" almost screamed Bush. "What do you take me for? 'D'yer s'pose I'm a Josh to come away over here across the plains to work for wages? Not much," he added scornfully. "I'm goin' to strike for a pile."

But Bush, if he had not made much money, had been busy enough collecting news of all his old acquaintances. He consented to stay overnight with the boys, and gave them all the information he had concerning the country and the people in it. Philo Dobbs, Nance and her mother, were over near Table Mountain. When last heard from they were stopping in a camp of Maine men, whose little settlement and diggings were called Bangor. Dobbs had "struck it rich;" then he had invested it in gold in a new claim, and had lost it; and all this had happened in a week or two. Messer was still "down on his luck," and was over in the San Joaquin country somewhere.

"Then there was that Dot-and-carry-one chap," added Bush.

"Yes!" exclaimed Arthur, "Bill Bunce."

"Bunce was his name. But he is 'Dot-and-carry-one' in places where he stays now. 'Dot,' for short, I should say. He's down on the next branch to this, making money hand over fist. A fool for luck, I say. Not any for me."

Bush gave the boys a great many valuable hints about mining. Though he had not been himself successful, he knew how to instruct others. Particularly he urged them to get a rocker; it would wash as fast with one man to run it as ten men could with pans. A rocker, or cradle, he showed them, was merely an oblong box, open at one end, and made to rattle like a winnowing machine by shaking. In this the earth was washed, precisely as in a pan, but with much greater speed and thoroughness.

The boys told Bush that they had resolved to stay where they were all winter. He shook his head at this and said:

"I never have seen any man that has been in this country much longer than we have. Nobody's been here over one winter, 's far's I know. But the Injuns, they say the snow 's right deep up this far in winter. If you winter it here, you may as well get up a log-house. You 'll freeze in this cloth tent. It's gettin' on to November now, and the nights are fallish already."

This was a new view of the situation to the boys, to whom the climate was utterly unknown, and about which they had taken no thought.

Bush pushed on cheerily next morning, and, as the boys watched him on his way up the branch, shoving his go-cart before him, he stopped in the midst of his song and called back:

"How about grub?"

"Plenty for the present," answered Mont.

"Lay in enough before snow flies, or you 'll get pinched before spring. There's traders down to Nye's Ranch, and that 's your place to buy."

With this farewell warning and advice, Bush waded deliberately into the stream, forded it, poured the water out of his boots, whistled cheerily to himself, and disappeared up the bank.

CHAPTER XX.

HOUSE-BUILDING.

To build a house without lumber was the next task which our boys were to attempt. The Mexicans, commonly called "Greasers," who had set up a jig-saw in their saw-pit down the river, asked such enormous prices for the few boards and planks which they produced, that the boys were at once discouraged from buying of them. Lumber was in demand for cradles, sluice-boxes, and other mining appliances, and the green stuff got out at Greaser-town was all that could be obtained in that region of the country.

But the lads were bent on having a house over their heads. They must build it themselves. They had no money to hire laborers with, for their little accumulation, handsome as it was to them, would not go far toward hiring assistance, even if there had been men to hire.

But timber was plenty on the hills near them, and they had nearly tools enough to build a cabin with, and what they did not have, their good-natured neighbors at Forty Thieves were willing to lend. Choosing out the clean, slender pines and firs of the forest above, the young settlers cut down enough to make the walls of their hut. Trimmed and cut into lengths, these were "snaked" out of the woods by their single yoke of cattle, now

brought into use once more. Then, a suitable underpinning of solid logs having been prepared, the tree-trunks were notched at the ends, so as to fit into each other.

It was heavy work handling these logs, and the younger boys were almost in despair when they reflected that the upper part of the cabin walls must be made by hoisting the sticks to a height above their heads. But Mont soon showed them that, by raising one end of a log on the unfinished structure, and sliding the other end up on an inclined stick of timber, each went merrily into its place, and the walls steadily arose until the pen, as it seemed to be, was eight logs high, and just about as many feet from the ground. This was the work of days, and the boys surveyed the result of their labors with admiration.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Arthur, "we've forgotten the doors and windows."

"Sure enough," said Mont, with a comical smile.

"How shall we manage to put them in, now that the walls are up?"

"Will the whole thing have to come down again?" asked the boy, anxiously.

Hi burst out laughing, and said:

"Mont knows a thing or two. All we have to do now, Arty, is to cut one hole for the door, and a couple more for the windows."

"But the logs will all fall out if they are cut in two in the middle."

"We chink up the logs first, Arty," explained Mont, "so that they cannot fall apart, then we saw out the openings."

"Where did you learn all that? In Boston?" demanded Arthur.

"Oh, he's got a head onto him, he has," murmured Hi, with an admiring look at Mont, who, somehow, was the "boss carpenter" of the house in the wilderness.

Hi, it must be confessed, did not take kindly to house-building. He found the work very "disagreeable," as he often remarked. He had chopped timber in Sugar Grove, times enough before now; but this labor, he thought, was unprofitable. It interfered with mining. He looked longingly at the neglected pans and picks while he was hauling logs, hewing timber, and splitting out "shakes" for the covering of their roof. And one moonlight night, Mont, hearing a strange noise outside as he awoke from a deep sleep, crept out and saw Hi making a pan of earth by the side of the creek, Pete sitting by on his haunches an interested spectator.

"Why, what's the matter, Hi?" asked Mont. "Have n't you done work enough to sleep on?"

Hi looked a little confused and startled, and replied: "'Pears like I could n't sleep to-night. I

dreamed of finding a big chunk of gold up there by that there boulder. So I thought I'd come out and shake the old pan for a while."

Mont put his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder and said:

"My dear old fellow, I am afraid you are getting avaricious. Don't let us try to be rich in a hurry. You will get sick with over-work and anxiety, and then where are you?"

Hi, with a little heat of manner, and growing red in the moonlight, said: "I allow my health's my own. I put my gold into the company, don't I?"

Barney struggled out of the tent, half awake, and with a blanket clinging about him.

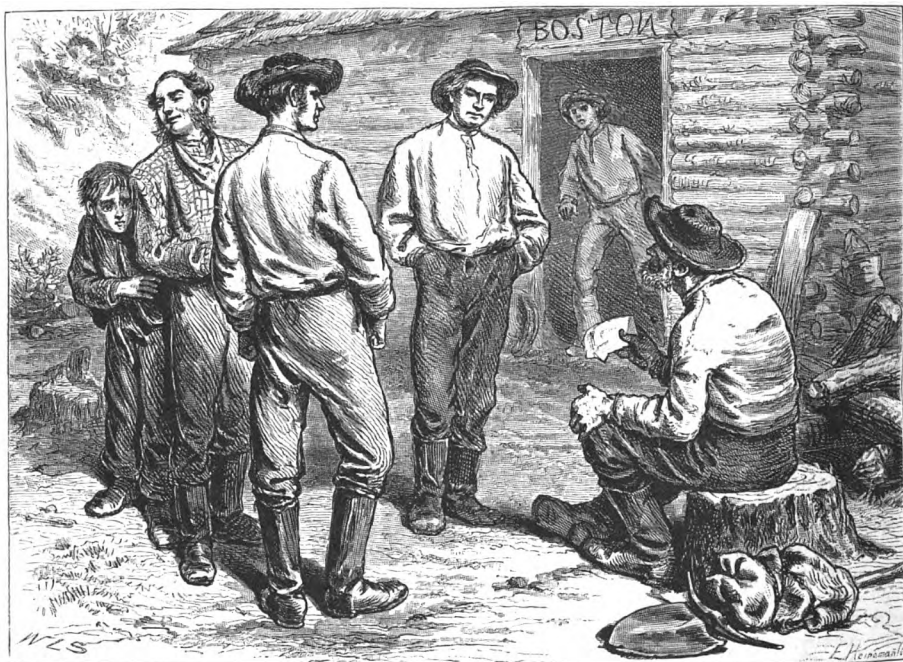
"Here, you Crogan," cried Arty from within, "bring back my blanket!"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mont, cheerily; "only Hi has had a dream of gold, and he has come out to find it in his pan. I followed to see it come true."

"Did it come true?" asked Barney, grimly.

"Not yet."

"And it's a nice time of night for you to be out here washing gold," said Arty, who had crawled out



BILL BUNCE VISITS THE CAMP.

"But that is n't the question, Hi. It makes me sorry to see you growing so care-worn and old before your time. We have a good claim, and nobody can take it from us —"

"I'd like to see 'em try it on!" broke in Hi.

"And, as I was saying," resumed Mont, "nobody can take it from us. We shall have it in the spring. We can live comfortable until then. What's the use of being in a hurry?"

"What!" exclaimed Hi, almost with horror. "Knock off washin' until spring! Not if I know it," and he shook his pan with new energy.

"Hillo! what's up now?" and, as he asked,

into the moonlight, and was trying to read the time on Barney's white-faced watch. "Past two o'clock, as I live! Hi Fender! you're as crazy as a loon! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well, if you are all goin' to make a row about it, I'll go back to bed." And back to bed he went, saying to himself, "I allow that Arty's just about half right, anyhow."

Notwithstanding Hi's discontent, the cabin rose. Light spruce poles formed the rafters of the roof, and these were covered with shingles, or "shakes," split out from the beautiful white pine of the region. Rudely hewn timbers supported the floor, which was

made of thick oblong blocks, called "puncheons," split from the short lengths of oak which had been chopped in the forest. A hole was cut in the rear, and a huge fire-place of stone was built in it, with a chimney of bricks, piled "cob-house fashion," and plastered with mud, leading above the roof. Two openings, protected by cloth from their wagon-cover, furnished light and air. Boards, sparingly taken from their wagon-box, furnished a door and material for a table and bench within. The chinks in the logs were filled in with sticks, dry grass, and clay. The house was done, and Arty, having lettered the name on a spare scrap of canvas, and fastened it to the front of this new castle, christened it "Boston," amidst the applause of his comrades. Hi meditatively cocked his head on one side and said:

"I never did like Boston for a name; but it's enough sight better than Crowbait."

While they were yet admiring the general effect of their new home, a lame man, wearing a slouched felt hat, a red shirt, and a pair of canvas trousers, slid painfully down the bank, dropped his kit of mining tools with a sigh of relief, and said:

"Mornin'."

Arthur and Tom looked at him with amazement, and Barney, with elaborate politeness, said:

"Good-morning to you, Mr. William Bunce."

"Knowed you'd know me! Yes, I knowed it," and Mr. William Bunce rubbed his game leg, as if he thought it a great joke. "Fixed up mighty comfortable here. D'ye allow to winter here?"

"Yes, we allow to winter here," replied Hi, with some asperity. "What mischief are you up to?"

"See here, strannger," replied Bunce, "I aint up to no mischief, leastways so long as I'm civil spoken to. It's the boss of this ranch I want to see—Boston, is it?" And the man looked curiously at Arty's sign. "I was told it was Crowbait."

"Who told you it was Crowbait?" demanded Barnard.

"The man with the go-cart. I disremember his name. Woods?"

"Bush?"

"That's the name. I knowed it war something to do with woods."

"Well, what's your will with us?" asked Barnard.

The man fumbled about his shirt, and took out a buckskin bag, in which was a handful of gold-dust and a greasy wad of paper. Smoothing the paper on his knee, he read from it in silence, lifted up his head, and said:

"Thar war a man."

"Well?" said Mont, for Bunce had stopped.

"Whar's the kid?" he asked.

"Who? Johnny?"

"That's what you call him."

Johnny was called from the gulch, where he was experimenting with pick and shovel. As soon as he saw Bunce, he shrunk back and took shelter behind Mont. Bunce grinned and began again:

"Thar war a man. His name war Jenness, M. D. Leastways, that thar war on his shingle in Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinois. He had a widdier sister a-livin' in Ogle County, Illinois, likewise. She up and died, leavin' a little boy. Jenness, M. D., I allow he war the boy's gardeen. He got the boy. Now thar was property—how much I never heerd tell; it war the kid's if he lived, and Jenness's if he did n't. Do ye begin to sarvy?"

His listeners nodded assent.

"In course you see, then, that that thar little kid is the boy. Jenness, M. D.,—well, he aint no doctor, leastways not more'n a hoss doctor,—Jenness, he tell me and Eph Mullet, if we'd take the boy, like we war a-goin' to Californy, and get shut of him somehow, he'd gin us our outfit. So he did."

"And you got your California outfit for promising to make away with this boy, did you?" asked Mont, with a shudder.

"That's about the size of it. But, mind ye, we only got part of the outfit; it war only a matter of a hundred dollars or so. There war two of us."

"The smaller the price, the meaner your crime," exclaimed Barney, with a great glow of indignation.

"Thar wan't no crime. Yon's the kid; I've nothin' ag'in him. He's alive and kickin'; but Jenness, M. D., he thinks he's dead."

"Can you give us any clue by which we can ascertain this boy's parentage?" asked Mont.

"Which?" said the man, with a vacant stare.

"Can you tell us how we can find out the boy's real name, and the names of his father and mother?"

"All I know is—Jenness, M. D., Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinois. Kid's mother was in Ogle County, some such name as Brownbecker—"

"Bluebaker!" exclaimed Hi.

"You've struck it, strannger. Bluebaker is the word. I know'd it had a blue or a brown onto it."

More than this, they could not extract from Bunce. His information was limited, or he was determined to tell no more. Here was enough to begin an inquiry upon, at any rate. Johnny had never heard the name of Bluebaker. He had been called "Johnny" always. He was not at all moved when Arty said that he might become heir to something handsome, by and by.

Bunce listened to the questions and comments of the party and then began again.

"Thar war a hoss."

He paused, but nobody made reply, and he went on :

"A yaller hoss."

"A sorrel," corrected Barney, "with a raw-hide braided halter about his neck." And here he drew that article of horse-gear from a heap of stuff on the ground.

The man's eyes flashed recognition when he saw the riata, and Barnard continued :

"This was on the sorrel horse which was ridden into our camp near Thousand Spring Valley, and the man that was shot off that horse had another just like it around our Old Jim's neck. He was a horse-thief."

The man never winced. He said, "Strannger, that yallar hoss war mine."

"How came he in our camp?"

"He war stole from me in Echo Cañon. I tracked him into Salt Lake City; thar I lost him."

"How did you know we knew anything about him," asked Mont.

The man turned uneasily on the stump where he sat and said, "The go-cart man told me you had a yaller hoss."

"So we had."

"Had?"

"Yes, had," answered Barney, impatiently.

"That yellow horse, as you call him, war drowned in Seven Mile Cañon, on the day of the great cloud-bust."

The man slowly, as if in a deep thought, rolled

up his greasy and crumpled paper, put it in his buckskin pouch, drew the strings tight, put it in his bosom, stood up and said :

"Powerful nice weather we're havin' now. Sure about that yaller hoss?"

"Sure. He was drowned with half of Rose's cattle," said Mont.

The man turned to go, gathering up his pack with an air of deep dejection.

"Give us that paper!" said Arty, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, let us have the memorandum," said Mont. "It will help us find out what we want to know about Johnny."

"It's got writin' onto the other side of it," said Bill Bunce. "Private writin' that I can't spare to give away. Write down what I've told ye—Jenness, M. D., Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinoy. Kid's mother was a Brownpecker. Ogle County, likewise."

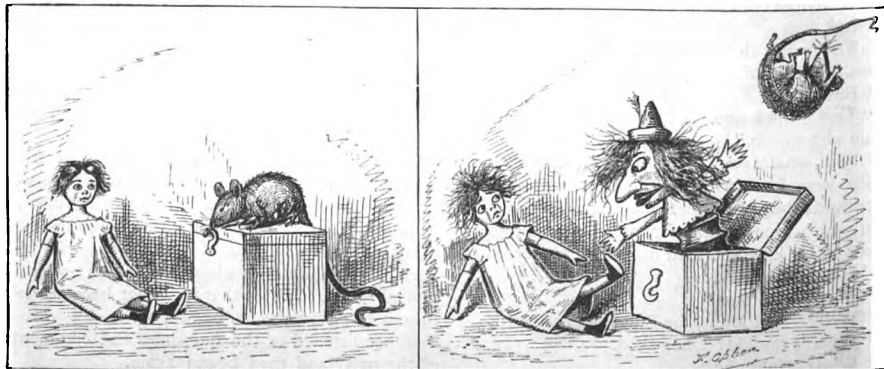
"And that's the way you leave this matter, after you have confessed that you agreed, for money, to put this little chap out of the way," said Barney, bitterly.

The man turned and looked at him with a dim gleam of fire in his bleary eye, and said, "What are ye goin' to do about it?"

So saying, he stumped along the trail, perpetually rolling over on one side, as if to pick up something which he, continually changing his mind, did not take. And so he rocked irresolutely out of sight.

(To be continued.)

THE MOUSE'S MISTAKE.



"I WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE!—IT SMELLS LIKE CHERSE."

BUT IT WAS N'T.

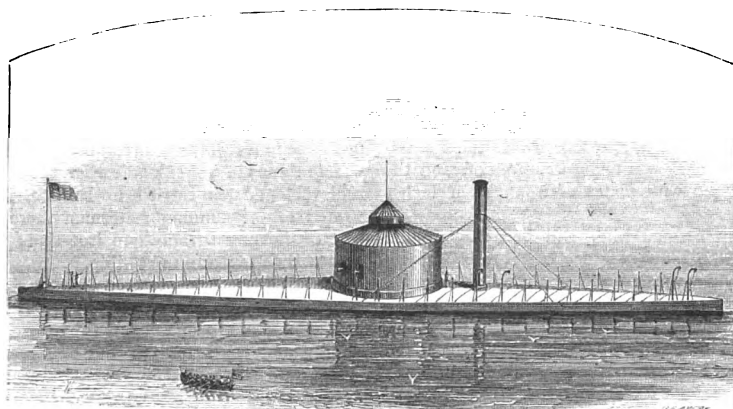
TURRET-SHIPS AND TORPEDOES.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A SHORT time before the civil war broke out in America, two iron-clad vessels, one called the *Warrior* and the other the *Black Prince*, were added to the British fleet. The world looked upon them with awe. Their armor was so thick that it seemed impossible for a shot to penetrate them; while the caliber of their guns was such that it seemed equally impossible for other vessels to resist them. The other maritime nations of Europe followed England's example, and built iron-clads of the same

brain with an idea which many people sneered at. I have heard it said that no one laughs so much at a fool as a fool, and I think it even more true that it is the fool who laughs oftenest at the wise man. You all know how nearly all great astronomers, chemists and inventors have been derided in the pursuit of extraordinary discoveries. The old story has to be repeated in the case of this sharp-witted, persevering man named Ericsson.

His idea was entirely novel. A less ingenious



AN AMERICAN MONITOR.

kind; but America did nothing and remained idle, with only a fleet of wooden vessels for protection of her great sea-coast.

All the famous naval battles of history had been fought by broadside frigates, which in some instances carried as many as three tiers of cannon on each side. The iron-clads were also built on the broadside plan; that is to say, their guns were ranged along on the decks, and pointed at the enemy through port-holes; but they were different from the older-fashioned vessels in being covered with plates of wrought iron. They had fewer but more effective guns, and were propelled by steam and sails.

The position of America was not a proud one, and we were at times visited by a French or English man-of-war, compared with which our own vessels appeared dwarf-like.

Meanwhile, however, an ingenious American engineer, named John Ericsson, was puzzling his

mechanic would have suggested the building of a much larger and stronger iron-clad than any in Europe; but Ericsson planned an exceedingly small one—so small, indeed, that the enemy would have scarcely any space to aim at. He saw that in a broadside ship all the cannons on one side were practically useless, as only those opposite her combatant could be used effectively, unless she happened to fall between two of the enemy's vessels at once. He saw, too, the dangers and hinderances caused by falling spars and rigging, and how large a space such an iron-clad as the *La Gloire* of France, or the *Warrior* of England, presented to the fire of a smaller vessel.

So he proposed to build an iron ship with a deck not more than one or two feet above the level of the water, and without sails, masts, or bulwarks. Her armament was to consist of not more than two guns, which were to be sheltered in a little round house, which he called a turret. This turret was

to revolve by steam power in such a way that the guns could be fired astern, over the bow, or from the port or starboard side.

Thus her two guns would be equivalent to six of the same size on a broadside ship, but as they were to be about three times the ordinary size, they really would be equivalent to eighteen. In this way Ericsson's ship would be a match for an eighteen gun iron-clad in shooting power, while in the power of resisting, the inventor claimed she would be much more than a match for the strongest iron-clad afloat.

The iron-clads had high, black sides standing far out of the water, which, as I have said, offered an ample target for the guns of a combatant; but the hull of Ericsson's ship would lie so low in the water that it would be difficult to get a shot at it, and the only object to be aimed at would be the little turret. Even that could not be hit easily, as it would be round, and the shots would be likely to glance off.

The "new-fangled notion" was to be clad in an armor of iron and wood twenty-five inches thick at the bow and stern, and four inches thick amidships. The deck was to be bomb-proof, and the turret inclosed with plates of iron eleven inches thick.

The plan seemed wild, and both sailors and landmen who heard of it declared it to be impracticable, saying, with an idle laugh, that if Ericsson ever tried to launch such a vessel he would have a chance to exhaust his remaining energy in fishing her from the mud into which she would sink at the bottom. But the inventor went on with his idea, and worked patiently in his machine-shop until he obtained some encouragement for his labor from the Government.

The war of the Rebellion was declared, and our ships were patched up and sent out to meet the enemy. On the 7th of March, 1862, part of the fleet lay at anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia, when a fierce antagonist stole in upon them.

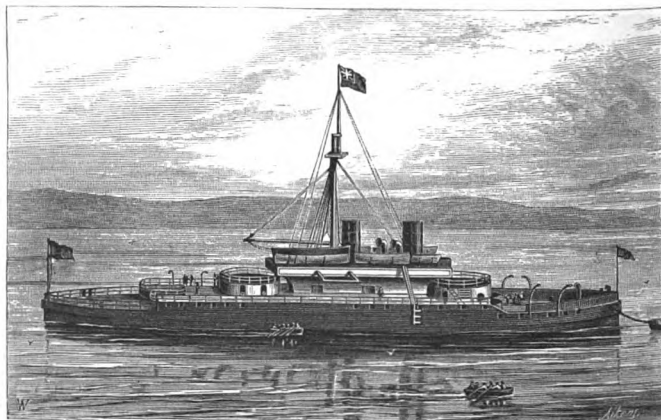
The Confederates had hastily fitted up one of their wooden vessels, sheathed her with iron and lowered the deck to within a few feet of the water-level. She had no masts or sails, and was not

unlike Ericsson's proposed ship; but her guns were hidden in a sort of oblong shed, which extended nearly the whole length of her deck. One gun was pointed out of the forward end, another out of the stern end, four out of the port side, and four out of the starboard side. Her bow was provided with a sharp iron blade or ram, with which she could cut any wooden vessel in two. Her name was the Merrimack.

On that memorable seventh of March she came from Norfolk, Virginia, attacked the ships at Hampton Roads, and beat them. Her shot pierced and splintered their oak and pine, while their shots struck her and glanced off without doing serious injury. After peppering them with fire, she ran on them, like a mad ox, with her knife-like iron, threatening to destroy the whole fleet. The battle had an ominous look for the Federals, but salvation came on the next day in Ericsson's little Monitor, as his vessel was called. She had been built in a hundred days, and had not only been launched, but had proved an excellent sea-going boat.

The rest, many of you know. The Monitor, with two guns in a revolving turret, beat the Merrimack with ten guns in a shed; and when the news of her achievements was carried to Europe, it demonstrated to the cunning statesmen there that the best of the new seventy-gun iron-clads might be beaten by a two-gun turret-ship.

In appearance the Monitor was as ugly as could be. Side by side with a full-rigged iron-clad, or with one of our own wooden frigates, she looked shabby and contemptible; but she reminded us



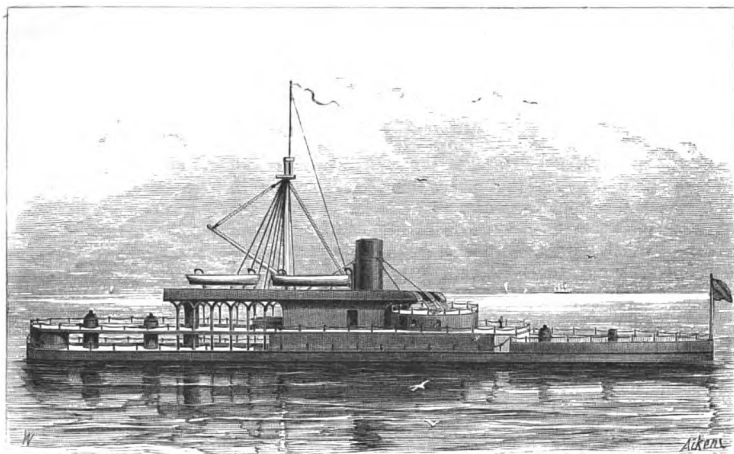
THE DEVASTATION.

of a truth taught by Faraday, that it is the best-acting thing, and not the best-looking thing, which is of greatest service.

You can make a good model of her by taking a little oval fig-box, painting it black, and sinking it in a basin until the top of the lid is nearly level with the water. Then place a small pill-box in the center of the deck, and you will have a capital

sharp blade of steel projects eight feet from her bow, with which she can cut her antagonist in halves as with a knife.

Some time ago, I found the Montauk, an American monitor, lying disabled and dismantled at a



THE GLATTON.

miniature turret; but if the pill-box has unpleasant associations, any other small round box will answer your purpose equally well. The smoke-stack may be represented by a lucifer match inserted in the deck near the stern.

Soon after the success of the Monitor, several other turret-ships were built for the Government on Ericsson's plan, with two turrets and four guns, and nearly all did excellent service during the war.

While Ericsson was busy in America, a naval officer was engaged in England with other plans for turret-ships, and the fleet of Great Britain now includes several magnificent vessels of that class, which, in strength of armor and guns, are superior to ours. Perhaps you remember reading in the newspapers about the launch of the Devastation some time ago. As you see in the picture, she is a very grand and formidable ship. The Glatton is another British turret-ship, and her dimensions are so wonderful that I do not doubt they will interest you. Her hull about the water-line is plated with iron twelve inches thick, backed with twenty inches of wood, and behind this again there is an inner plate of iron one inch thick. Thus her sides are nearly three feet thick. She has one revolving turret, containing two guns. The turret itself is plated with fourteen-inch iron; and for its further protection, it is surrounded by a breast-work of wood and iron thirty inches thick. A

secluded pier on the East River. She had not been repaired since her last battle. Her smoke-stack, turrets and sides were dingy and torn. Here a plate of seven-inch wrought iron, with a wood backing, had been shattered; there a shot had struck the turret and left a deep dent in it. Near the stern a shell had fallen and burst with terrific force, tearing a part of the iron deck away.

I tried to count the marks of all the shots that had hit her; but there were so many that I could not. The old watchman assured me that he had counted two hundred and sixty-five; and he pointed out some of the largest with a calm satisfaction in his face. He also told me how part of her bottom had been blown out by a torpedo; how her brave commander had run her ashore to avoid sinking; and how, after she had been patched with wood, she was sent into battle again, like a wounded gladiator, to complete her work. The watchman was an old marine, and his face shone with pride as he led me over the old ship.

When I next saw the Montauk, she was lying refitted and ready for sea in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. All the rust and wreck had been scraped away. The dented plates were replaced by new ones; the paint was fresh, and the brass-work polished. The records of a good many shots could still be read on her sides and turrets; but she was as staunch as when she was launched. Perhaps it

was well for Spain that we did not go to war with her during the excitement of 1873, for the Monitor and our other monitors would have been very dangerous foes.

Yet you must remember that these turret-ships are not very formidable in appearance. They lie low in the water. Their enormous guns are secreted in the turrets, and a few tiny saluting cannon on deck, are the only weapons exposed to view. The Jersey City ferry-boats are much stronger-looking vessels, and a country boy may well wonder how the turret-ships can endure the rain of shot and shell that a large broadside iron-clad has the power to throw at them.

It is their extreme compactness that makes them impregnable. As I have told you, they offer but a small mark for the enemy's guns, and a frigate would have difficulty in getting a shot at them, while they would have difficulty in missing a shot at the frigate.

The harbor of New York was guarded by the Roanoke, which has four turrets and eight guns; but most of the other turret-ships have only two turrets each. The turrets are armored with solid iron plates, eleven inches thick, backed with wadding; and the guns which they contain weigh twenty-two tons. A twenty-two ton gun, you may be sure, is a terrible instrument of destruction; but I don't suppose you can guess the immense weight of the shot which it will throw. A hundred pounds seems great, but the actual weight of each shot fired by the Roanoke is four hundred and forty pounds, and thus the eight guns fired at once would pour three thousand five hundred and twenty pounds of steel into her antagonist's side!

Think for a moment of the effect of such a volley on the most heavily armored broadside vessel,—how it would make her reel and groan like a great beast struck at the heart! Think of the thunder that such a weight would cause, and the terror it would carry to an enemy!

And some of the British turret-ships, like the Glatton and the Thunderer, even carry guns which throw shots weighing six hundred pounds each!

I once heard an old sailor who fought in a monitor, describe the sound of the shots beating against the vessel's plates. You know what it is to be in a long railway tunnel,—how intensely dark it is, far darker than a starless night, and how yellow and feeble the lights look. Well, it is much the same in the bowels of a turret-ship, when all the hatchways are closed. Oil-lamps swing from the beams, but they give no luster, and each flame seems like a little bit of yellow floating in the air. The men grope about and knock against each other, some bearing ammunition to the elevator connecting with the turrets, others carrying coal from the bunkers

to the furnaces underneath the boilers. The engines groan and rattle, and at times the captain's bell rings a sharp order to slacken or increase the speed.

Meanwhile, if there has been a lull in the firing, the men move about feeling very like a timid boy who is alone in a country lane after dark—not that they are afraid. The boy looks at every shadow, thinking there is a robber or a kidnapper behind it. The men anxiously await each moment, not knowing what deadly surprise it may bring forth.

And as the battle goes on, it is not long before there is a ringing sound that is calculated to fill the bravest and strongest of nerve with a momentary terror. It is as though the inner deck and walls were falling in upon them, and for a little while they are unable to realize what has happened—uncertain that they are not on their way to the bottom. Every ear is stung with the awful sound, and every nerve is thrilled.

The great mass of iron seems to tumble over on one side and moan with pain before the vessel rights herself again and steadies herself for fresh exertions. Then she returns the compliments paid her with a vengeance, and her bull-dogs in the turrets bark and spit fire at the enemy until we pity that unfortunate, and wish she would retire from the field.

The turrets are ranged along the deck. They are about ten feet in diameter, fifteen feet high, and each one is fastened to a massive upright pillar of iron passing through the center and working in a socket on the lower deck. The pillar is connected by a series of cog-wheels with a steam-engine, which causes it to turn the turret in the direction the captain requires.

Two small port-holes are cut in the plates of the turret, and furnished with solid iron doors. When the guns are to be fired, they are worked on slides to the port-holes, which remind us of the mouth of a dog's kennel, and their noses are pointed at the enemy. A second after they have uttered their bark, they are dragged in, and the doors are closed, just in time, perhaps, to avoid two return shots which crack like thunder on the plates outside. While the guns are being loaded again, the men are hastened by the whistle and crash of the shot and shell, which strike the iron walls of the turret.

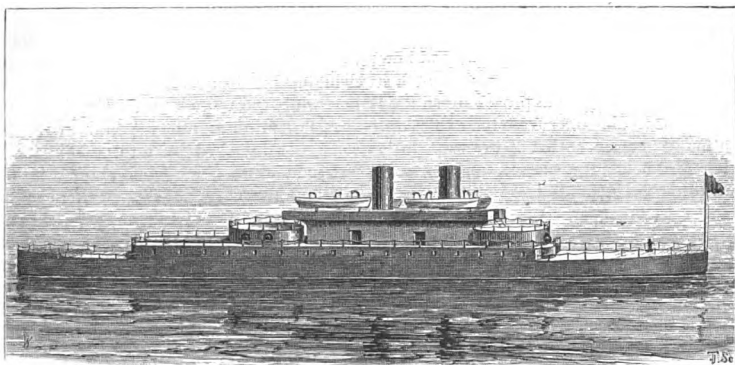
Above one of the turrets there is a little iron-clad pilot-house, whence the captain directs the movements of his vessel. It has no window, and the only outlook is through slits, about an inch wide, in the plates. The intrepid man, whose position is the most dangerous of all, stands there throughout the thick of the fight, controlling the rudder, the engines, and the turrets, by a motion of the hand or the tinkle of a bell.

You may remember what I told you in a previous article,—I am beginning to look upon you as old friends, by the way,—about Admiral Worden, the hero of the Monitor. He was watching the Merrimack from the slits in his little look-out box, when a shell struck the outside and knocked him senseless. All captains of turret-ships are exposed to such dangers as this, and even greater ones; indeed, as I have said, their positions are the most perilous.

A sailor's life is not overburdened with comforts under the most favorable circumstances, and in a turret-ship it is extremely miserable. Even in moderate weather, the sea sweeps the deck from end to end, leaving no dry space where the men can get exercise or a taste of the breeze. Most of the time the hull is completely under water, and the hatchways are screwed down. A supply of air

in naval warfare. I will add a few words about another destructive vessel, which has not yet reached the perfection of the turret-ships, although it is destined to play an even more important part in the defense of our coast.

You are all familiar, of course, with the torpedoes which make such a racket on the Fourth of July; but there are others, called submarine torpedoes, of which you may have heard without understanding their nature. In action and in composition they are not very different from those sold at the toy shops; but in size, and consequently in effect, there is no comparison between the two. The toy-torpedoes explode with a loud report and a cloud of smoke. So do the submarine torpedoes; but while the former are harmless and are let off just for fun, the latter have sufficient force to blow a large steamer into the air.



THE THUNDERER.

is forced below by machinery, but it soon becomes impure and damp. Not a gleam of sunlight finds its way down. The crew move about with the aid of flickering oil lamps, going to bed in darkness and arising in darkness.

When a gale blows, they can see none of its effects, and can only hear the monstrous waves rushing along the deck, or breaking against the sides. They pine, if they are true salts, for a sail to furl or set; for a swing from the yard; for the excitement attending a frigate or a clipper in a storm. But they are pent up like men in a diving-bell; and, for all a sailor's duties they have, they might as well be land-lubbers. The close atmosphere, the moisture and darkness, tell upon their health severely. Six months of active service is usually enough to break down a strong man, and fill his limbs with fevers and aching.

You now understand what a turret-ship is, and how John Ericsson's invention has caused a revo-

lution in naval warfare. In olden times, when two countries were at war, one would send fire-ships drifting among the other's fleet. These fire-ships were useless old hulks loaded with gunpowder and other inflammable materials. When the enemy's vessels were becalmed, the fire-ships were lighted and sent among them, often causing fearful havoc. The submarine torpedoes are used for the same purpose—that is, to destroy the vessels of a nation which is at war with another.

They are operated in different ways. Some are used to guard the entrances of rivers and harbors, and are held at a certain distance below the surface by buoys. Others are floated on the surface, and others are attached to long poles projecting from the bows of small steamers called torpedo-boats. But they all are exploded either by striking a vessel's side or bottom, or by electricity, which is sent to them through a wire connected with the shore, or controlled by the captain of the torpedo-boat.

I am forgetting to tell you, however, what the

torpedoes are in appearance and in fact. In appearance they are like enormous percussion caps, and in fact they are metal canisters, perfectly watertight, containing a charge of some explosive substance—gun-cotton, gunpowder, or dynamite. The size of the charge may be large or small, of course, according to the service for which it is required; but the tiny spark produced by the concussion or by electricity always ignites it.

At the time I am writing, the newspapers are publishing accounts of a novel torpedo-boat built in England for the Venezuelan Government, which is designed to run quickly toward an enemy's ship, explode a torpedo under her bottom, and retire. That she should be able to retire uninjured seems a wonderful, almost impossible thing to you, no doubt.

You can easily understand how a floating or submerged torpedo may be fired by a telegraph wire, and how a little steamer with a torpedo attached to a pole at bow, might run against a vessel and blow her up; but you cannot understand how she can escape from all the consequences of her terrible work. You think that, approaching so near her victim, she also would suffer from the explosion. It has been found, however, that if the torpedo is exploded ten feet below the surface, and the pole to which it is attached is twenty-five feet long, there is little danger to the boat. But should she be discovered approaching, she would be exposed to the fire of her intended victim, and might be sunk before she reached her.

The boat built for the Venezuelan navy is only fifty-five feet long and seven feet broad. She is

propelled by steam, and can run thirteen miles in an hour. So small a vessel in rapid motion would stand only a small chance of being hit even in broad daylight; and as her movements will usually be made in the dark, she may be accounted tolerably safe.

The effect of a torpedo explosion is exceedingly grand and destructive. Among other Federal vessels destroyed by the Confederates was the steamer *Commodore Jones*. She was sailing on the James River, when suddenly, and without apparent cause, she was lifted bodily out of the river, and her paddle wheels revolved in mid-air. An immense fountain of foaming water shot through her, and she seemed to dissolve in a cloud of spray, mud, water and smoke.

In October, 1863, the *New Ironsides*, another Federal war ship, lay off Charleston. Late one evening, a small object was seen approaching and was challenged. A rifle shot, which killed the officer of the watch, came in answer, and the next moment, a tremendous explosion shook the frigate, deluging her deck with water, and severely injuring her, while the torpedo-boat drifted out of sight.

A few minutes afterward, the corvette *Housatonic* was attacked by a torpedo-boat. The boat was seen approaching when about a hundred yards off, and the corvette slipped her moorings and tried to move out of the way; but in two minutes she was struck by the torpedo, and went to the bottom, with one hundred and fifty men clinging to the rigging. I might mention many other instances, but these three are enough to teach you the destructive power of torpedoes.

HOW OLD MARTIN AND WASHINGTON CAME TO BE FRIENDS.

(*A Fourth of July Story.*)

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

BANG!—bang!—bang! Old Martin Fruauff rubbed his eyes and pulled off his night-cap.

"I never did hear a noise like dat vas!" he said. "I vake up meinself too early mit it." But he laughed as he spoke in the best of humors, and he got up and set about preparing his breakfast of black coffee and toasted brown bread. Martin was a cobbler by trade, and his little basement workshop served also for his bed-room, kitchen, dining-room and parlor. He slept on top of a big chest

in which he kept his mattress and pillows by day; and with the aid of an oil-cloth cover and a big napkin he turned the chest into a dining-table. He was sipping his coffee out of his gold-bound bowl, when there came a rapping at the door—and a boy stepped in, wearing a very shabby pair of shoes.

"I want 'em mended," said the boy, looking at his toes, which protruded from the shoes.

"All right," said Martin, "I vill fix 'em up zis veeek."

"But I want to wear 'em to-day—right off—in an hour," said the boy.

"Wants me to work on de Forf o' July," said Martin, with a droll look. "Old Martin never works on de Forf. You dakes dem soomvere else."

"I have," said the boy, "and they say 'No.' You might mend 'em. I want to take the eight o'clock boat up to Newburgh and be back time enough to see the Park fire-works."

"Dat is joost vat I do meinseelf," said Martin.

"Who go mitt you?"

"I go alone."

"And I go alone," said Martin, "in de same boat mitt you, mein bhoy."

"Yes, if you 'll mend my shoes," said the boy, "else I must stay at home. I'd had 'em done be-

"Yes," said the boy, and he sat down and pulled a pair of stockings out of his pocket, slipped them on, and then put on his shoes. "How much is it?" he asked.

"I don't work on de Forf for mooney," said the old man; "I only works for plesure."

"Yes?" said the boy, surprised. "Well, I'm obliged to you. Hope you 'll have a grand Fourth." He went toward the door as he spoke.

"Shtop!" exclaimed the old shoemaker, his face falling. "I tinks you and me vas going in de same boat."

"Oh!" answered the boy, starting, "I didn't understand it that way. And you are not ready at all," he added rather impatiently.

Martin glanced down at his faded brown trousers and rusty old-fashioned alpaca coat.

"It ish de best I've got," he said. "Do I looke too pad to go along mitt you?"

"N—o," said the boy, slowly, "you look well enough."

"Bhoys ish proud, I know," said Martin, with a sigh. "Ah, vell, in my own kountree I dress ver' fine on de holy days; ze leetle chil'ren all come to zee mc. Vell, never mind; I go alone mitt meinseelf already."

"Oh, I'd like well enough to go with you," said the boy, "if you 'll only hurry up so as not to be late."

"Yaas?" said Martin, well pleased; "den I vill be ready in von minoot."

He plunged his face and hands in a basin of water, rubbed himself dry, brushed down the few gray hairs that surrounded his bald head, put on a broad-brimmed straw hat, yellowed by many seasons' wear, took a stout black cane in one hand, and then gave the other to his visitor.

"Now, we vill set out like too brinces," he said. "All de beoples in de Yoonited States ish brinces."

The boy laughed with him, and they started on their way, walking briskly. As they went through Canal street toward the Hudson River, old Martin questioned his young companion as to his name and occupation, and learned that his name was Washington Hays, and that he was an errand boy in a grocery.

"Vashington Hays," said Martin, "dat is von goot name. Vashington ish de fader of freeddom. And you carry home tings. How mooch dey bays you?"

"Two dollars a week, and my board and washing," answered Washington, rather annoyed at so many questions from a stranger.

"And vat you do mitt your two tollar a week?" continued Martin.



"ZE LEETLE CHIL'REN ALL COME TO ZEE ME."

fore, but I did n't get some money that was owed me until last night."

"And so you dinks you 'll keep de Forf mitt it," said Martin. "I mends 'em dees vonce. Coom pack at seven o'clock, mein bhoy."

The boy nodded and went out, and Martin, after heartily swallowing the rest of his black coffee, set about mending the shoes. It wanted just five minutes of seven when he finished them.

"Hei! so late!" exclaimed Martin, glancing at his big wooden clock. "I moost pe quick."

He brushed his boots, and had just put them on, when the boy came back dressed very neatly in a linen suit.

"You coom in goot time," said Martin, "and you looke nice."

"Why, I spend part and save part," answered the boy.

"Eef you savsh part, vot for you get not your shoes mended pefore?" asked old Martin. "Or, vas de mooney not baid dill last nights?"

"Oh yes," said Washington. "I am paid every week. That was some money I lent to a boy."

"And de bhoy baid you," went on Martin; "but vat pecooms of de mooney you savsh?"

"I'll pay you," said Washington; "I'd rather, and go alone."

Before the old man could recover from his astonishment, the boy had thrust half-a-dollar into his pocket, and was running full-speed down the street. Martin ran too, but he was so fat that he could not run fast, and Washington was soon out of his sight.

"Vell," said old Martin, "I will keep the Forf mitout Vashington den; but vat a bhoy he vas!"

So on he went alone, smiling. He reached the boat just in time. "All aboard." He was among the very last, and he made his way up to the upper deck only to find that every seat was occupied.

"Dat ish too pad," he said. "I tinks I looke on de river and shmoke mein pipe in de air. Vell, I shtands up."

But he found it tiresome standing, so he went down below, searching for a comfortable place. Outside of the ladies' cabin he espied a narrow, shady spot, where a boy sat all alone on a long, low bench. Martin approached him. It was Washington.

"Hei! Vashington! ish dere room for me?" asked the old man.

Washington started. "Yes, sir," he said, politely, but not cordially.

Martin sat down and filled his pipe. "Do you shmoke?" he asked.

"No, no," answered the boy, quickly, and he made a movement as if to go away.

"I drivsh you away from me again," said the old man. "No, I vill go, or I vill not shmoke."

"I don't mind the smoke," answered the boy, "at least not much," and he sat down again. Martin put the pipe away. "No, smoke, or I must go away," Washington said.

Then Martin pulled out his pipe again and smoked away in silence a long time.

"You ish a still bhoy, Vashington," he said at last.

Then there was another long pause. "You keeps up a-tinking," said the old man; "vat you tink?"

Washington blushed. "Why," said he, "I was thinking that it was n't very polite of me to run away from you."

"Put I am mitt you vonce more," said Martin,

smiling. "Only tell me vy you run away all zo fast?"

"It was because you asked so many questions," said Washington, frankly.

"Ah!" said Martin, "ven you coom to pe an old poy like me you vill like beoples to talk mitt you aboot yourself. Nopody asks old Martin now how goes the vorld mitt him. Dere vas a poy vonce who vood have cared for his old fader, but he vas wrecked at sea. I tink you all alone like me; dat ish de reason I dake an eenterest. I tink your fader and mudder be dead, and you looke out for yourself—all alone. Ish dat so?"

"Yes," answered Washington.

"And de bhoy?" went on Martin. "Who ish he?"

"Oh, he used to work in another store with me," replied the boy.

"And vat did he vant your mooney for?" asked Martin, inquisitively.

Washington kept his face straight with difficulty while he answered: "He wanted just what I wanted this morning—decent shoes. But his were past mending. So I lent him two dollars for a pair."

"And valks mitt your toes out!" exclaimed Martin, astonished.

"Why," said Washington, "he had to have good shoes or lose his place; but they would n't turn me away where I am for being out at the toes."

Martin shook his head, more perplexed than ever.

"Vat he do mitt his money?" he asked, "and vat pecooms of de mooney you savsh up?"

Washington had to laugh.

"I sec I'll have to tell you," he said. "He had to give all his money to his mother, for his little sister was sick, and his mother could n't do anything but take care of her. And his money was n't enough, so I lent him all I had saved up, which was n't much—only fifteen dollars. Now his sister is well, and his mother is working again, and so he paid me two dollars last night, and will pay the rest when he can."

"Ah! you ish von grand boy!" cried Martin, grasping Washington's hands. "But vy you keep not the Forf mitt your frien'?"

"They were all going to keep it at Central Park," said Washington, "and I wanted to see the river, and the mountains, and the country so much."

"Ah! you loove de kountree," said Martin.

"Yes," said Washington, "and I love my country. Don't you?"

"Mein kountree—do I loove it?—de old Faderland?" cried Martin, enthusiastically. "Ah! I

loove it better dan de whole vorld." Tears came into his faded blue eyes. "It vill soom tay be free like de Yooniteed Staats," he said, "but old Martin vill pe dead. But ve vill keep de Forf o' July," he went on, his wrinkled face brightening, "Ve vill see de kountry, ve vill eat de goot tings, ve vill fire off de fire-voorks, and pe happy,—eef you roon not ovay again," he added.

"Not I," said Washington.

So they kept the Fourth together, and before the day was over Washington learned that an in-

quisitive old man may be the soul of generosity and a friend worth having. And old Martin, as he lay down on his chest that night, said to himself:

"Ah! I never did see a Forf like dees vas mitt Vashington Hays. I vill keep all de Forfs mitt Vashington, and pe a fader to de poy, mitt de leetle mooney I poot py."

And Washington was saying:

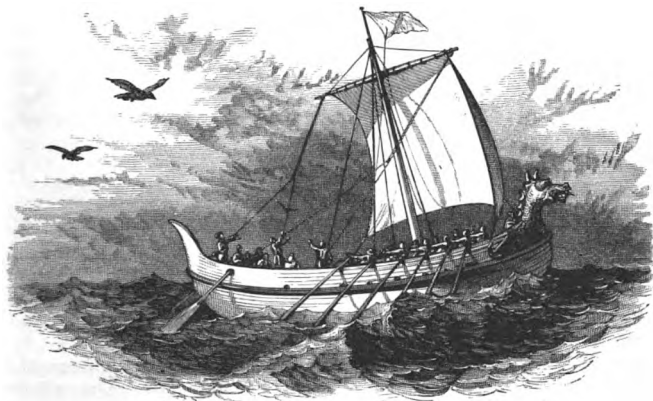
"Ah! old Martin shall have some one hereafter to ask how the world goes with him. He loves my country, and I love him."

THE VIKINGS IN AMERICA.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

THE Northmen, in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries after the birth of Our Lord, inhabited the great peninsula of Norway and Sweden, with branches established in Denmark, Finland, the

These people, who have left their names all over Europe, were never welcome anywhere. Even at home, they quarreled among themselves. And it would seem that when things grew uncomfort-



FLOKKO SENDING OUT THE RAVENS.

Faroe Islands, and all about the coasts of Northern Europe. They were a wild, rough and tumultuous race, so given to roving and adventure that they made their appearance, at one time or another in their history, in every part of Europe which could be reached by sea. They certainly visited the shores of the Mediterranean, and they once held such complete possession of a part of France that their name is still preserved in the title of the province of Normandy. Before the time of King Alfred, they ravaged England continually.

able for them in their own country, they took ship and sailed the sea, carrying destruction and terror wherever they went. The chiefs were called Jarls, or Earls, and the sons of chiefs to whom were given maritime command were called Vikings. These were usually the younger sons, who were driven out by contentions at home, as well as by their own fierce desires, to find plunder and occupation in ravaging the coasts of the rich Southlands. In course of time, these wild sea-rovers were masters of the seas of Europe. Their captains came

to be known generally as Vikings. In these days we should call them pirates. Would you like to hear the rules which one of these terrible fellows laid down for the government of his crew? Here is an extract which has been handed down to us in Frithiof's Saga, or chronicle :

Not a tent upon deck, and no sleeping ashore, within houses but enemies go.

Vikings sleep on their shields, with their swords in their hands, and for tent have they heaven the blue.

When wild hurricanes rage, hoist the sail high above : it is blithe on the rough rolling deep.

Let her drive, let her drive ; he who strifes is afraid, and I'd rather beneath the sea sleep.

When the merchant ye meet, ye may spare his good ship ; but the weaker his wealth must unfold.

Thou art king on the wave ; he is slave of his gain, and thy steel is as good as his gold.

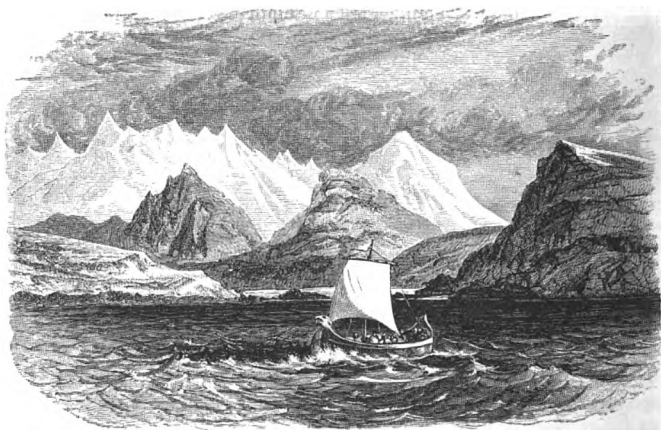
There is more of this, but these lines are enough to show you what sort of men were the Vikings of the North. Such a man, we may be sure, was Flokko, who, in the ninth century, discovered Iceland. It was said that one Nad-dok had been to Iceland before Flokko's voyage of discovery, and that he, disgusted with the coldness of the region, which was supposed to be a peninsula, called the land Snowland. Then there is another story of one Gardar, who sailed all about the island and called it Gardarholm, or Gardar's Island. But the first actual settler is spoken of in history somewhat disrespectfully, as "a certain pyrate whose name was Flokko." Pirate he may have been, but he took with him families, cattle and tools, as if intending to live like an honest man.

Warned by the trials which other voyagers had had when trying to find new lands, Flokko carried in his ship three ravens which had previously been consecrated by the pagan priests of Norway. Two ravens were supposed to bring to Odin, or Woden, the chief deity of the Northmen, news of all that happens in the world. And Flokko relied on the ravens to tell him when land was in sight. The first raven, when set free, returned to the land whence the ship had sailed ; therefore, this was yet the nearest shore. The second was let loose some

days afterward, and after wandering in the air, came back to the ship, showing thereby that there was no land in sight. But this and the third, when set at liberty after two days, mounted up into the sky, circled about as if to take a view of the horizon, and then took a straight flight into the West. Flokko followed in that direction, and so reached the island for which he searched.

The colony did not thrive. It was broken up, and the colonists returned to Norway, bringing an evil report of the land, which they called Iceland. But in 875, ten years after Flokko's failure, one Earl Ingolf, who had quarreled with one of his neighbors and had killed some of his thralls, or bondmen, found it necessary for him to flee from the wrath of the king, Harold Haarfager (Harold the Fair-haired), and he accordingly took his ships and went to Iceland. Here he founded a colony which has lasted through all the centuries—a remarkable community.

Though Iceland was thus settled by the Vikings,



THE DISCOVERY OF GREENLAND.

and although these sea-rovers still followed their wave-wandering life, we must believe that they were no longer like the "pyrates" of the mainland. One of these sailors was Gunnbiorn, who, driven westward by a storm, soon after the settlement of Iceland, fell upon the shores of Greenland, to which region he gave the name of Gunnbiorn's Rocks. He made his way home again, for the strait between Greenland and Iceland is not so wide but one may see the shores of each, when midway between them, of a clear day. He gave, like all discoverers, a very glowing account of his new land, but none went thither until the next century.

In 985, Eric the Red, who, like Ingolf, had been

obliged to quit his own country on account of his violence and crimes, went to the new land in the West. He established a home for himself, and three years later, he was back in Iceland with a wonderful tale. In the quaint language of the chronicle, "In order to entice people to go to his new country, he called it Greenland, and painted it out as such an excellent place for pasture, wood, and fish, that the next year he was followed thither by twenty-five ships full of colonists, who had furnished themselves richly with household goods and cattle of all sorts; but only fourteen of these ships arrived." The other eleven, we are left to surmise, were wrecked on the way.

Among those who followed Eric to Greenland was one Herjulf, a bold and skillful navigator. His son Bjarni, or Biarne, as he is most commonly called, was also an intrepid sailor, and a worthy descendant of the Vikings. Returning from a voyage to Norway, Biarne found that his father had gone after Eric to the new land. This impetuous youth, without more ado, and without stopping to unload his ship, immediately set sail into the West, to find his father. He and his crew missed the southern point of Greenland, and, after many days of fog and violent wind, driven they knew not whither, they came in sight of land. The country was flat and well-wooded, but Biarne knew that it could not be Greenland. He looked in vain for "the high ice-hills," which he had been told to expect. Though his men grumbled mightily, he would not go ashore, but, sailing on the wind, as only the Northmen then knew how, he kept on with the land on the larboard (or left) side of the ship. After two days and two nights of voyaging, they approached land again. It was low and wooded; it was not Greenland. Keeping on his course, with a south-west wind, Biarne made land a third time. This was an island, as the young Viking found by sailing around it, and it was "high and mountainous, with snowy mountains." Standing out to sea, with the south-west wind still blowing, Biarne sailed for three more days and nights, when he made the coast of Greenland. He found his father well established at a point called Herjulfness, or Herjulf's Cape.

Biarne was much blamed for his failure to explore the countries which he had seen. But he seems to have taken matters very coolly; and as it was more profitable for him to carry on his trading voyages with Norway, he made no use of his observations in the unknown Western sea. The sons of Earl Eric, however, burned with desire to explore the mysterious regions of which Biarne and his crew had brought such vague accounts.

Accordingly, a family council having settled the details, Leif, the eldest son of Eric the Red, in

1000, bought Biarne's ship, and fitted her for the cruise. Thirty-five men, among whom was Biarne, composed the crew, and Leif entreated his father to take the command. The old Viking reluctantly consented; but, on the way to the point of departure, his horse stumbled and threw his rider. This was a bad omen to the superstitious Eric, who declared that it was ordained that he should discover no more new countries. He therefore gave up the command to Leif, who sailed prosperously into the West.

Reversing the order of Biarne's voyage, Leif first found the land which Biarne had last seen. This region is now known as Newfoundland. Leif went on shore. From the sea to the inland mountains was a plain of flat stones. So he called it *Hellu-land*, from *hella*, a flat stone. In like manner, when he came to the next land, which was a country covered with wood, he gave that the name of Markland, or Woodland. The name of that region is now Nova Scotia. The young Viking kept on with a north-east wind, and, in two days and two nights, made land a third time. This was undoubtedly on the coast of New England; precisely where, has never been satisfactorily settled. Leif first landed on an island, where he waited for good weather. Then, coasting along the shoreline, he went up a river that came through a lake, says the chronicle. Here they cast anchor and made preparations to winter, for it was now autumn.

It is generally conceded that this was the discovery by the Northmen of the coast of what is now Rhode Island, and that Leif built his booths, or houses, somewhere on the shore of Mount Hope Bay, or Narragansett Bay. The hardy Greenlanders thought this a favored and rich country. Especially were they delighted when one Tyrker, a Southern foreigner of the company, discovered grapes growing wild in the woods, just as one may now see them ripening on the fir-covered and sandy hills of Cape Cod.

This was a precious discovery to the Northmen. Never in Iceland, nor yet in Norway, had any of their ancestors found grapes. So, heaping up their deck and filling their long-boat with the dried fruit, they prepared to return to Greenland. In the spring they set sail, taking with them specimens of timber and a great store of the kinds of wood most prized in their own country, where trees were scarce. On his homeward voyage, Leif picked up a shipwrecked crew, which he kindly carried to shore. This, and his marvelous adventures in the New World, gave him the title of Leif the Fortunate. It was not long before the news reached Europe. Vineland, as Leif called it, was known as Vinland the Good. By this name one historian,

Adam of Bremen, heard of the land when he visited Sweden in 1075.

If the reports which the Northmen brought back to Europe painted the world beyond the seas in too glowing colors, we should remember that this has been the weakness of all explorers. The accounts of America afterward carried to Spain represented this to be a fairy-land. One of those who followed Columbus actually searched for a fountain the waters of which would give eternal youth to those who drank thereof. An English explorer, two hundred years ago, declared that nutmegs grew in Maine; and, in our day, ingenious gentlemen who write for the newspapers have reported, and honestly believed, that Alaska was a fertile and productive country; and that there was no snow in the Black Hills.

The hardy Vikings from Iceland and Greenland thought that New England was a land of almost unbroken summer. Considering what a cold and sterile region was their home, this is by no means surprising.

During this time, Christianity had been slowly working its way from Northern Europe across the seas. The gods of the Northmen were many, but the chief of these was Woden, or Odin. His eldest son was Thor, the Thunderer, and his daughter, Freya, was the goddess of spring, flowers, music, and the gentle fairies. Woden has given his name to one of the days of the week, for Wednesday was formerly called Woden's-day. Thursday is also derived from Thor's-day, and Friday was Freya's-day. So, though the Vikings and their strange paganism have long since vanished, these faint traces of their ancient faith survive.

After Leif returned from his voyage to the New World, he went to Norway, where it is supposed he became converted to Christianity, Olaf being then king. At any rate, he carried some Christian priests to Greenland, much to the displeasure of Earl Eric, it was said. This was the first planting of the religion of Our Lord on this side of the Atlantic. Traces of the buildings of these early Greenland churches are still in existence to vouch for the truth of the tale of the foundation of the Christian faith in America.

Soon after this, Eric died, and Leif, now the head

of the family, sailed the seas no more. His brother, Thorvald, took up the enterprise, and, in 1002, set sail in Leif's ship for Vinland the Good. He found the booths built by his brother and took possession of them, and there he spent the winter. In the following spring, he coasted far to the westward.



LEIF'S SETTLEMENT.

and we conclude, from the description of the country which he saw, that he passed through the whole length of Long Island Sound. Possibly, he went as far as New York Bay, and there found "another lake through which a river flowed to the sea," of which he spoke. The party landed on many islands, and were enchanted with the groves of great trees, the green grass, and the abundance of vegetable growths which were so new and strange to them.

Up to this time, the Northmen had seen no natives. Once only had Thorvald found a trace of them; it was a deserted corn-house by the shore. But during a more extended voyage of discovery which Thorvald made during his second year on the continent, in 1004, he encountered three skin-boats, set up as tents, under which nine savages were sleeping. The Northmen probably believed that these creatures were scarcely human. In those days, the waste places of the earth were supposed to be peopled with goblins, dwarfs, and strange monsters. The history which relates the adventures of the Vikings in America calls the natives "Skrællings," a term of contempt and reproach, which meant "pygmies, parings, or chips." When the nine Skrællings were found peaceably sleeping under their boats, they were at once fallen upon and killed by the cruel Northmen. Only one escaped with his life. This first bloodshed by the Europeans in the New World was a dark token of

all that was to come after. It brought woe and disaster to Thorvald.

While the explorers were resting in fancied security, a great army of Skrællings, roused by the report of their escaped comrade, fell upon the Northmen and surprised them with the war-whoop, which to Thorvald seemed to say, "Wake thou! Thorvald! and all thy companions, if thou wilt preserve life, and return thou to thy ship, with all thy men, and leave the land without delay!" The Northmen fled to their ship and set up the wooden screen, or shield, from behind which they let fly the arrows with which they fought. Only one man was wounded in the ship. When the fight was over, Thorvald, drawing an arrow from a cruel wound under his arm, said that this would be to him a mortal hurt.

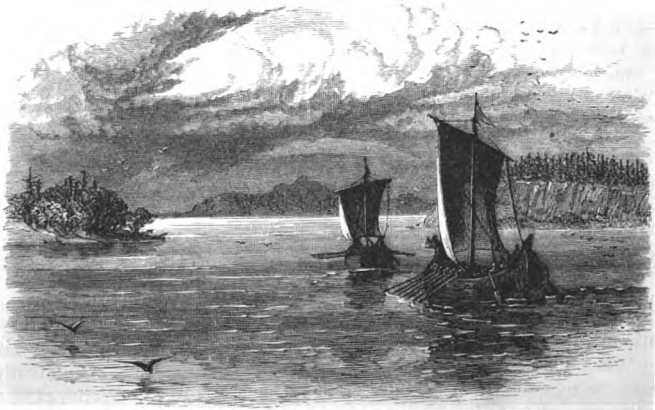
Now it happened that when he had been at a pleasant point on what we now suppose to have been Cape Cod, he had said, "Here I should like to raise my dwelling." So when he knew that he was likely to die of his wound, he made request that he be borne thither and buried. He said: "It may be that a true word fell from my mouth, that I should dwell there for a time; there shall ye bury me, and set up crosses at my feet and head, and call the place Krossaness forever in all time to come." The chronicle relates that this was done, and on the fir-covered cape where Thorvald had thought to dwell, the cross of Christ, newly set up in America, marked where the young Viking, slain in fight, slept in peace.

Thorvald's companions returned to Greenland in the following spring. Another of the sons of Eric, Thorstein of Ericsfjord, who had married Gudrid, wife of the captain of the shipwrecked crew rescued by Leif, set out to find and bring back the body of his brother. He cruised along the New England coast in 1005, but he failed to find Krossaness, or Cross Cape, and returned to Greenland without Thorvald's remains. He died soon after, and the sons of Eric knew America no more.

But a daughter of the Red Earl, one Freydis, was to go thither. She had married Thorvard, a hardy mariner, who commanded a trading ship. Gudrid, the widow of Thorstein, had married Thorfinn Karlsefne, a rich trader and merchant, of Ice-

land. This family group, one winter, planned a new expedition to Vinland the Good, and in the spring of 1007 they sailed thither with two ships, with women, cattle and stores. They made out the various landmarks along the coast, and, running past Cape Cod, called it Furdustrands, or Wonderstrands, because, as they said, it was so long to sail by. On the shores of Buzzard's Bay, which they called Stream Frith, because of its rapid currents, they spent their first winter. Next spring they went somewhere to the south, nobody knows exactly where, but it is supposed that their settlement was fixed somewhere near what is now Mount Hope Bay. Here they found the bays and inlets full of fish, the great trees were festooned with grapes, and game was abundant. Inland a little way were fields of "self-sown wheat,"—that is to say, patches of Indian corn planted by the natives.

In this pleasant land they thought to be left to themselves. But the Skrællings soon found them out, looked on them with amazement, and went away. They were described as "black and ill-favored, and with coarse hair on the head; they had large eyes and broad cheeks." After awhile, they returned in such numbers that the sea seemed to be sowed with black coals. They bartered valuable furs and skins for red cloth, and, when this was gone, they were content to take in exchange milk porridge which the Norsewomen made for them. By and by, when all was going merrily on, a bull belonging to Karlsefne burst from the woods with a terrifying bellow, and charged upon the Skrællings, who, affrighted by the strange beast, took to their boats and fled in great dismay. For



NORSEMEN EXPLORING THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

a long time they kept away from the colony; but when they came again, says the chronicle, it was like a rushing torrent.

A battle followed, and the Norsemen were worsted. The natives outnumbered them and killed many. The colonists took to the woods, pursued by the once despised Skrællings. Freydis, the daughter of Eric, vainly tried to rally the fugitives; then, seizing a weapon from the dead body of one of her company, she turned upon the natives, uttering loud cries and making wild gestures. The Skrællings, terrified by this strange apparition, turned and fled. They scrambled into their boats, paddled away, and were seen no more. This affair discouraged Karlsefne and his companions, who soon afterward returned to Greenland.

Freydis, however, who seems to have been a bold and daring woman, organized another expedition in 1011. Accompanied by two brothers, Helgi and Finnbagi, of Iceland, with whom she and her husband had formed a partnership, she set sail in the spring and landed at the spot, now so well known to the Northmen, where the booths originally built by Leif were yet standing. Very soon there was trouble in the camp. Freydis quarreled with Helgi and Finnbagi, and plotted against their lives. Inspired by this bad woman's counsel, her husband, Thorvard, and his men fell upon the two brothers and their company, as they slept in their own quarters, and slew them all. There were left of these unhappy ones five women, whom the men would fain have spared. These the daughter of Eric, in her rage, killed with her own hand.

A dark and gloomy winter followed this deed of wickedness, and in the spring the colony broke up and returned to Greenland. When Leif heard the story of Freydis's crimes, he said: "I like not to do to Freydis, my sister, that which she has deserved; but this will I predict, that their posterity will never thrive."

We hear no more of the family of Eric the Red. With this sorrowful tale of crime ends the history of the Vikings in Vinland the Good. Freydis disappears in a thick cloud of execration and shame. We only know that the adventures and deeds of the Vikings long thereafter lived in the chronicles of the saga-men, or story-tellers, and in the songs of the scalds, or poets, of the Northland. About the feast-table, when these wonderful tales were told again, the descendants of the Vikings heard them with pride and shouted "Skoal!" (Hail!), as the prowess of their ancestors stirred their warlike fire.

When the Icelanders had a written language, and the rude characters (or runes) which they had used gave place to Roman letters, these sagas (or chronicles), by word of mouth so long, were com-

mitted to writing. In ancient monasteries these precious rolls were hoarded until they were forgotten. In later years they have been gradually brought to light, translated and partly printed. From them we draw the story of the Northmen, and of their voyages in the strange wide seas. Many books have been written to compare these sagas with the ancient traditions of the world, as well as to show how many well-understood facts compel us to accept the genuineness of their history. The best account of the discovery of the Western hemisphere by the Northmen is to be found in the opening chapters of the popular history of the United States by Mr. William Cullen Bryant and Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, from the advance sheets of which the illustrations to this article were taken. In that admirable work the historical events touched upon here are gathered into one harmonious story.

It should be said that the Northmen left no traces of their stay on the coast of New England. Their colonies were too short-lived. Their entire occupation, from the time of Leif's landing to the departure of Freydis and her companions, was less than fifteen years. The Greenlanders soon had much ado to maintain themselves in their own adopted country, without making distant voyages. The Esquimaux made war upon them, and plagues swept over the land. In 1350 a dreadful disease, called the black death, spread over Northern Europe and Greenland. The latter country became almost depopulated. Navigation ceased, and, though voyagers said they had caught glimpses of the land while driven before adverse storms, all knowledge of the Greenland of Eric the Red faded from the minds of men. It was not until after the voyages of Columbus that Greenland was rediscovered. But substantial masonry in ruins, with runic inscriptions, was found to recall the memory of the adventurous Northmen and perpetuate their fame.

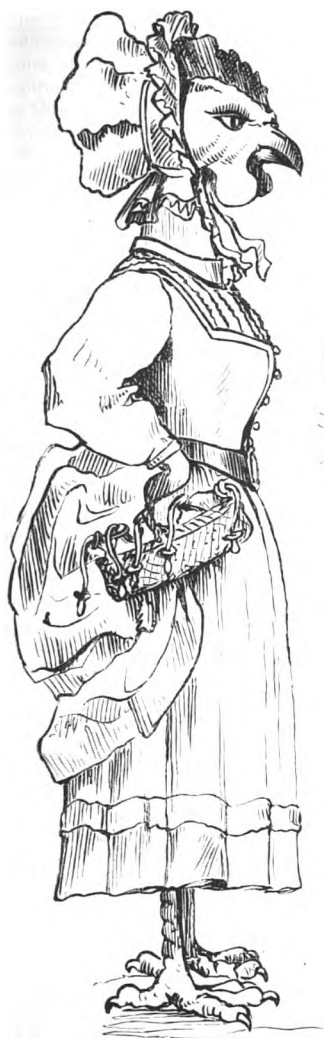
The Vikings have long since vanished from the sea. The tales of their prowess have become almost as vague as the story of Ulysses, or the history of the Trojan war. But even in the peaceful fleets which flock the waters of the globe we find some traces of the seamanship for which they were so famed. They have left their names on many a stormy cape of the Northern seas, and the blood of their descendants flows in the veins of thousands of the hardy sons of America. So, in this New World, as we recall their fascinating story, we lift our hands and cheer:

"Skoal to the Northland! Skoal!"

BROILED CHICKEN.

BY MARION HARLAND.

I DO not mean a whole one. Even one of these little fellows who are crowing over their release from the egg, and over whom Madam Partlet, their none-too-good-looking mamma, is swell-



ing her throat with delight, would be too much for a little house-keeper to manage. Ask *your* ever-so-good-looking mamma, some day when there are spring chickens in the pantry, to cut off one leg for your first lesson in cooking poultry. Set on the range a sheet-iron baking-pan, half full of boiling water. Lay your chicken for ten minutes in slightly salted *cold* water; then wipe it dry and put it upon the gridiron. Set this across the baking-pan, taking care the water does not touch it. Cover with another pan, and steam it half-an-hour. This cooks and softens the outer skin, keeps in the juices and loosens the strings about the knee-joint, called *tendons*. Have a clear, hot fire. Rake down the ashes when you have taken the chicken from its vapor-bath. Rub the upper part of the gridiron with a *very* little butter. Set it over an open hole in the range, until warm—not hot. Lay your chicken upon the gridiron. When it “fizzes” on the lower side, turn it over. Repeat this turning often, that the juices may not drip upon the coals and cause a smoke. Don’t fall into the notion which seems to be entertained by some grown-up cooks, that the flavor of smoke does not injure steaks, or chops, or chickens, any more than does a “bit of a scorch.” The chicken should be done in ten minutes, if young and tender. Have ready a slice of nice dry toast; butter it and put it upon a hot plate. Make a cut at the joint of the chicken, to be sure the browned coat does not hide raw flesh.

Sprinkle it with salt and pepper; put half of a tea-spoonful of butter over it, and lay on the toast. Put a few sprays of parsley about it.

DEVEILED CHICKEN.

BROIL the part of a chicken as I have directed. Have ready in a tin cup a table-spoonful of butter, half a salt-spoonful of salt, half as much pepper as you have salt, and the same quantity of mustard as pepper. Heat to a boil on the range. Lay the chicken on a hot plate; pour the mixture in the cup over it. Cover closely, and set in an open oven, or upon a hot register five minutes before sending to the table.



"TOBY, WITH THE SLIPPERS IN HIS MOUTH."

TOBY.

You see him in the picture. That is Toby, with the slippers in his mouth. He has just brought them down-stairs. Does his mistress praise him for fetching the slippers? Not at all.

"You stupid Toby," she says. "I said boots; I did n't say slippers! Boots, Toby. Go and bring them, right away!"

Off flies Toby upstairs; then down again he tumbles—Toby and the boots in a moving bundle, which ends with a wag! The mistress says, "Good Toby!" while Toby capers and all but laughs.

After that, he begins to beg. What does he want? The mistress knows. She opens the little drawer and takes out a ball. It is Toby's. As soon as he sees it, he runs away into the hall. That is because he wants her to hide it. She puts it under the sofa-pillow. Toby comes back.

First he looks behind the window-curtain, then under the table, then in the corners, then at the back of the door. The ball is not in any of these places. At last he climbs the sofa. Ah, there it is! and Toby, giving it a bite of joy, rolls it across the room, runs after, seizes, brings it back, and stands, with a look in his eyes which says plain as words, "Please hide it again."

But the mistress says: "You must have your breakfast first. No more ball, Toby, till you have eaten your bread-and-milk."

Toby hates bread-and-milk. He eyes the plate and growls, but will not go near it. So the mistress, who knows Toby's ways, brings his deadly foe, Mrs. Cracker. Mrs. Cracker is an ugly, black India-rubber doll, with the marks of Toby's teeth all over her body.

"Here she comes," cries the mistress, jerking Mrs. Cracker across the carpet. "Hurry, Toby, hurry! Mrs. Cracker will get it, if you don't."

Mrs. Cracker leans over the plate, and puts her head in the milk. This is too much! Toby makes one bound, flings her aside, and begins to gobble his breakfast as fast as possible. If he shows signs of stopping, Mrs. Cracker is made to draw near. Then Toby is furious. He catches her by the neck, stirs her round in the milk, growls hard, and eats on till every drop of the breakfast is gone and Mrs. Cracker lies high and dry in the empty plate. Then Toby feels that he has conquered, wags a proud tail, and makes a queer noise, which I think must be a song of joy.

Would n't you like to know Toby?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

YOU never saw any one so pleased as the Deacon is, my children. Why, his face is so sunshiny that it lights up the very grass as he walks along,—or so it seems to me,—and all on account of the remarkable way in which his boys and girls are sending in copies of the Declaration of Independence.

Well, well! Jack could have told him that the young folks would come out handsomely in this matter.

Then the prizes! The pretty, shining things stand there on the Deacon's shelf, I hear, waiting to be awarded, and beaming with satisfaction. What wonder! It must be a very pleasant thing to go into a family as a prize.

Jack is no orator,—so he cannot give you an address on this grand Centennial "Fourth." But you can be your own orators, my chicks, and that is better yet. Deep in your heart of hearts, let each one of you say:

"My hearer! America is a great country, and her strength is in her honest, upright, loyal and intelligent citizens. See to it that you become one of them!"

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

SOME of my birds have been talking to the seagulls, and they've brought me this news:

The Atlantic Ocean was named after a mighty mythical giant named Atlas, who, as the Greeks believed, carried the world on his shoulders—the same Atlas who has a great mountain-range in Africa for his namesake.

The other great ocean did n't have to go to Greece for a name. It just staid where it was and behaved itself, until at last, from its peaceful aspect, it was called the Pacific.

This is as it should be, my little Americans—*Power* on one side of us, and *Peace* on the other.

And, what is better yet, they're permanent institutions. Fifty Centennials from now, Jack (or somebody else) will find this country trig and trim between its oceans, with the Peace of Power its highest virtue, and the Power of Peace its proudest boast.

A BIRD STORY.

DEAR JACK: I send a true story about some birds that lived in a tree in my yard. My pussy killed the mother bird just after the little birds were hatched, and the papa bird was left all alone to feed them. He attended to them one day very carefully, and the next day he returned to his nest with another wife much larger than himself. When the little birds began to fly, they used to come down on our croquet ground and hop about. One day, mamma stooped to pick one of them up, so that the cat could not get it, when the new wife struck her on the side of her head twice with her bill. Well, this bird looked after the little birds and fed them till they left the nest. We think it quite curious—don't you?

EDITH STONE.

A FISH THAT LIVES IN THE MUD.

DEAR ME!—what next? Now, here's a story of a fish who can live without water! Who ever heard of such a thing! This very accomplished scaly gentleman is a native of Africa,—where most of the wonders come from, nowadays,—and has the misfortune to belong to a river which dries up every summer. Rather a discouraging circumstance to a fish, I should say; but this little fellow does n't mind it. When the water gets low, he very coolly burrows nearly two feet into the mud on the bottom, and there he stays, while the hot sun dries up the water, and bakes the mud till it is full of deep cracks. When the water comes back, fills the cracks, and soaks into the ground, the mud-fish comes out as lively as ever. One of this family has lately gone to live in an aquarium in England, where his ways can be studied; and now we shall know how he gets on in water all the year round. Who can tell me his name?

FLOWER DOLLS.

DEAR JACK: We girls made lovely flower-dolls last summer, and wont you please tell the ST. NICHOLAS girls about it, so that they can make some this season? We made charming little lady dolls out of hollyhock blossoms in this way: We took a fine hollyhock flower, broke off the outer green leaves—the calyx, I mean; then we picked out the inside parts, so as to leave a little hole in the stem end of the flower. Into this we stuck a poppy-head, marking features on it as well as we could. Then we tied a long spear of grass around the leaves, just where the waist should be; this made a pretty green sash. Next we formed the apron out of a white rose leaf, and put a bit of green twig through the body for arms. We thought she was complete then, for she could stand alone, and she was just as pretty as could be; but when afterward we put a daisy hat on her little head, she was perfect.

We made other flower-dolls after that out of trumpet-creepers and fox-gloves and all sorts of flowers, and it was real sport. Mother said a group of our blossom-ladies standing on the lawn was a beautiful sight to behold.

If other girls try our plan and get any new ideas, I hope, dear Jack, they'll send us word through you.—Your true little friends,

MARION AND WINNIE T.

TALLOW-TREES.

IN the woods where I live there grows a low shrub, with glossy, fragrant leaves, called the bayberry. From its small green berries a kind of wax is obtained, of which candles are sometimes made. But I don't believe the candles are much liked, as I see few people picking the berries.

My friend the parrot quite despises such candles. He thinks that the people who use them should see those made from the seeds of the tallow-tree

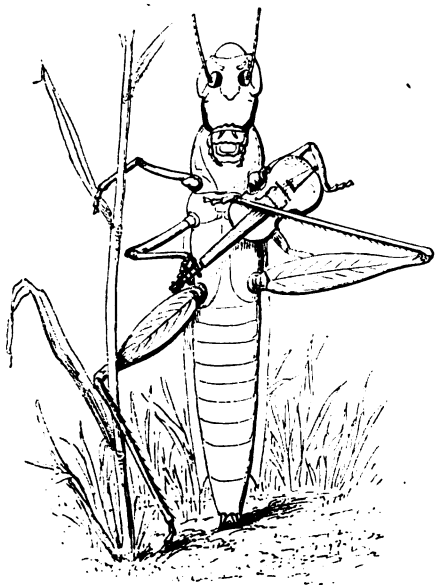
which grows in the province of Malabar, in British India.

This tallow-tree, I am told, is very large, and has thick, leathery leaves, varying from four to ten feet in length. The flowers are white and very fragrant, and by boiling its seeds the natives obtain a firm white vegetable tallow, which has no unpleasant smell. Candles made of this tallow, my friend the parrot says, are something worth having—worth having, that is, if human beings will persist in going about after dark. He thinks it very strange that creatures with eyes made expressly for the daylight, should wish to imitate the habits of bats and cats and owls, whose eyes are specially adapted to seeing things at night.

A GRASSHOPPER'S FIDDLE.

"WE lay ninety-nine eggs; if we laid one hundred we should devastate the earth." It is a Mohammedan legend that the Prophet found this motto written on the wings of a locust, an insect as nearly related to the grasshopper as the Mohammedan is to a Yankee.

Last May, the farmer in Eastern Kansas who



saw ten acres of corn entirely eaten between ten o'clock Saturday morning and four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and who caught ninety-eight grasshoppers with one sweep of his hand, must have thought the hundredth egg was hatched at last. But the hum of the vast swarms was soon lost to the northward. Then bird and parasite, and Minnesota boys and girls, who were paid for

gathering them so much a bushel, soon ended the brood of jumping fiddlers; for as truly as the cricket sings, so truly does the grasshopper play the fiddle. Any how—if he does n't play the fiddle, he does something like it, as each of you may prove if you will watch him when you hear him playing his monotonous tune. When he begins to play "he bends the shank of one hind-leg beneath the thigh, where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down several times against the projecting lateral edge and veins of the wing-cover." A learned naturalist, named Harris, once wrote this, and your Jack repeats it. It is plain enough if you remember that the *front* wings are called wing-covers, as they are used for protection and not for flight. Grasshoppers play the fiddle on each side alternately, supporting themselves, meanwhile, as well as they can. Who knows *why* they do it?

A MAN IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

THE Little Schoolma'am made the Deacon laugh the other day. Because the dear child had a bit of stiff linen about her pretty throat, the Deacon accused her of wearing a man's collar. They had a few words about "women aping the styles of men," as the Deacon jocosely put it, when the little lady laid him down gently with a description of the dress of a Malay priest which she had found in Dr. Livingstone's book. This was it, as nearly as your Jack can remember:

A long rose-colored silk dress, and over it one of white gauze, trimmed with three broad flounces, [the Little Schoolma'am said something about "bias," whatever that means], sleeves full, and trimmed with lace. The whole thing perfectly suitable for a lady to wear to a party. Over this, however, was a man's white waistcoat, and a belt, in which weapons were stuck. A white turban covered his head, and the toilet was completed by a large lace veil (like a bride's), which was thrown over his head, and half covered him!

A BIG FLOWER.

WHAT do you say to a flower bigger than a dining-plate, and weighing three or four pounds? What a button-hole bouquet that would make,—especially if you added one of its leaves, over eight feet across! This is the giant flower of the world,—I'm sure,—and it is a water-lily which grows in South America, near the giant river of the world. Just fancy a pond covered with these enormous leaves, each weighing about a dozen pounds, and covered with long-legged water-birds, of all sorts, who run about on them, without the least danger of wetting their toes. And think of the buds, as big as your head, and the large white, fragrant flowers!

Should n't you like one of those leaves for a boat, to sail about in?

DEACON GREEN'S PRIZES.

THE Deacon says, look out for the "Declaration prizes" next month.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

(Illustrated by a Young Contributor.)

MR. PEMBERTON.

ONCE upon a time, there was a young girl who, with her aunt, lived all alone. Auntie Louise, the young girl called her aunt. Auntie Louise lived on a nice little farm, three miles from the village where was her post-office, and where she and Annie attended church.

Her neighbor on the right, a wise and good man, worked the land for her; and his boy milked the two cows, and fed the fat little pony that she kept.

Now, Auntie Louise was wise—for a woman. She taught Annie grammar, arithmetic and algebra, history and geography; to knit and to sew, to make butter and cheese and bread (the lightest, whitest bread that ever you ate was 'Auntie Louise's'); she taught Annie music also, both vocal and instrumental.

Auntie Louise was not old or cross. Annie was just sixteen, and Auntie Louise was thirty-two. I will tell you how they came to be all alone on a farm. Fifty years ago this Centennial year, Louise's father and mother began housekeeping, as gay and happy as two young robins. In the course of time three children were born to them. The eldest, a daughter, married and removed to a distant State; the second, a son, married and brought his bride home; and then Louise, the youngest, was sent away to be educated. She wished to become a teacher. She completed a course of study, taught a few years; then the father's health failed. He wanted daughter Louise to come home; the dutiful daughter came, and gradually became eyes and hands and feet to her failing father. Only a few years, and then he was laid in the village church-yard; a few months, the mother followed him; then, only a year after, a fever took Annie's father and mother, and left them alone. Louise and Annie were almost heart-broken.

"There is nothing left to us but the old home, Annie," Auntie Louise said one morning. "and we will stay here until we, too, are carried out to lie down by the side of those who have gone before."

The old home was so dear to them, they would not willingly see it pass into strangers' hands. They had lived alone two years, and Auntie Louise began to feel that Annie needed more companionship. So, one day, she asked Annie if she would not like to go away to school.

"And leave you, darling auntie? I can never find so good a teacher as you. If you think I need more companions, let us go out more; let us visit the people in the village often."

"With all my heart, Annie. Our parents, yours and mine, were most social and hospitable; we can but please them in doing so. But you know, Annie, we cannot go out evenings much without an escort."

"Well, auntie dear, don't bother yourself about it one bit; you are all I have left in the world, and I cannot leave you. Shall I go now for my ride?"

Auntie Louise had taught Annie how to manage Neddie, the fat little pony; and he was a little fly-away too sometimes, but, withal, the best-natured little fellow in the world. He was always so impatient to start, but not a step forward would he take, though he would paw the ground, first with one little foot, then with the other, until Annie and Louise were all ready. Then how he would fly, for such a fat little body!

This particular afternoon Annie was going to the woods, on horse-back, to look for autumn leaves (it was a beautiful October day), running pine, and other evergreens.

Away cantered Neddie, as glad to be out in the beautiful sunshine as Annie herself. When they came to the woods, fastening Neddie's bridle to a low branch of a hickory-tree, Annie began her search. On she went—now a strip of running pine, now a fallen leaf more beautiful than any she had gathered, again a delicate fern, leading her on until she was thoroughly tired. She sat down to rest at the foot of a great pine-tree. The soft wind sighing in the branches above made plaintive music; but it accorded well with Annie's heart, which had beaten little but minor music since she and Auntie Louise had been left alone.

Presently, a dainty little lady stood before her—a dainty little lady, smiling and holding out to her a tiny bunch of autumn leaves, the loveliest she had ever seen. Annie asked her to sit down, but she said:

"No. I must not stay; my friends are waiting for me in yonder dell. Take the leaves; they were gathered on purpose for you. They possess a peculiar power. You have only to wave them three times before Neddie's eyes, and he will instantly become a most polished gallant."

"But I would rather have him as he is," said the astonished Annie.

"You have only to wave them three times before the eyes of your gallant, and he will become Neddie, the fat pony, again; and do you not see that when you and Auntie Louise wish to go out evenings, you can drive Neddie, carrying these leaves with you? And when you reach any place, you have only to wave these leaves before Neddie's eyes three times, and you have a gentleman attendant. Then, when you wish to return, he will lead you to your carriage; you wave

the leaves three times before his eyes, and he becomes Neddie again, ready to take you home."

"Oh, would that be nice for Auntie Louise!" cried Annie, lifting her eyes to thank the lady; but she was gone, and the bunch of tiny autumn leaves lay in her lap. They were very elastic and tough, and were fastened firmly in a little silver holder. In examining them, Annie touched a spring, and, lo! a silver leaf sprang out and rolled quickly around all the others, and then they were nicely protected and easily carried in her pocket. She started up, and ran until she came in sight of Neddie.

"Oh, such a secret, Neddie, you could never guess! Auntie Louise shall be the first to try it!" and springing on Neddie's back, she cantered gayly home. Louise was arranging a bouquet of pansies on the porch when Annie came up.

"Oh, auntie, the queerest thing!" she began.

"Why, Annie, where is your hat?—and how warm Neddie is!"

"My hat just tumbled off the other side of the barn. I will go and get it. But just listen, and see just here," drawing from her pocket the wonderful little roll, and touching the spring that unrolled the silver leaf.

"We have only to wave this three times before Neddie's eyes and he becomes a fine gentleman, ready to attend us everywhere." Then she told her about the little lady in the woods, and all that she said. Auntie Louise did not seem as much surprised as



"THERE STOOD AN ELEGANT GENTLEMAN."

Annie thought she would. "You are to try it first," she concluded, springing from the pony.

Louise took the mysterious leaves and waved them solemnly three times before Neddie's eyes, and behold! the pony was nowhere to be seen, but there stood an elegant gentleman, with his hat in his hand, politely bowing to Miss Louise and her niece. Annie brought him a chair, and for an hour the learned gentleman entertained them with descriptions of European life and travel. Then, suddenly remembering that it was time for Neddie to have his evening meal of hay and oats, Auntie Louise waved the bright leaves three times before the eyes of Mr. Pemberton (that is the name the gentleman gave himself), and there stood Neddie, equipped in saddle and bridle, just as Annie had left him. Annie led him away to the barn.

"Wont it be convenient, auntie?" asked Annie when she came back.

"Nothing could be more so," returned Auntie Louise.

You may think it strange, but Louise and Annie did not avail themselves of the magic leaves until the week before Christmas.

The sewing society had been very busy all the latter part of the summer and all the fall, meeting once in two weeks, sewing for a missionary box, then for the two or three poor families in the town. Auntie Louise and Annie met with them quite often, because they could drive Neddie and be at home by dark.

Now, for a few weeks, the society had been preparing for a fair, which was to be held one evening a week before Christmas. Annie wished much to attend the fair.

"Let us try the charm, auntie," said she.

"Very well, Annie; but it must be kept a secret."

So they bade the boy harness Neddie to the little carriage, and they drove away just after sunset. Reaching the village, Annie stepped from the carriage, and, waving the leaves, the gentlemanly attendant stood by them, and Neddie was gone.

"Do not forget that I am Mr. Pemberton," said a low, pleasant

voice, as he led them to the door of the lecture-room where the fair was held.

An apron and neck-tie festival was to be held besides, and Annie was in a flutter lest Mr. Pemberton's neck-tie should not match Aunt Louise's apron; but it did, and Annie was delighted. Their friends were almost guilty of staring at the stranger, so fine a gentleman he appeared. Auntie Louise introduced him to one and another as Mr. Pemberton, lately returned from Europe; and every one who listened to his discourse was charmed. The three spent a most delightful evening.

When it was time to go, Mr. Pemberton took them to the carriage. Annie waved the leaves before his eyes, and there was Neddie impatient to go home. The farm-boy was waiting in the kitchen to care for him.

After this, they drove Neddie wherever they wished to go, transforming him into Mr. Pemberton when they wished an attendant. It was so convenient and pleasant, when they were a little early or a little late at church, and no one saw them, to have only to step out of their carriage and transform Neddie into Mr. Pemberton; then there was some one to wait upon them into their pew, and find the readings and the hymns.

What a treasure Neddie was! A gentleman called one day, asking if Miss Louise would sell her pony.

"Sell Mr. Pemberton?" thought Annie.

"We do not wish to sell him," answered Miss Louise, with dignity that was assumed to hide her mirth.

"Did you ever, aunty? Sell Neddie! Sell Mr. Pemberton!" said Annie, when the gentleman had gone. "I wonder how much Mr. Pemberton would call himself worth! I'll go this minute to the stables and bring him in."

And so she did. He smiled, remarking that he thought himself far too valuable—

What is that? Neddie neighing impatiently where he is tied below the hill; Annie just waking under the pine-tree on the hill-top!

"Why! how long *can* I have been asleep!"

Again Neddie's shrill whinny.

"Neddie! Mr. Pemberton! Oh, what a dream!" exclaimed Annie, gathering up her pines and her autumn leaves hastily. And this part of her dream came true:



"THERE WAS NEDDY, IMPATIENT TO GO HOME."

She *did* canter gayly home; she *did* find Auntie Louise on the porch arranging a bouquet of pansies; and Auntie Louise *did* say: "Why, Annie, where is your hat? and how warm Neddie is!"

K. D.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE announcement of the award of the prizes offered by Deacon Green for the best copies of the Declaration of Independence, will be printed in the August number.

Hudson, 1876.

DEAR JACK: I am visiting my friend Hattie Forshew. We are both twelve years old, and this morning we made a cake from the receipt in the ST. NICHOLAS for May. The cake proved excellent. It was large enough for each one of the family to have a snail piece. We helped each other in making it. When it was done and frosted it looked very nicely.

The best-ten we intend to make when we have an opportunity. We like the receipts very much.—Your friends,

MARY E. COFFIN AND HATTIE E. FORSHEW.

F. H. S.—We do not expect to publish any stories for translation until cool weather. We shall give our young French and German scholars a rest.

MARY G. YOUNG's questions about her canary have received a variety of answers. Willie Hayden says that when his canary would not bathe, Willie's mother took a brush and sprinkled him slightly, and that after undergoing this process a few times Master Canary concluded to take a bath regularly for himself. This treatment is also recommended by Nellie Emerson and by "A Bird-raiser," who writes:

It is a rare exception that a canary-bird should fail to wash when well, though I have known a few instances. One authority suggests sprinkling the bird, as this causes them to be obliged to prune their feathers and set them straight, etc.

Overgrown claws seem the next trouble with Mary's bird. This is not called a disease, but has a bad effect, as it makes the canaries mope and refuse food. The claws must be trimmed with a pair of scissors, taking care not to cut close enough to draw blood. By holding up to the light, you can see how far down the toes the blood-vessels extend. Hold the bird firmly, but gently; do not be in too great a hurry.

Florence A. Meriam thinks that "if the seed-vessels were taken away, and the bath put in with some seeds in the bottom of it, when

the bird should get hungry it would go into the bath to get the seeds, and, finding no harm came by it, would get into the habit of taking its bath."

Finally, Grace Glessner writes:

I have a yellow canary who will not bathe in his cage; but we fill a large plate with water, put it on the oil-cloth with a chair over it, open the cage, and soon he splashes about beautifully. To prevent long claws, make the perches as large round as can go between the wires. This wears the claws smooth and short.

"HOPPERS AND WALKERS."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had at different times in our family five tame crows as pets, and, strange to relate, they all of them hopped!

Now, I do not want the successful young folks who, some months ago, puzzled over the "hoppers and walkers," to think they were mistaken; nor do I want the Little Schoolma'am to think that I sought her knowledge. The facts of the case are that we are both right.

Calling to mind the peculiarities of our crows, one of them still alive, I found it hard to reconcile my experience with that of the hundreds and hundreds who detected the four mistakes in the bird-story; so I applied to a naturalist for information. He told me that the natural gait of a crow was a sort of waddling *walk*, but that they do *hop* when in a hurry.

Tame crows are generally in a hurry, and nearly always in mischief. I have been quite lame for over a year, and never take a step which can be avoided; but one day last fall I was pretty thoroughly exercised in trying to put three crows out of the dining-room. In the center of the room stood a large extension-table, and the way in which those crows hopped in and out, and under and around, would have convinced even the Little Schoolma'am, could she have been there to see, that crows do sometimes hop, and actively too.

Crows make excellent pets for people who need to cultivate patience. They are very intelligent, very cunning, and extremely mischievous. Anything that they can carry off will mysteriously disappear, and of what they cannot take away they will peck at and destroy. One of the crows once got on the stove, and danced up and down in the most absurd manner until I flew to his rescue, and down in that that, with all his cunning intelligence, he did not know enough to spread his wings and fly from his hot perch.

Another could never go into the garden without being attacked by

king-birds. They would fly upon him and peck him, and actually drive him into the house.

The crow which still exists in the family belongs to my sister. He will not let anybody molest her, and if one attempts to tease him by doing so, he will fly at the person and peck sharply. When I walk about the garden, he will catch the edge of my skirt and hop after me, occasionally taking a swing. He is no favorite of mine, and he knows it, although I am always kind to him; but I am too much of a bird-defender to like a crow.

I suspect that the secret of the attacks of the king-birds was that Dandy Jim had meddled with their nests. Still, let us give the crow his due. He is bright and amusing and capable of being taught a variety of tricks, and his one saving grace is a fond affection for any one who is fond of him.

MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if "Mississippi" is the Indian word meaning "Father of Waters?" Bancroft's History calls the river Mississippi from the time of its discovery, but does not tell us whether the Indians gave it that name.—Your little friend,

ELLA L. REED.

The name Mississippi is *derived* from two Indian words (spelt by some authorities "Miche sepe," and by others "Missi sipi"), meaning "Father of Waters." The words have also been translated "The Great River" and "The Great Water."

Aiken, South Carolina, April 17th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a simple narration, in rhyme, of a little incident among the children here, which I fancy it might please them, as well as other children, to see in print. Nearly every child in the house seems to be a subscriber to your magazine.

ONE OF THE GUESTS AT "WEST VIEW."

On Easter morn, at fair West View,
The guests all tried what they could do
To please the little girls and boys
Who left at home their games and toys.
Their skates and sleds and loved snow-balls,
To live some months where no snow falls.
So, as they could not have their sled,
The cook stained eggs bright blue and red,
And one sweet lady 'mong the guests
By this contrivance was impressed
To make their bright and loving eyes
Grow brighter with a glad surprise.
She hid away in various places
Eggs painted with fair shapes and faces;
Tied up with ribbons red and blue,
Fair, pretty things they were to view.
So off they went for Easter eggs,
And sadly tired their little legs,
Poking about in all odd places,
Without regard to dirty faces.
Then, rushing in with shout and bound,
To show the wonders they had found.
"Oh, see how pretty! what a treat!
I never saw eggs look so sweet."
"These are too good to eat, mamma;
I'll take mine with me in the car."
"Now is n't this a jolly go?"
I never saw eggs dressed up so!"
One little boy of three or four
To dear mamma the treasure bore,
And, op'ning wide his wond'ring eyes,
Grown larger with the strange surprise,
Said, thoughtful as a youthful Gibbon,
"How could the hens put on the ribbon?"

AUGUSTA CARTER, of Baltimore, wishes us to call attention to the following account of a supplement to the Declaration of Independence, made fifty years ago by one of the original signers:

Supplemental Declaration to the Declaration of Independence, by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

The Washington *National Intelligencer* lately contained the following article in relation to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the only survivor in 1826 of the men who signed the Declaration of American Independence:

"In the year 1826, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carroll alone remained among the living, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor and obtain from him, for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The

aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed, with his own hand, to a copy of that instrument, the grateful, solemn, and pious supplemental Declaration which follows:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer,—I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man."

"CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

"August 2, 1826."

We have received a great many answers to H. E. H.'s question regarding the origin of the phrase, "Consistency, thou art a jewel;" and all of them agree in tracing it to a ballad called "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, 1754. The following stanza is given by all, in support of this authority:

"Tush! tush, my lasse! Such thoughts resigne.

Comparisons are cruel;

Fine pictures suit in frames as fine;

Consistency's a jewel.

For thee and me coarse clothes are best—

Rude folks in homely raiment dress—

Wife Joan and Goodman Robyn."

One of our correspondents adds the following: "Mr. Richard Grant White says that he has never succeeded in finding 'Murtagh's Collection,' and doubts if 'Robyn Rough-head' be a genuine old ballad. He thinks the fourth line of the above stanza, like the second, is probably an adaptation of a saying much older than Shakespeare—to whom it is commonly attributed. Mr. White says that he has never been able to discover the origin of the phrase."

Baltimore, March 29, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where this line is taken from: "And fools who came to scoff remained to pray?"—Yours truly,

FANNY N. OSBURN.

The quotation is a line from "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith.

Marysville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like a good dog. I like some dogs a good way off. I have a dog that is very good to keep meat from spoiling; he will bite a piece of beef broiled and buttered on both sides. Some dogs are spotted, and some are not. My dog is yellow and white, and I call him my calico dog. Some ladies think a great deal of dogs; they will take a little poodle dog, and put a piece of ribbon around his neck, and take him with them when they go out riding. I think they must be sick. I know a dog that bit a boy on the leg; it did n't kill either the boy or the dog, but the boy got after him with an old hoe-handle, and beat him until his sister called the dog into the house, and sat down on him, to keep the boy away. She said that boy was a wicked beast, and so he was. I would n't do anything near so bad as that. I have heard of does that, when they saw their master drowning, would run and pull him out by the teeth. I am afraid if I was drowning, and there was no one to save me but my dog, I should never have another chance to drown. I guess I'll take my chances on dry land, anyhow.

EUGENE.

MADDIE H. sends the Letter-Box this dainty French riddle, trusting that it may be new to American boys and girls:

A French girl received the following love-letter. Who can read it? (Answer will be given next month):

"ADELE: Janvier, Fevrier, Mars, Avril, Mai, Juin, Juillet, Aout, Septembre, Octobre—tu tu tu tu tu, tu m'aime?"

ADOLPHE.

THE correct answer to L. M.'s problem in the April number is "\$45 and the boots," and it has been received from the following boys and girls: Arnold Guyot Cameron, Carrie B. Wells, "Cleveland Boy," S. P. Maslin, Willie T. Sheffield, J. M. Paton, John H. H., and Thomas E. Jefferson.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 3, 16, 10, 13, 2 is a large and bright constellation. My 4, 9, 7, 8, 15 is one of the mechanical powers. My 11, 12, 3, 1, 6 is part of a wheel. My 11, 5, 13, 3, 12 is a vessel. My 14, 13, 7, 6, 2 was a deity for whom a day of the week was named. My whole is a proverb. ISOLA.

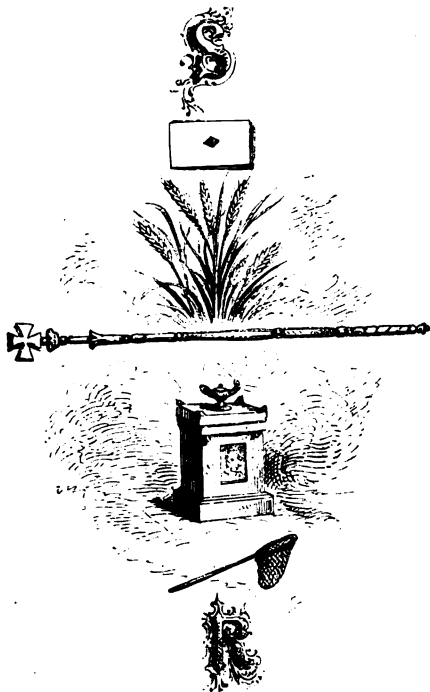
CHARADE.

WITHIN my first the traveler rests and dreams;
My next names one of Scotland's famous streams;
My third sometimes the porcine frame surrounds;
My fourth is one of five familiar sounds;
My fifth and sixth together you may take,
And something found in architecture make.
If you are that denoted by my whole,
You are a patient, persevering soul.

L. W. H.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(Substitute the name of each picture for the picture itself, and find a diamond puzzle.)



EASY TRANSPOSITION.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following sentence and you will find three articles of furniture: A Maple Latch Rib. C. D.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A PECULIAR bird. 2. Apart. 3. Part of a plant. 4. To decay. 5. A preposition. 6. A consonant. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name an officer of the Revolutionary war. 1. A celebrated exclamation. 2. A mason's tool. 3. Part of a ship. 4. A precious stone. 5. A French coin. ISOLA.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word curtailed.

1. In the — we found your —. 2. Will it harm the — to — it? 3. The — was burned in the — fire. 4. Where did — have his —? 5. On the — I will draw a — of the house. 6. I think the — is too — away. CYRIL DEANE.

A CHARADE FOR 1876.

MY first, if you will read aright,
Graces the queenly rose,
And floats from blossoming hill and vale
On every breeze that blows.
It wears a crown, and yet its head
Of rests in lowly spot;
'T is known among the rich and great,
And in the poor man's cot.
Its course, like true love's, is not smooth;
It meets with scorn and frown;
It sees great changes, but through all
Still wears the regal crown.

Without my second's aid you ne'er
Could boldly utter No;
The sun himself would cease to shine:
We'd have no rain or snow.
The Frenchman gay could never dress
En deshabille again;
Nor could he say his lady-love
Appeared with skirts *en train*.

My third is very near, and if
To seek it you should try,
You'll find it in the darkest nights,
When least you think it nigh.

My fourth the lawyer often writes
Upon his brief with care;
But with a partner it appears,
And has a foreign air.

My whole with hopes and fears is fraught,
'T is old, and yet 't is young;
Its history is still untold,
Its songs are yet unsung.
It brings a thought of ruins old,
Of perfumes fine and rare,
Of cruel war, of meek-eyed peace,
Of all things new and fair.
O poets, weave your sweetest verse
To chronicle its fame;
And all ye wise and witty ones,
Now give to it a name. M. W.

INITIAL CHANGES.

CHANGE the initial of a word often applied to a quantity of bread, and get to secure; again, and get part of a ship; again, and find what fastening; again, and discover to mate; again, and you will get what most boys like to possess. C.

MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a river in the United States, and find a title.
2. Curtail the river, and find a fruit.
3. Syncope the river, and find a sound.
4. Transpose the title, and find a Shakspearean king.
5. Transpose the fruit, and find to gather; again, and find to diminish.
6. Transpose the sound, and get a jump; again, and get an inclosure; again, and find an excuse.
7. Syncope the title, and get a blow.
8. Curtail the fruit, and obtain a vegetable.
9. Behead the inclosure, and get a liquor.
10. Behead the excuse, and get a meadow.
11. Curtail the title, and find a part of the body. ISOLA.

BROKEN WORDS.

FILL the first blanks with words made by dividing the word chosen for the remaining blank.

1. I was not, with so small a —, — to make the business a — one.
2. Unless he could — prejudices, he had no other — than to leave the country.
3. I saw at my — offered him which showed there had been great — since the simple customs of earlier days.
4. To — would not have been deemed — by the Whigs in Revolutionary times.
5. She, taking his —, — him away from the delicate toy he so roughly —. B.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(Prefix the same syllable of two letters to the name of each of the objects represented, and form a word.)



H.A.W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

REBUS, No. 1.—"Honor and shame from no condition rise :
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Light gains make heavy purses.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Canton.

WORD-SQUARE.—

R A P I D
A R O M A
P O L A R
I M A G E
D A N E D

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Be above oppressing those beneath you.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—A—C—E

H—I—R—A—M
S—C—R—A—P—E—S
T—A—P—E—S
W—E—D

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bullet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Iceland, Volcano.

I — V
C — om — O
E — ar — L
L — aconi — C
A — nn — A
N — ewto — N
D — od — O

CHARADE, No. 2.—Nobility.

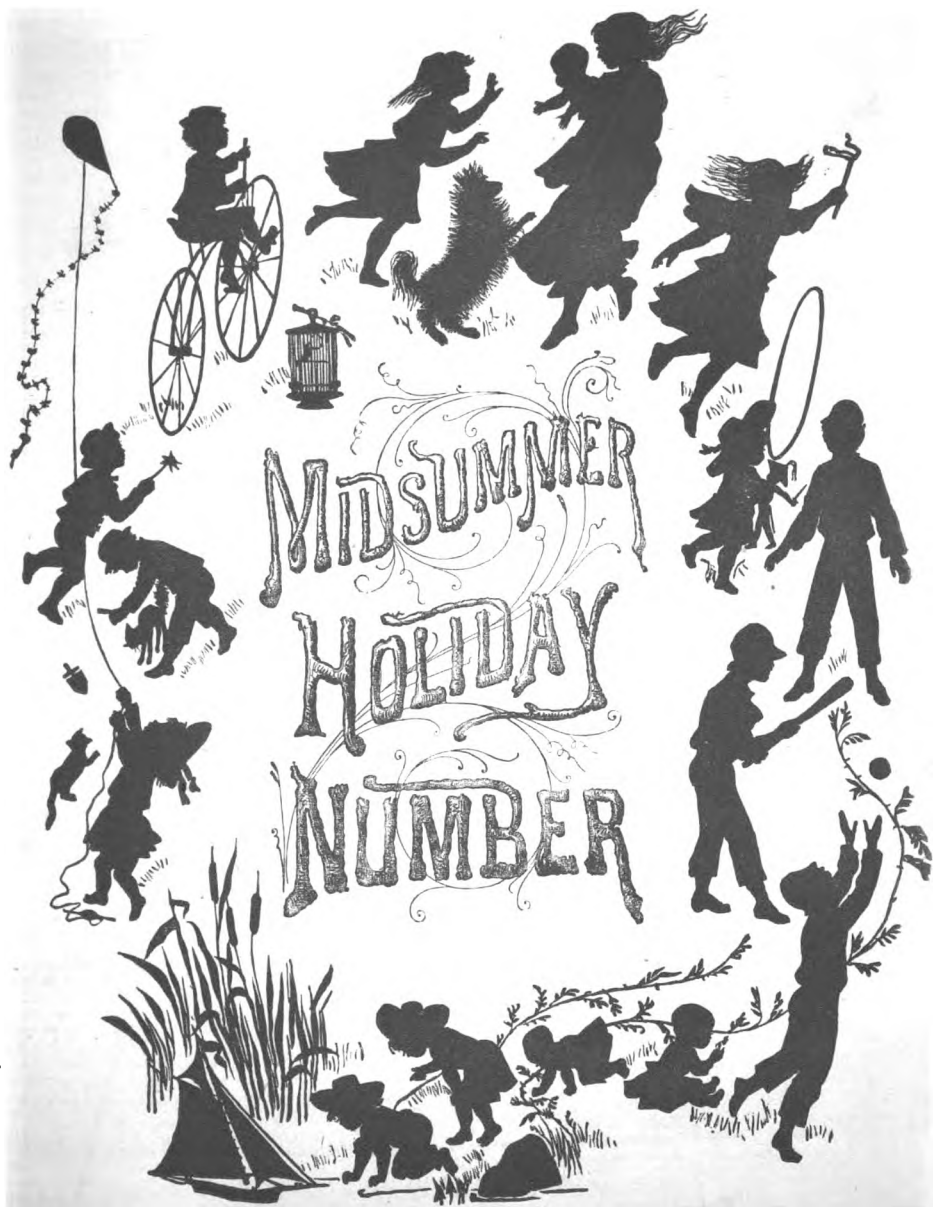
HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.—L Y R I C

Y O U T H
R U P E E
I T E M S
C H E S S

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—A, Apt, April, Tin, L.

REBUS, No. 2.—"Impenal Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Maxwell W. Turner and Marion Abbot answered correctly *all* the puzzles in the May number.
ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES in the same number were received, previous to May 18, from Nelly Perry, "Alex," Arnold Guyot Cameron, E. D. Hennessy, Marien McG. Dwight, Nellie Emerson, "Violet, Lily-of-the-Valley, and Heliotrope," Allie Bertram, "Golden Eagle," Martin Sampson, E. L. M., Nettie Marcellus, "Cad," Harriet Brewer, Charlie Hotchins, Nellie Chase, Frieda E. Lippert, Charles S. Riché, Lulie M. French, Archie Wellington, Eddie H. Eckel, Nellie S. Smith, Brainerd P. Emery, "Lulie," Ethan Allen, Tillie Alden Plume, Martin W. Sampson, Henry O. Fetter, Grace and Lucian Tripp, Camilla Ridgeley, Grace D. Hubbard, Fred Cook, Howard Steele Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, A. E. and C. Mestre, Emily Dibblee, Lillie J. Studebaker, John Hinkley, Herbert P. Moore, "Hodena," Alice L. Campbell, Belle W. Brown, "Captain Nemo," "Kildeer," Nellie A. Morton, Albert Strong, Nessie E. Stevens, F. L. O., Mary L. Boyd, Minnie W. Hitchcock, Carrie S. Simpson, Louie Lawrence, E. A. Townsend, Emma Tritch, Willie H. Johnson, Wilson Rockhill, Fannie Townsend, "Apollo," R. L. Parsons, S. Clinton Willets, Nellie Kellogg, L. A. Kittinger, Nell T. Davis, Robert L. Groendycke, Fannie H. Smith, Carrie Lawson, Annie Hayden, C. W. Horner, Jr., H. Engelbert, May P. Daly, Lilla M. Rowland, John Pyne, "Lou," E. N. Hughes.





JEANNETTE AND JO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1876.

No. 10.

JEANNETTE AND JO.

By M. M. D.

TWO girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport, 't was very plain,
Depended on the weather.

"'T will storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low:
"Yes, but 't will soon be over."
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came, beating down the clover.

"I told you so!" cried angry Jo;
"It always *is* a-raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,—
I tell it to her honor,—
Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her;

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,
Across a sea of glory.
Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
The hopeful are the gladdest;
And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light, let youth be bright;
Take in the sunshine tender;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
Be full of sunset-splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
To shun all weak complaining;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon—
"It always *is* a-raining!"

THE BEAR AT APPLEDORE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

MR. BRET HARTE once told you in ST. NICHOLAS so charming a story about a bear, dear children, that I hesitate about giving you mine—which, indeed, is hardly a story at all; but perhaps you may like to hear what I have to tell.

Our bear came from Georgia when he was a tiny baby-bear; but he was n't nice and soft and silky like Mr. Harte's bear,—he was rusty and brown and shaggy and rough, and he looked askance at everybody out of his little eyes, that were as black as beads. I dare say he did not find it at all agreeable to come all the way from Georgia to the Isles of Shoals; and I'm sure he did not find it pleasant after he arrived at his destination. He was tethered to a stick in a grassy space in front of the house, and the children played with him, morning, noon and eve, one whole long summer. Alas! I fear he was often weary of his brief life, and would have been glad never to have been born. For, I am sorry to say, there were many naughty and thoughtless children among those who played with him—unkind boys who poked at him with sticks and rolled him over and over in his helplessness, and teased and tormented him till it was almost too much to be borne. The little girls were kinder; one especially I remember, who used to hold him in her arms as if he had been a big kitten, and lay his dusky head on her shoulder, and put her cheek down against his shaggy crown so tenderly, and sit rocking to and fro on the grass with him hours at a time. And often after she went to bed at night, I would hear her sighing out of the fullness of her heart, "Oh, that dear, *dear* bear!"

Well, the poor little creature endured his captivity till the eighth day of September, when there came a tremendous storm, with a wind from the south, which was neither more nor less than a hurricane. Windows were blown in, buildings blown down, shingles ripped off roofs in flying flocks—there was a fine tempest! A great copper-colored arch spanned the black sky at eight o'clock in the evening; the sea lifted itself up and flung itself, white with fury, all over the island; and in the midst of the tumult the little bear disappeared. Nobody thought of him, there was such a confusion, everybody trying to save themselves from the fearful wind that had smashed the windows and broken into the houses and was destroying everything, in spite of all we could do. Terror probably gave the baby-bear strength; he tugged wildly at his chain, it broke, and he fled away

through the dark, and when the morning came we could not find him anywhere. Fortunately, the gale only lasted a few hours, and at sunrise next day the sea was calm, except just about the rocks, where it rolled in tremendous breakers and cast clouds of diamond drops up toward the sky. A fishing-schooner had been wrecked at the south side of the island; I went over to look at her. It was not cheerful to see her crushed hull heaving helplessly up and down, and the poor fishermen sadly picking up here and there fragments of ropes, rigging, and fishing-gear which the awful sea had spared them; so I wandered away along the shore, and at last sat down on the edge of a high cliff and admired the great gleaming, sparkling floor of the ocean and the wonderful billows that shattered themselves in splendor between me and the sun. I pushed with my foot a bit of stone over the brink of the crag, and heard it fall below; but, at the same time, I heard another and quite an unexpected sound—a noise hardly to be described, something between a hiss and a whistle, which came up to me from the gorge below. I knew at once it could be nothing but the bear, and leaned over and looked down. Sure enough, there he was, a black heap curled up on a shelf of rock just below me, a few feet out of reach. He looked so comfortable, for it was the sunniest, cosiest nook, and little vines of scarlet pimpernel trailed about him, and plumes of golden-rod waved out of clefts in the rock, and a tall mullein stood up still and straight beside him, its head heavy with thick-set seed-vessels. I was surprised to see him, and very glad, as you may imagine; so I called out, in the most engaging tones, "Good morning, my dear; I'm very glad to see you!" I am pained to say, he looked up at me with an expression of intense cunning and unlimited defiance, and uttered again that shrill, suspicious half hiss, half whistle, which being interpreted might signify "Malediction!" So fierce he looked and savage, with that distrustful sidelong leer out of his black eyes, he was far from being an agreeable object to look at; and as I could not carry him home alone, or even capture him, I was obliged to leave him alone in his glory. But I made a little speech to him over the cliff edge before going away, in which I sympathized with his sorrowful state. "If I only could have had you for my own, poor little bear, you should not have been teased and plagued and had your temper spoiled. Don't cherish resentment against me, I beg of you!

If you'll only stay here till I come back, I'll bring you something to eat, and lumps of sugar, my dear." And so I went away and left him snarling. But when I went back he had disappeared, and, though we sought for him everywhere, we did not see him again for nearly seven months. I was sure he was alive all the time, snugly stowed away in some deep crevice, sucking his paws, perhaps, which I had been told was a favorite pursuit of bears in the winter season. But my belief was scorned and flouted by the rest of the family. "What!" they cried, "you think that little creature could live in this zero weather so many weeks, so many months, with nothing to eat? Of course he is frozen to death long ago!" But I believed him to be alive all the same; and I was not surprised when, one evening in April, while the sky was warm and crimson with sunset, there rose a cry outside the house, "The bear! the bear!" and from the window I saw him, grown twice as large as he had been in the autumn, clumsily climbing over a stone wall near by. All the men about the house gave chase; but he plunged bravely over the rocks and suddenly disappeared, as a drop of water soaks into the ground, in a large seam in the side of the hill. There they found his cave, all strewn with bones and the feathers of fowls. They could not dislodge him that night; but in the morning they made a business of it, and at last brought him down to the house with a rope around his neck, a most reluctant and indignant quadruped. As there were no children then to tease him, he led a peaceful life for two months, and I tried by the most persevering kindness and attention to make his days less unhappy. I led him about from place to place, selecting new spots in which to fasten him, and feeding him with everything I knew he liked. I even brought him into the house, though he was as large as a Newfoundland dog, and spread a mat for him in the corner; but his temper had really been hopelessly soured in his youth, and though I knew he was delighted in the depths of his heart when he saw me coming with his beloved lumps of sugar, he never could refrain from lifting up the corners of his mouth in that ugly snarl, and uttering his distrustful hiss, till I became quite discouraged. At last he broke his chain again, and disappeared a second time. All summer he kept himself hidden by day, but crept out after sunset, foraging; and he was the terror of all the mothers who came to Appledore, and the children were watched and guarded with the greatest care, lest he should find one and run away with it. But there was n't really any reason for so much alarm. The poor bear was quite as much afraid of human beings as they could be of him.

Summer passed and winter came again, and he buried himself once more in the cave on the hillside and slept till spring. But when he emerged for the second time, behold, he had waxed mighty and terrible to see! With difficulty he was secured, and it was decided that now he was really dangerous and must be disposed of in some way. About a mile and a half from Appledore lies a little island called Londoners, owned by an Irishman, who had built upon it a cottage and fish-house, and lived there with his family. This man was found willing to take care of the bear: a price was agreed upon for his care and keep, and he was tied and put into a boat and rowed over to his new home one pleasant day in early summer, and there left and forgotten by the inhabitants of Appledore. But in August I went over to Londoners, one delicious afternoon, to gather the wild pink morning-glories that grow there in great abundance. I found them running all over the rocks and bushes, up elder and thistle stalks, and I carefully untwisted their strong stems and hung one vine after another over my shoulders till they fell down like a beautiful green cloak to my heels, for by carrying them in that way there was no danger of crushing or injuring the buds and rosy bells that still were open, though it was afternoon. The cool sea air prevents their withering and closing as they do on the mainland, and they keep open all day. I was going toward the beach with my burden, when suddenly I came upon the bear. Oh, but he was a monster! He gave a savage growl when he saw me, an indescribable sound of hatred and wrath, and his eyes glowed red and angry. You may be sure I started back out of his reach in a flash! He was fastened by a heavy chain to a strong stake; he had worn the green grass dry and dead as far as he could pace; he was huge, heavy, horrid. I came away from him as fast as I could. As I passed near the little shanty, there ran out from the door, and stood directly in my path, the most astonishing apparition my eyes had ever beheld.

It was a little girl of about six or seven years old; but she was a little monster. She was dressed in a flaming pink calico gown, and over her shoulders tumbled a thicket of dull, carrot-red hair, which looked as if it had never seen a comb,—so dry, so rough, so knotted and tangled, it was hideous. Her flat yellowish face was smeared with molasses, and its ugly dough color mottled with large shapeless freckles. She had the eyes of a little pig, small pale-blue orbs, with red rims; and she opened her broad, expressionless mouth and uttered some words which I vainly strove to understand. Still she kept repeating her incantation, over and over, with the same monotonous tone, till I really began to wonder if she were not some

dreadful little gnome sprung up out of the earth at my feet. I looked about; behind me crouched the dark bulk of the angry bear, before me in the distance I saw my friends pushing off the boat and making ready to depart. Suddenly, my ears having grown accustomed to the savage syllables of the strange being, it flashed on me that she was

large pink toad than a human being. Great was everybody's amusement at the idea of taxing the public for "looking at the bear." All who landed at Londoners, it seemed, were obliged to pay five cents for that privilege!

But the huge fellow was brought back to Appledore in September, and then his enormous strength



"HE WAS FASTENED BY A HEAVY CHAIN TO A STRONG STAKE."

saying, "Five cents for looking at the bear!—five cents for looking at the bear!" precisely as if she were a machine that could do nothing else; and she never stopped saying it till I broke into inextinguishable laughter, and answered her, "My dear Miss Caliban, I have seen the bear before! I did not come to look at the bear; and beside, I have n't brought any money with me, or I would give you some," upon which she turned and hopped back with a motion and clumsiness more like a

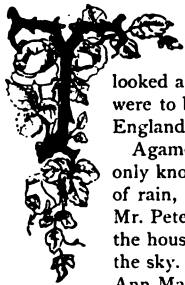
and enormous appetite made him anything but an agreeable addition to the family. Every night when it was quite dark and still, and all the inmates of the house asleep, he prowled about, seeking what he might devour. Bolts and bars were nothing to him; such little impediments as windows he minded not in the least, but calmly lumbered through them, taking sash, glass and all as he came. Then he made off with everything he could find in the way of provender, and kept himself

hidden all day, safely out of sight of men. One night the family had retired early, and all were wrapped in dreams. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and dark and moonless, when he stole softly beneath the windows of the lower store-room, where were kept barrels of beef, pork and lard, and molasses, &c. He climbed to one of the low windows and set his mighty shoulder against it. Crash! it gave way, and down he plunged, making noise enough to wake the dead. Two women were sleeping above in that part of the house, but they were too frightened to leave their rooms and call assistance; so they lay and trembled while our four-footed friend made himself quite at home below. Oh, but he had a splendid time of it! He extricated great wedges of pork to carry off to his den; he wallowed into the top of the hogshead of lard till he must have been a melting spectacle; he worried the faucet out of the molasses cask and set the thick, sweet stream running all over the floor, and then rolled in it till he must have been a sugar-coated quadruped indeed. Never was a bear in such a paradise! He made expeditions to his den through the broken window, carrying off nearly a barrel of pork, and spent the greater part

of the night in that blissful lake of molasses. But when the morning dawned and the state of things below was investigated, great was the wrath and consternation in Appledore. What was to be done? Evidently this was too expensive a pet to be kept on a desert island; at this rate, he would soon dispose of all the provisions, and most likely finish off with the inhabitants in default of anything better! A dreadful decree went forth—that bear must die! He was, indeed, too dangerous in his fearful strength to be allowed to live. But to find him—there was a difficulty! One of the men was shingling on the highest roof; he looked about him, and afar off, curled in a green, turfy hollow, he saw the large dark mass of Bruin's body lying, like the Sybarite he was, steeping himself in sunshine, after his night's orgy in the store-room. Somebody was sent out with a rifle-pistol, and before he knew that danger was near, the sun had ceased to shine for that poor bear. It was so instantaneous he hardly felt his death, and I was glad to know that, at last, all his troubles were over; but I was sorry he had ever left the wilds of Georgia to take up his abode with us at the Isles of Shoals.

THE PETERKINS' PICNIC.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



HERE was some doubt about the weather. Solomon John looked at the "Probabilities;" there were to be "areas" of rain in the New England States.

Agamemnon thought if they could only know where were to be the areas of rain, they might go to the others. Mr. Peterkin proposed walking round the house in a procession, to examine the sky. As they returned, they met Ann Maria Bromwich, who was to go. much surprised not to find them ready.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were to go in the carry-all, and take up the lady from Philadelphia, and Ann Maria, with the rest, was to follow in a wagon, and to stop for the daughters of the lady from Philadelphia. The wagon arrived, and so Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carry-all.

A basket had been kept on the back piazza for some days, where anybody could put anything that would be needed for the picnic, as soon as it was

thought of. Agamemnon had already decided to take a thermometer. Somebody was always complaining of being too hot or too cold at a picnic, and it would be a great convenience to see if she really were so. He thought now he might take a barometer, as "Probabilities" was so uncertain. Then, if it went down in a threatening way, they could all come back.

The little boys had tied their kites to the basket. They had never tried them at home; it might be a good chance on the hills. Solomon John had put in some fishing-poles; Elizabeth Eliza a book of poetry. Mr. Peterkin did not like sitting on the ground, and proposed taking two chairs, one for himself and one for anybody else. The little boys were perfectly happy; they jumped in and out of the wagon a dozen times, with new India-rubber boots bought for the occasion.

Before they started, Mrs. Peterkin began to think she had already had enough of the picnic, what with going and coming, and trying to remember things. So many mistakes were made. The

things that were to go in the wagon were put in the carry-all, and the things in the carry-all had to be taken out for the wagon! Elizabeth Eliza forgot her water-proof, and had to go back for her veil, and Mr. Peterkin came near forgetting his umbrella.

Mrs. Peterkin sat on the piazza and tried to think. She felt as if she must have forgotten something; she knew she must. Why could not she think of it now, before it was too late? It seems hard any day to think what to have for dinner, but how much easier now it would be to stay at home quietly and order the dinner,—and there was the butcher's cart! But now they must think of everything.

At last she was put into the carry-all, and Mr. Peterkin in front to drive. Twice they started, and twice they found something was left behind,—the loaf of fresh brown bread on the back piazza, and a basket of sandwiches on the front porch. And just as the wagon was leaving, the little boys shrieked, "The basket of things was left behind!"

Everybody got out of the wagon. Agamemnon went back into the house, to see if anything else were left. He looked into the closets; he shut the front door, and was so busy that he forgot to get into the wagon himself. It started off and went down the street without him!

He was wondering what he should do if he were left behind (why had they not thought to arrange a telegraph wire to the back wheel of the wagon, so that he might have sent a message in such a case?), when the Bromwichs drove out of their yard in their buggy, and took him in.

They joined the rest of the party at Tathan Corners, where they were all to meet and consult where they were to go. Mrs. Peterkin called to Agamemnon, as soon as he appeared. She had been holding the barometer and the thermometer, and they waggled so that it troubled her. It was hard keeping the thermometer out of the sun, which would make it so warm. It really took away her pleasure, holding the things. Agamemnon decided to get into the carry-all, on the seat with his father, and take the barometer and thermometer.

The consultation went on. Should they go to Cherry Swamp, or Lonetown Hill? You had the view if you went to Lonetown Hill, but may be the drive to Cherry Swamp was prettier.

Somebody suggested asking the lady from Philadelphia, as the picnic was got up for her.

But where was she?

"I declare," said Mr. Peterkin, "I forgot to stop for her!" The whole picnic there, and no lady from Philadelphia!

It seemed the horse had twitched his head in a threatening manner as they passed the house, and Mr. Peterkin had forgotten to stop, and Mrs. Peter-

kin had been so busy managing the thermometers that she had not noticed, and the wagon had followed on behind.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. She did not like to have Mr. Peterkin make a short turn, and it was getting late, and what would the lady from Philadelphia think of it, and had they not better give it all up?

But everybody said "No!" and Mr. Peterkin said he could make a wide turn round the Lovejoy barn. So they made the turn, and took up the lady from Philadelphia, and the wagon followed behind and took up her daughters, for there was a driver in the wagon besides Solomon John.

Ann Maria Bromwich said it was so late by this time, they might as well stop and have the picnic on the Common! But the question was put again, Where should they go?

The lady from Philadelphia decided for Strawberry Nook—it sounded inviting. There were no strawberries, and there was no nook, it was said, but there was a good place to tie the horses.

Mrs. Peterkin was feeling a little nervous, for she did not know what the lady from Philadelphia would think of their having forgotten her, and the more she tried to explain it, the worse it seemed to make it. She supposed they never did such things in Philadelphia; she knew they had invited all the world to a party, but she was sure she would never want to invite anybody again. There was no fun about it, till it was all over. Such a mistake to have a party for a person, and then go without her; but she knew they would forget something! She wished they had not called it their picnic!

There was another bother! Mr. Peterkin stopped. "Was anything broke?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. "Was something forgotten?" asked the lady from Philadelphia.

No! But Mr. Peterkin did n't know the way; and here he was leading all the party, and a long row of carriages following.

They all stopped, and it seemed nobody knew the way to Strawberry Nook, unless it was the Gibbons boys, who were far behind. They were made to drive up, and said that Strawberry Nook was in quite a different direction, but they could bring the party round to it through the meadows.

The lady from Philadelphia thought they might stop anywhere, such a pleasant day, but Mr. Peterkin said they were started for Strawberry Nook, and had better keep on.

So they kept on. It proved to be an excellent place where they could tie the horses to a fence. Mrs. Peterkin did not like their all heading different ways; it seemed as if any of them might come at her, and tear up the fence, especially as the little

boys had their kites flapping round. The Tremletts insisted upon the whole party going up on the hill; it was too damp below. So the Gibbons boys, and the little boys and Agamemnon, and Solomon John, and all the party had to carry everything up to the rocks. The large basket of "things" was very heavy. It had been difficult to lift it into the wagon, and it was harder to take it out. But with the help of the driver, and Mr. Peterkin, and old Mr. Bromwich, it was got up the hill.

And at last all was arranged. Mr. Peterkin was seated in his chair. The other was offered to the lady from Philadelphia, but she preferred the carriage cushions; so did old Mr. Bromwich. And the table-cloth was spread,—for they did bring a table-cloth,—and the baskets were opened, and the picnic really began. The pickles had tumbled into the butter, and the spoons had been forgotten, and the Tremletts' basket had been left on their front door-step. But nobody seemed to mind. Everybody was hungry, and everything they ate seemed of the best. The little boys were perfectly happy, and ate of all the kinds of cake. Two of the Tremletts would stand while they were eating, because they were afraid of the ants and the spiders that seemed to be crawling round. And Elizabeth Eliza had to keep poking with a fern leaf to keep the insects out of the plates. The lady from Philadelphia was made comfortable with the cushions and shawls, leaning against a rock. Mrs. Peterkin wondered if she forgot she had been forgotten.

John Osborne said it was time for conundrums, and asked: "Why is a pastoral musical play better than the music we have here? Because one is a grass-hopper, and the other is a grass-opera!"

Elizabeth Eliza said she knew a conundrum, a very funny one, one of her friends in Boston had told her. It was, "why is ——" It began, "why is something like ——" No, "why are they different?" It was something about an old woman, or else it was something about a young one. It was very funny, if she could only think what it was about, or whether it was alike or different!

The lady from Philadelphia was proposing they should guess Elizabeth Eliza's conundrum, first the question, and then the answer, when one of the Tremletts came running down the hill, and declared she had just discovered a very threatening cloud, and she was sure it was going to rain down directly. Everybody started up, though no cloud was to be seen.

There was a great looking for umbrellas and water-proofs. Then it appeared that Elizabeth

Eliza had left hers after all, though she had gone back for it twice. Mr. Peterkin knew he had not forgotten his umbrella, because he had put the whole umbrella-stand into the wagon, and it had been brought up the hill, but it proved to hold only the family canes!

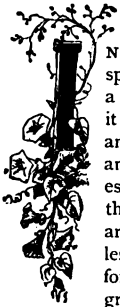
There was a great cry for the "emergency basket," that had not been opened yet. Mrs. Peterkin explained how for days the family had been putting into it what might be needed, as soon as anything was thought of. Everybody stopped to see its contents. It was carefully covered with newspapers. First came out a backgammon-board. "That would be awful," said Ann Maria, "if we have to spend the afternoon in anybody's barn." Next, a pair of andirons. "What were they for?" "In case of needing a fire in the woods," explained Solomon John. Then came a volume of the Encyclopedia. But it was the first volume, Agamemnon now regretted, and contained only A and a part of B, and nothing about rain or showers. Next, a bag of pea-nuts, put in by the little boys, and Elizabeth Eliza's book of poetry, and a change of boots for Mr. Peterkin; a small foot-rug in case the ground should be damp; some paint-boxes of the little boys; a box of fish-hooks for Solomon John; an ink-bottle, carefully done up in a great deal of newspaper, which was fortunate, as the ink was oozing out; some old magazines, and a blacking-bottle; and at the bottom, a sun-dial. It was all very entertaining, and there seemed to be something for every occasion but the present. Old Mr. Bromwich did not wonder the basket was so heavy. It was all so interesting that nobody but the Tremletts went down to the carriages.

The sun was shining brighter than ever, and Ann Maria insisted on setting up the sun-dial. Certainly there was no danger of a shower, and they might as well go on with the picnic. But when Solomon John and Ann Maria had arranged the sun-dial, they asked everybody to look at their watches, so that they might see if it was right. And then came a great exclamation at the hour: "It was time they were all going home!"

The lady from Philadelphia had been wrapping her shawl about her, as she felt the sun was low. But nobody had any idea it was so late! Well, they had left late, and went back a great many times, had stopped sometimes to consult, and had been long on the road, and it had taken a long time to fetch up the things, so it was no wonder it was time to go away. But it had been a delightful picnic, after all.

MIDSUMMER AND THE POETS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



IN our northern climate, the poetry of spring has to be sung or repeated with a cold in the head, too often to make it quite enjoyable. But June with us answers to the May of European poets, and this early summer-time is the sweetest and freshest of the year. Then all the buds are blossoming, all the birds are singing, and the air is full of nameless delicious scents from orchard and forest and meadow; from the young grass springing under foot, and the young leaves shaken out overhead.

One of the earliest specimens of English poetry is a little snatch of song beginning:

"Summer is y-cumen in;
Loud sing cuckoo!"

It sounds like a child's voice calling to its mates in the meadows of the Past, and rings as clear to-day as on the unknown morning when it was first sung,—for Nature and Poetry never grow old.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare is founded upon the old faith in fairies, and it sparkles throughout with dew-drops and moonbeams. This great master of poetry saw the delicate tints and shadowings of beauty in Nature, as well as her splendors and her wonders; and with the coming on of summer, we are ready to follow his "dainty spirit" Ariel, singing

"Merrily, merrily shall we live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Perhaps the finest thing ever written about the month of June, is the well-known passage in Lowell's "Sir Launfal":

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten."

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives."

There is a very pretty song by Motherwell, an English poet, beginning:

"They come, the merry summer months, of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come, the gladsome months, that bring thick leafiness to bowers."

"Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide."

"The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously:
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee."

The twenty-fourth day of June, given in the Calendar as the birthday of St. John, is Midsummer Day, and used to be superstitiously observed. On Midsummer Eve people brought green boughs from the woods to embower their doors, expecting to be protected from thunderstorms and other evils. Then they would go out and gather plants which were supposed to possess magical properties; among them, vervain, rue, St. John's wort, and trefoil. There is a Spanish song referring to this custom, a verse or two of which runs thus:

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens! 't is the day of good St. John;
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew."

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away
The blessed, blessed morning of the holy Baptist's day!
There's trefoil in the meadow, and lilies on the lea,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me."

And Mary Howitt has a pretty ballad about "Little Mabel," who went to wait upon her grandmother on Midsummer Day,

"When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away;"

how she

"Swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed:"

and how she went down the dell ten paces, to bring water from the Lady-well, and there at first saw nothing

"Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
That sat upon a tree."

But the second time, she saw

"Beside the well a lady small,
All clothed in green and white,"

who gave her a fairy blessing, telling her that she should

"Have the will and power to please,
And should be loved away."

The brownies, too, looked kindly on little Mabel as she passed through the wood to gather dry sticks for her grandmother's fire, and they dropped a silver luck-penny in her path.



"WHERE PEACEFUL WATERS GLIDE."

Then, at dew-fall, her grandmother sent her "to
milk the mother-ewe ;"

"And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

"And while she milked the mother-ewe,
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

"And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around."

And from the crowd came a voice, and then voices,
granting her latest wish.

"Thus happened it to Mabel
On that midsummer day;
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

" 'T is good to make all duty sweet;
To be alert and kind;
'T is good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind."

No wonder the poets have loved to sing of the early summer. How the cheerfulness with which it inspires us rings through these lines of Bryant!

" Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around,—
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

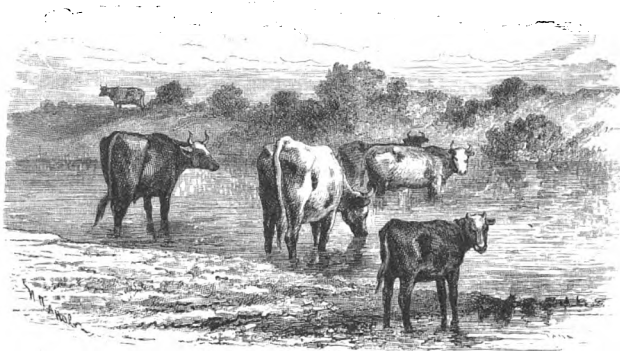
" There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

" There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile in the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."

The breezes of June seem to blow through these verses; but you may hear the "titter of winds" in the poplar and birch all summer. There is nothing

som. There is a shimmer of heat over the landscape, and the hills put on a veil of mist. Nearly all the birds have stopped singing; but the wood-thrush keeps up his heavenly music in the deep forests; the song-sparrow warbles on, happy in any weather; and the little pasture-sparrow, hid among the berry-bushes, pours out his tiny trickling melody, which seems like a drop of summer sunshine melted into a song. Over the mown meadows comes the shrill, hot twang of the harvest-fly, which might be the very voice of the August noon, complaining of its own heat.

The violets, and almost all the roses, are gone before midsummer comes, and flowers as well as birds are fewer than in June. But you will find the fragrant white pyrola in the shade of the pine-woods; the yellow St. John's wort stars the grass here and there, and the meadow-sweet waves its pink and white tufts along the dry road-side; while the red lily glows out among the brakes and bay-



"OTHERS STAND, HALF IN THE FLOOD."

that will fill you more completely with the spirit of midsummer than to loiter on a July afternoon through a pasture in which the young birches have come up wherever they liked, and listen to them as they whisper among themselves in the sultry weather.

The signs of midsummer are almost entirely sights and sounds of repose. June is like the breaking of the waves of beauty upon the shores of earth. But have you ever observed, after watching the waves on the beach until the tide has come in, and the last ripple has ceased, what a hush comes upon the mighty bosom of the sea? It is profound stillness and perfect rest, that almost makes you hold your breath, as Nature is holding hers.

Midsummer is the flood-tide of the year; and just such a calm settles down upon the heart of the earth, after surging into light and song and blos-

berry-clumps, a flame kindled by the August sun. The snowy water-lily, the purest and coolest and freshest of all the flowers, is the child of the midsummer months, and is a refreshment wherever seen, floating in its water-cradle, kissed by sunbeams and rocked by every passing breeze.

Coolness and shade are now the desire of every living creature.

The poet Thomson, who has written of all the seasons, has this picture of the cattle seeking shelter from the heat of a sultry noon:

" Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain,
A various group the flocks and herds compose.
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface."

The poets sometimes make us feel the stifling glow of midsummer in their verses, as in these of Dr. Holmes :

"There! sweep these foolish leaves away!
I will not crush my brains to-day.
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

"Rain me sweet odors on the air;
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And spread some book not overwise
Flat out before my sleepy eyes!"

And Whittier thus vividly describes the out-door heat :

"White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway winds
Before me; dust is on the shrunken grass,
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass.
Between me and the hot fields of the South
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight."

The conclusion of the poem from which these lines are taken, refreshes one by contrast, just as a breeze would, springing up on a hot, still day :

"Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
And, starred with white, the virgin's bower is twined.

"So the o'er-wearied pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dew-fall bland.
Breath of the blessed heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills! make glad our earthly way!"

If you are in a mountain region in midsummer, you will see how all the summits sink into a hazy outline, and how all the rough precipices are hidden—buried in a soft, dream-like mist. Then you will feel the beauty of the "Summer by the Lakeside" poems, by the same author. One of them, "Noon," begins in this way :

"White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep:
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

"O shapes and hues, dim beckoning through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

"To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer light, and air more bland,
And skies, the hollow of God's hand!"

There is something in the air of a midsummer day in the country that soothes us, as if Mother Nature were falling into a noontide sleep, and invited us, her children, to lay our heads upon her lap and slumber too. The little brooks slip over their rocks with a lullaby song, and the bee hums drowsily, as he journeys from flower to flower.

Midsummer has certainly a poetry of its own, and no lovelier specimen of it can be given than these verses of Bryant's, from a poem called "A Summer Ramble" :

"The quiet August noon has come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb;
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

"And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

"Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In early June, when Earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing, and waters shout;

"When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

"But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,—
The blessing of supreme repose."

The poetry of Bryant is like the beauty of the seasons themselves. It contains them all, with their varying tints of cloud and leaf, their different skies and their ever-changing blossoms. In how many ways the summer wind breathes on you through his verses!

"He comes!
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!

"He is come!
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance.

"A thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other."

Bryant's poem "To the Evening Wind" has kept freshness in the hearts of many of us men and women, ever since we loved and learned it in the breezy days of childhood. Do the children of to-day delight, as we did, in repeating—

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,—
"Go forth into the gathering shade, go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!"
"Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest!"

The poetry of rain in summer every child must have felt. There are summer rain songs that drop down into tired and suffocated lives as the showers glide to the roots of the grass in time of drought. Longfellow has one, beginning—

"How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!"



"THERE COME THE LITTLE GENTLE BIRDS."

And there is an exquisite little poem by Aldrich, called "Before the Rain":

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst
Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind; and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Midsummer is the time to enjoy the woods, stroll by the brook, or to follow its empty bed the mountain-side, where the ferns hang moist a green, and the moss is like velvet under your foot. It is the time for the free, happy holidays whi

everybody needs, and which the good God meant us all to have. Longfellow has written of one of these:

"O gift of God! O perfect day!
Whereon shall no man work, but play!"

Go with the poets, and they will show you how beautiful and wonderful are the common objects that belong to wild, neglected spots, and also those which lie unnoticed about your own dwelling-places. For the poets find nothing new; they only point out to you what you might have seen yourself had your sight been keen and clear as theirs.

One of them (Leigh Hunt) writes of the grasshopper, calling him a

"Green little vaulter in the summer grass;"

and another (Keats), listening to the same insect, will tell you that

"The poetry of earth is never dead.
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's;—he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed."

Still another poet (Emerson), addressing "The Humble-Bee," says:

"I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!

"Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
That tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers."

And well it is to follow a wise guide like the bee—one that has the faculty of

"Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet."

Go, then, with the poets,—no, *come* with them, rather, for they invite us. Children especially they love; and those of us who have anything of our child-heart left within us, will not be counted intruders if we join the pleasant company. Living out of doors with poets who *are* poets, and children who are *real* children, we might feel as if it were always summer-time in the world.

Mary Howitt is especially a poet of summer and of childhood. She says:

"They may boast of the spring-time, when flowers are the fairest,
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;
They may call it the loveliest, greenest, and rarest,
But the summer's the season that's dearest to me."

And who can refuse this delightful call of hers into the leafy forest?

"Come ye into the summer woods!
There entereth no annoy:

All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

"I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,—
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

"And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men:
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

"Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

"And far within that shady wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

"There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill;

"And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things!
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

"I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,—
The little squirrels with the old,—
Great joy it was to me!

"And down unto the running brook
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright waters seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

"The nodding plants, they bowed their heads,
As if in heartsome cheer;
They spake unto these little things:
'T is merry living here!'

"Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good;
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would."

So many beautiful things have been written about midsummer, it would be difficult even to name them all.

"Little Bell," by Westwood, is one of the sweetest child-pictures ever drawn with pen and ink. Little Bell, and the squirrel, and the blackbird, and the lights and shadows of the woodland in July or August days—here they are; but you must find the poem, and make the whole of it your own.

"Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,—
'Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?' quoth he:
'What's your name? Oh stop, and straight unfold,
'Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!'
'Little Bell,' said she.

"Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,—
'Bonny bird,' quoth she,
'Sing me your best song before I go.'
'Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell,' said he.

"Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel-shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear:
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,—
'Little Bell!' piped he."

Sometimes a boy or girl says, "I should like to understand poetry; I do like to read it and repeat it, but I cannot always tell what it means."

The Creator is the great poet. All that is beautiful to eye or ear or heart is His handwriting. Wherever a bud opens, a rivulet slips along its pebbly path, or a leaf-shadow dances in the sunshine, there He has written a poem which He meant should be read with delight by every passer-by.

What the true poets do, is only to translate so much of His writing as they understand, for others



"WHERE THE POOLS ARE BRIGHT AND DEEP."

Dear children, some things go under the title of poetry which are incomprehensible to young and old, to wise and foolish alike. But the way to understand *true* poetry,—that of nature, at least,—is to love the beauty of which it is the picture and the song. The best poetry is simple and natural as life itself; and by listening to the sweet voices which are always floating unheeded on the air, you will *feel* what it is, through all your being. Only keep eye and heart open, and never let it be possible for you to scorn or neglect the least thing that God has made.

Look for poetry, and you will find it everywhere,—in the fairy-cup moss under your feet in the woodland footpaths, in the song of the robin at your window in the morning, in the patter of the rain on the roof, in the first rosy cloud on the horizon at dawn, and the last that fades out in the west at sunset. For poetry is written all over the earth by a Divine hand, before it can get into books.

who see less clearly,—or oftener, who merely have less power to express themselves.

Every child who can speak the gladness he feels in the wonderful works of God is a little poet, singing with the brook and the breeze a song which he does not always know the meaning of himself, but which makes the world a happier place for those who listen.

Now we are turning over the leaves in Nature's Midsummer Book of Poetry; and we shall find there, if we are heedful, a thousand things we never saw before. It is a book in which the most

thorough reader will always discover something new, because the thoughts of its Author are infinite.

We who are far apart, who have never seen one another, can be reading this beautiful book together; and it is a pleasure to most of us older folk to have the children turn the pages for us. And childhood—we are thankful that it is so—surrounds us everywhere, like the birds and flowers.

Little wafts of song from children's lips come to us wherever we are, for vacation is one of the poems of child-life. And so we close our midsummer talk with this "Boy's Song" of the "Ettrick Shepherd"—a song overflowing with the spirit of vacation joys and summer weather:

"Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

"But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me."

THE QUEEN OF THE MOLES.

BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

ONCE upon a time, in one of the outlying countries which border the Fairy Kingdom, there lived a good and beautiful maiden called Alixe, who had two lovers. Their names were Hyacinth and Tom the Piper.

Hyacinth was a handsome youth, and always well dressed. He had a rich uncle, and owned beside a large field of his own which was supposed to be worth a good deal, though he neither planted it nor reaped anything from it. Tom was less handsome, and a great deal shabbier. He, too, owned a field, but it was very small, and scarcely produced enough potatoes and kale to keep him alive. Indeed, if it had not been for his pipe-playing, he would sometimes have almost starved in the winters. For all this, Tom was so sweet-tempered and bright, and loved her so truly, that Alixe could n't help liking him in return; but as she liked handsome Hyacinth too, it became so hard to choose between them that at last she fixed upon this plan, an entirely original one,—at least I never heard of any girl who tried it before.

She asked the two young men to tea one night, led them into the garden, and, producing from her pocket some bulbs, said: "Look here, you two boys; this is a hyacinth-bulb, and this a tulip. I am going to plant them in two tubs. The hya-

cinth shall stand for Hyacinth, and the tulip for you, Tom, because your name begins with a T. Whichever of the two first shows a flower, hyacinth or tulip, I shall take him whom it represents for my husband, for I cannot bear doubt and disputes. And as it is not possible for me to tell which of you I like best, I will let the fates and the flowers decide. Will you agree that this shall be so?"

Neither of the youths was pleased with the plan, but neither of them dared to say so, for Alixe looked so earnest, and so very pretty in her red petticoat and blue kirtle, with the sunshine glistening in her hair, that they feared to lose her favor. So they both agreed; and every day after that they came, morning, noon and night, to watch the growth of the bulbs. Never were plants so carefully tended, watered, shaded from the sun and from wind, and the consequence was that never plants grew so fast before. Day by day saw them greener and taller, keeping along exactly in their growth, so that there seemed danger that both would flower at one and the same moment, and the riddle of the lovers be as far from answer as ever.

Hyacinth, however, who was not the good and honest fellow that Alixe supposed him to be, felt secretly enraged at this condition of things. One

evening, as he crossed the fields, he spied a corn mouse, who, having lamed himself in some way, was limping toward its home in a hay-stack. Seizing it, in spite of its struggles to escape, Hyacinth exclaimed:

"Come along, you little brute; you're just the creature I want. You shall eat up that tiresome tulip for me, and so I shall get rid of that rogue, Tom the Piper."

"But it will be very unfair," said the mouse—in a fine, squeaking voice, it is true, but as distinctly as possible.

Hyacinth stared with round eyes, as indeed he had reason to do.

"Don't be alarmed," continued the mouse; "I am the king of the field-mice, it is true, but I should disdain to hurt you or anybody else. I repeat, it would be unfair for you to set me to destroy your rival's plant. Alixe would cast you off forever if she guessed that you were capable of such a thought."

"I'll take extremely good care that she sha'n't guess," observed Hyacinth, recovering from his first surprise. "Just come along with me; and I say, Master Prig, if you don't chew that tulip up, you'll catch it to-morrow. I'll break every bone in your body."

He shook his stick fiercely as he spoke, and the mouse, king though he was, trembled with fright. Hyacinth carried his prisoner to the garden, popped him into the tub, and covered both mouse and tulip with a glass bell.

"Now," he said, "I shall come at five to-morrow morning to see how your majesty has got on. If your majesty has n't disposed of the tulip, remember, I shall carry out my threat! Every bone in your majesty's body! Good-night, King Mouse."

With these words Hyacinth went away, walking on tiptoe lest Alixe should hear him.

That night, for some reason, Tom was unable to sleep. He tossed and tumbled, till at last, dressing himself, he took his pipe and went forth for the refreshment of a walk, and to play a tune beneath Alixe's window. Tom's pipe was one of the sweetest ever heard, and he managed it so skillfully that its notes would now deepen and roar like a drum, and again breathe so softly that you would imagine only fairy lips could make such delicate notes.

The moon was shining full as he stood to play outside the garden wall, for a sentiment of respect forbade him to enter the garden at a time when Alixe was not there to bid him welcome. As he finished a plaintive air, he saw in the smooth gravel at his feet a mole, the largest ever seen, which, as the music ended, sat up on its hind legs and clapped its paws together as if in applause.

"Capital! Beautiful! Encore!" cried the mole, in a queer sort of under-ground voice. "I don't know when I have had such a treat before. I shall come up from my palace oftener if I am to have concerts like this."

"From your p-p-palace?" stammered Tom, amazed beyond words at hearing a mole speak.

"Yes, Thomas," rejoined the mole, loftily, "my palace, for in me you behold Clawdia Digabus, the ninth Queen of the Moles! My power is immense. It extends over thousands of acres; the wrong side of them, it is true, but what of that? Now, hear what I will do for you in return for your music. I will burrow under the tub where your rival's hyacinth is planted, and will bite off the bulb as clean as a knife could do it. That will rather settle the point in dispute, I fancy."

"Not with my consent," said Tom. "I wouldn't lift my finger to hurt his flower. That would be too mean, even though by means of it he carries away my Alixe and breaks my heart. Better lose her than do a dishonorable thing."

"Ho! honor!" said the Queen of the Moles, blinking her tiny eyes spitefully. "Even now Hyacinth has a field-mouse on top of your tulip, the biggest and hungriest field-mouse he could find! You know what mice are. There won't be enough of your tulip left by daylight to make a meal for a midge."

"Oh, the shabby traitor, has he really?" cried Tom, flushing with anger.

"You can easily revenge yourself, you know," suggested Clawdia Digabus; "all you have to do is to give me a lift over the wall, and good-bye to his hopes of a hyacinth blossom! The game will be equal then, at all events."

"Oh, you little black-coated wretch!" exclaimed Tom, "how dare you tempt me thus? And the worst is, I want to do it! But I won't! I'd rather lose my chance with her I love, than be guilty of such baseness. Be off with you to the dirty place where you belong, you horrid creature, and put no more of your evil ideas in my head."

Queen Mole sat up on her hind legs again, and chuckled audibly.

"Bravo, Tom!" said she, "I guessed that would be your answer. You deserve to win Alixe, and I fancy you will. Heaven has ways and means for rewarding honesty. Your remarks to me, personally, are not over polite; still, I will do you a favor all the same. That favor is a bit of advice. It is to stay here till five o'clock, and you will see something interesting."

With these words the mole dived suddenly underground. Tom was puzzled, but for all that, he decided to stay. The night was still and warm, and he looked at Alixe's window, and thought of

her sleeping within, which was enough of itself to make the time pass pleasantly.

Just at daybreak came a sound of footsteps, and presently a dark figure crept along the road and began to climb the wall of the garden. It was Hyacinth, come according to promise, to see how the mouse had sped with the tulip-bulb.

Just as he reached the top, and stood on the coping, Tom, who could restrain himself no longer, called out, in a deep voice: "Shame!"

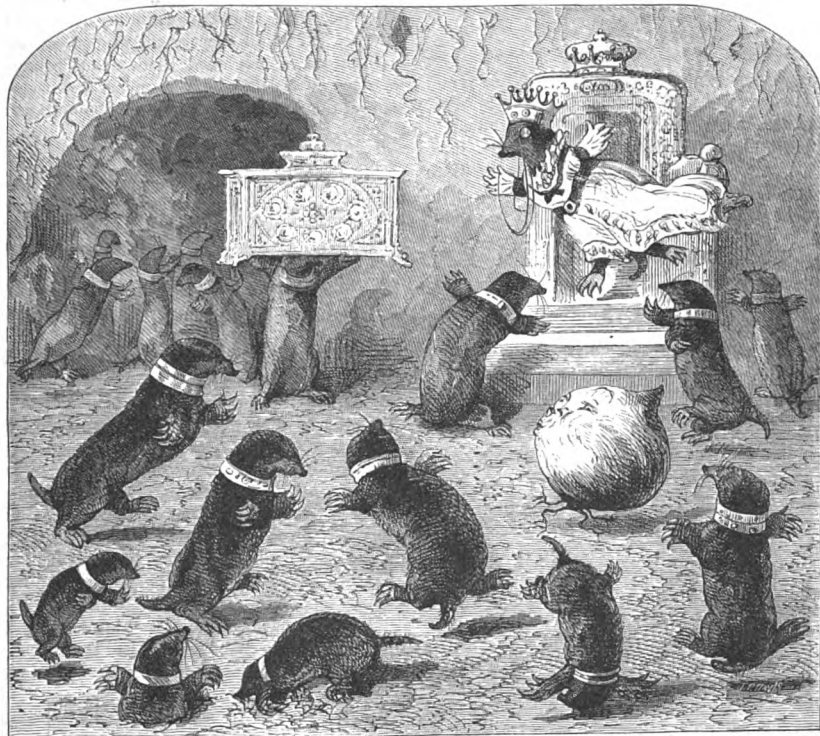
Hyacinth started, gave a jump, lost his footing,

him out of the briars. Hyacinth, whose coat was full of thorns, and whose face was severely scratched, was neither glad nor grateful for this assistance.

"What are *you* doing here?" he said, crossly. "Some mischief, no doubt, or you'd not be out of your bed at this early hour."

"Whatever else I am doing," retorted Tom, "I'm not putting field-mice on top of your hyacinth to eat it up."

"Oh, hush, hush!" entreated the terrified Hyacinth. "Here's Alixe!"



"THE QUEEN JUMPED NIMBLY FROM THE THRONE." [SEE PAGE 620.]

and tumbled off the wall into the garden. One of the coping-stones, dislodged by the fall, tumbled off also, struck the glass bell over the tulip, and smashed it to atoms. Out jumped the monarch of the mice, and vanished under a gooseberry-bush; while Hyacinth, who had dropped into the midst of a briar-rose, rolled to and fro, swearing at the prickles, and trying in vain to extricate himself.

Good-natured Tom, fearing that his rival was seriously hurt, jumped the wall also, and helped

In truth it was Alixe, who, rising with the birds, as was her wont, and hearing voices in the garden, had come out to learn what was the matter.

"Well! I must say you *are* early visitors," she cried, running down the walk, with a white kerchief tied coquettishly over her curls. "See, there's the sun, only just getting out of bed at this moment. How are the plants to-day?"

"Oh, I'm come for something quite different this time," said the ready-witted Hyacinth, who had quite recovered his presence of mind; "I

wished to get here before the carrier —— Ah, I hear his horse's bells now, not far off. Now, beloved Alixe! I much mistake if he does not bring something for you."

And in truth he did, for presently a parcel was handed in at the gate, addressed to Alixe. She opened it with great excitement; and lo! a beautiful china flower-pot, all gay with figures and gilding, and on the side, in letters of deep blue, was this posy:

"Hyacinth sends,—forbid him not,—
Sends Alixe this flower-pot:
If his happy plant shall win,
'T is to plant a hyacinth in."

Alixe was enchanted with the gift and the rhyme, and thanked Hyacinth with smiles and blushes, which made her fairer than ever. Tom, who could not afford to buy rich gifts, though he would have gladly offered Alixe the world, had it been his to give, looked on until he could bear the sight no longer, and, heart-sick, turned to go. "Wont you stay to breakfast?" said Alixe, carelessly, but scarcely heeded the answer, so absorbed was she in the flower-pot and in Hyacinth, and poor Tom walked slowly away.

So blind was he with tears that he scarcely heeded which way he went, until suddenly something round and hard hit him sharply between the eyes. He looked down and saw at his feet a queer brown lump of some sort, with a draggled green shoot clinging to it.

"I beg your pardon," said a faint voice, "I could n't help it."

Tom peered more closely. The thing that spoke to him was a *tulip-bulb*!

"Yes," said the bulb, "look again, if you like; I'm a tulip. What's more, I'm *your* tulip, from the tub in the garden!"

"Oh mercy!" groaned poor Tom. "Are you really? There's the end of it, then."

"The end of me, you mean," rejoined the tulip. "You are right. Master Hyacinth, taking advantage of a spare moment while Alixe went in doors with her fine flower-pot,—Master Hyacinth, I say, has just sneaked into the garden, flung me over the wall, and planted in my stead the bulb of a nasty, ill-smelling onion! There's a fine trick for you! It was he who sent me flying through the air till I hit you so sharply, and it was his fault that I did so, not mine."

"Never mind whose fault it was," said Tom, disconsolately; "I don't care who hits me, or where! Oh, Alixe, Alixe!"

"You would better have taken the advice of the Queen of the Moles," remarked the bulb.

"No," persisted Tom, manfully; "better lose

all, than do a base thing. But this I will do, I'll just run back and tell Alixe the truth of the matter. That may change the course of events in my favor."

"Stop," cried the tulip. "Alixe is just now full of the flower-pot. She will think you a tell-tale, and only half believe you. I'll show you a better thing than that to do. Find a gift that she will like better than the flower-pot, and *then* tell her."

"I can't. I am not rich like Hyacinth."

"Pooh!" said the tulip, opening its eyes, which were only round holes in its surface, "what is Hyacinth? Heir to an uncle, who got his money by ill means, and is losing it by means equally ill. Possessor of a field which is spoiled and useless for want of tillage. Don't talk to me about Hyacinth's riches. He is poorer than you, Tom."

"Alixe does n't think so," said Tom.

"Not yet, but she'll find it out in time," said the tulip.

"How kind you are!" said Tom, stooping to study the odd face of the bulb, with its moveless eyes, and crack of a mouth.

"Well, yes, I mean to be kind. All we of the vegetable world are much indebted to you, Tom, for your invariable goodness to our race. Look how well we are cared for in your little patch of ground. No stones, no weeds, no destructive vermin, though of late, I confess, you have neglected us a little in your passion for Alixe. You are a good fellow, Tom, and not a potato among us but would lend you a helping tuber if it were in his power. So I'll tell you what, you must go to the Queen of the Moles, and get the seven great gems. Those will plead your cause with Alixe."

"But how can I go to the Queen of the Moles? I am neither a snake or an angle-worm!" replied Tom.

"*Eat me*. That's the first thing to do. Then you'll see how to manage," replied the tulip.

"Eat a friend like you! Never!" cried the horrified Tom.

"Bother about friendship," replied the tulip, impatiently. "Just do as I say, or else good-bye to Alixe, Tom!"

These awful words nerved Tom to the desperate deed. He seized the bulb, put it to his lips, and swallowed it in big mouthfuls, scarcely giving himself time to notice the flavor, which was an odd one, a little rooty, a little sandy, and a little flowery, all at once, and quite unlike anything Tom had ever tasted before.

Scarcely had the last morsel gone down his throat when he found himself in the mole-hole, and rolling alone like a ball in darkness.

"Upon my word," thought Tom, "this *is* queer.

I don't feel like myself at all. I feel like a tulip-bulb. I wonder if I am one. I half believe I am."

Still his rolling through the tunnel continued. As his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the place, gray shapes became visible; shapes of countless roots, some thick and bulky, others fine as threads, all dropping from the earth above his head, or piercing it on either side. The floor over which he revolved was sandy and soft. Now and then a light became visible, set to show the windings of the path. These lights shone from the lamps of glow-worms, all dressed alike, and wearing numbers on their caps, in the language of the moles,—a language which, unluckily, our friend Tom did not understand.

On he rolled, for, being round, and without limbs, there was no stopping himself. Every now and then he passed through a village or settlement of moles, and caught glimpses of little moles playing on door-steps, mama-moles pairing potatoes or shelling peas with their sharp claws, and grave papa-moles, who looked up from their newspapers and glared at Tom as he whirled by. Some instinct kept him in the right path, and on he went.

After a time he became aware that he had companions on his journey,—apples, potatoes, filberts, rolling along like himself. Every minute or two, a group of these would separate themselves from the rest, wheel into corners and stop; whereupon certain official moles, with gold stripes on their waistcoats, evidently policemen, would catch them by the collars, so to speak, and send them flying on again. Looking more closely, Tom perceived that these provisions were labeled each with a little ticket, and now and then somebody would stop, first one and next another, and trundle away into large holes, which Tom guessed to be hotels, from the large numbers of moles who stood on the door-steps, picking their teeth leisurely, and having the air of those who have just eaten a dinner.

At last he came to the capital city, much larger than any he had passed before. The burrows were more ornamented, the glow-worms bigger, and the moles more numerous and lively.

On, on, till suddenly he bounded into the midst of a circle of gorgeous, high-bred looking moles, who wore collars of silver, and on their fore paws rings set with precious stones. It was evidently the court circle, for there, on a throne of white mouse-skin, sat the great Clawdia Digabus herself. She was distinguished from the other moles by the fact that she alone wore an eye-glass and gloves; her claws beneath being neatly trimmed so that they should not tear the kid.

"All hail to your majesty!" cried Tom, who felt that he must say something. "May you live long to enjoy — What do moles enjoy?" he asked

himself, and then finished the sentence with—"darkness and night!"

As the voice was Tom the Piper's, and not the tulip's, Queen Clawdia recognized it at once.

"Oh ho!" she exclaimed, for queens when taken by surprise sometimes speak like other people. "Oh ho! It is you, is it? Well, what brings you here? Do you want to use me as a queen or as a hyacinth-gobbler?"

"As a queen, may it please your highness," answered Tom. "My visit has nothing to do with hyacinths—or rather, it has; but not the sort of hyacinths that grow in tubs. I am come to ask a favor,—nothing less than the seven great gems. I am not sure what the seven great gems may be, but I am quite sure that I want them."

"Indeed!" said the Queen of the Moles, satirically; "and pray what return will you make if I grant your request?"

"Your majesty, what return *can* I make? It is not a bargain I ask for, but a boon. Grant it me, because you are rich and I poor; because you are powerful and I am weak; because you have, and I want. In return, I will give my grateful thanks, and furthermore, not a mole among your subjects shall ever be killed upon any ground which I own."

"That promise would n't mean much if made by some people I know, Tom, but it is different with you. Do you remember a little frightened creature whom you released one day from Farmer Axel's trap, because it squeaked so pitifully and seemed so terrified? That was my third son, Prince Grainem. I have not forgotten that day, Tom, and because I recollect it so well I grant your wish. Go, Treasurer, and fetch the seven gems. Meanwhile, Tom, if you have your pipe in your pocket, suppose you give us a tune. We moles are fond of music, but we seldom hear any in this under-ground retreat of ours."

Tom bowed,—that is to say, he rolled over and over, having no feet to stand upon.

"Your majesty," he said, "I regret to say that I have not my pipe about me. Since I became a tulip I have dispensed with pockets."

"That is a pity. But at all events you can whistle to us. And pray make the whistle sound as much like your pipe as you possibly can."

So Tom, puckering to the best of a two-lip's ability, whistled a dancing measure. So clear and shrill and lively was it, that all the moles clapped their paws, and then began dancing like mad, whirling each other about in circles, the Queen in the midst, enjoying it as much as anybody. Suddenly, as the fun was at its highest, in walked the Lord High Treasurer, bearing on his head a wonderful casket of crystal, through whose transpar-

ent sides could be seen the seven great gems, arranged in an oval circle. They shone, each like a little sun, and so intense and dazzling was the light they sent forth, that the courtiers stopped dancing and gathered round, blinking with admiration at the wonderful sight.

The Queen jumped nimbly from the throne. "Here they are," she said.

Tom rolled over and over, in his attempts to reach the casket. How was he to carry it?—he had no hands!

"Do you know any marching airs?" asked the Queen, seeing his difficulty.

"Several," answered Tom the Tulip.

"Strike up then, and we'll all escort you out of our kingdom," said Clawdia Digabus. "Fall in, my subjects,—fall in, two by two. Burrower and hip —" waving her claws toward a couple of tall life-guardsmen, "push my tulip-friend along, and keep him rolling. Treasurer, carry that casket carefully. If you scratch it I'll have you skinned alive! Now, Thomas, strike up, and,—forward, moles!"

So, with light-running footmen ahead to keep the road clear, and all the court following, Tom was set rolling, and, to the tune of the Rogue's March, the procession of a thousand scampered toward daylight. The cut they took was a short one; but for all that, Tom's list of marches was quite exhausted before, at last, they emerged into the open air.

"There, Tom, there are your diamonds," said the Mole-queen, taking the gems from their casket. "Count them over when we are all gone, and five minutes after, you will cease to be a tulip and become a man again. Don't forget your promises, when you have the largest farm in the country."

With that she dived into the ground, and all her subjects after her.

Tom, being a tulip, had forgotten how to count; but one of his roots, which was a cube-root, prompted him, and no sooner did he pronounce the word "seven" than he sprang from the ground, a bulb no longer, but Tom the Piper in proper person. One minute later he met Hyacinth hurrying across the field.

"Wretch, impostor!" he called after Tom. "I was looking for you. My hyacinth is dead, and you are at the bottom of it, I am sure. Just wait a minute, and I will give you such a beating as you wont forget."

"Two can play at that game," replied Tom, stoutly. He took off his coat as he spoke, laid it carefully aside, rolled up his sleeves, and waited for Hyacinth to come on. But Hyacinth was staring at the diamonds which had fallen from the coat-pocket.

"Wh-at are they?" gasped he.

"Diamonds," said Tom, shortly.

"Diamonds! But who ever saw such diamonds? They are worth a kingdom,—or would be, if real. These are excellent imitations."

"You ought to be a good judge of imitations," said Tom, "but you happen to be wrong this time. The diamonds are real. They will look beautifully in Alixe's hair, don't you think so?"

"Alixe! Give such stones as those to that countrified little thing! You are mad. Oh, if they were mine! I should know what to do with them. Say, will you sell them to me? I'll give a quarter of my farm for them."

"A farm, all weeds and stones! No, thank you."

"Half, then."

"Oh dear, no."

"Come, the whole of it. You must confess that to be a handsome offer."

"Very well," said Tom, considering, "I'll sell for the whole. We will go at once to the lawyer and have the deed of gift drawn."

"On the contrary. We will go at once to the jeweler, and see if the stones are real," said Hyacinth.

"They are real as my love for Alixe," declared Tom, but he went with Hyacinth. The diamonds were pronounced of great value. The deed was signed. Hyacinth clutched his prize, seized his hat, dashed out of the door, and flew to the coach office to take passage for the capital. On the road he met Alixe, who called him to stop, but he took no notice of her, and half an hour later he had left his native town forever.

I may as well finish here, in a few words, the history of Hyacinth. The coach only carried him a few miles toward the capital, and set him down to walk the remainder of the way. Two days after, half dead with fatigue, he met a nobleman traveling alone who, for one of the diamonds, consented to give him a place in his chariot. On the way they talked together, Hyacinth's ambition was fired, and he gave his new friend a second diamond with which to buy him a title like his own. Thus he forgot his name. A third diamond was squandered in the purchase of fine clothes, in which he forgot his father and mother. A fourth went in the purchase of a palace, which made him forget his old home. The fifth diamond he presented to a lady of the court, who became his wife, and made him forget Alixe. The sixth filled his larder with luxuries, of which he ate so many that he fell ill; and the seventh paid for a splendid monument over his otherwise disregarded grave. Thus the seven great gems bought little beside disappointment, vexation and early death, and for all the good they did,

might as well have remained underground in the private treasury of the Queen of the Moles.

Far different was it with Tom the Piper. After Hyacinth's departure, he went to look at his new purchase. It was a sorry sight. The field was large, but had been neglected so long that it was run wild with weeds and brush, and covered thickly beside with moss-grown stones.

Tom for a moment felt dismayed. Then his courage rose again, and seizing a stake, he began to loosen and dig up the stones. The very first one he turned over revealed a nest of field-mice,—soft, tiny things, with closed eyes, and skins fine as silk.

"Poor little souls, I won't disturb them," said kind-hearted Tom to himself; "I'll just leave this corner for the mice. They *are* troublesome, it is true, but what is to be done?—all the world must live."

"Well reasoned, Tom," squeaked a voice close by.

Tom jumped! There, on a neighboring stone, sat the King of the Field-mice, with his leg in a sling, but looking bright and cheerful.

"Much obliged to you for not waking up my babies," he went on; "those small balls don't look like princes and princesses, but they are for all that, and a fine time we should have had if you had roused them. What's your grief now, Tom?"

"Cart-loads of stones to clean away, and no cart to do it with," replied Tom.

"Um! I see. You said, I think, that you would leave us this corner of the field?"

"Yes, I did, and I will."

"Will you throw in the stones? Stones are valuable building material, you know."

"You're welcome, I am sure. But it will take a dozen men three weeks to move them."

"We'll do the moving. It's a bargain, old fellow."

With this he gave a commanding squeak. At the signal up jumped an army of field-mice, and, first bowing to their monarch, fell to work as busily as bees, gnawing shrubs, rolling stones to one side, and digging up the weeds with their sharp little claws.

"Give us a look to-morrow," said the King to Tom, "and you'll see what you will see."

Sure enough, when Tom came next morning, the field was clear of stones, which were all neatly

piled on one side. The brush-wood was stacked ready for burning, and not a weed was anywhere visible.

"This is wonderful!" said Tom. "The ground is ready for tilling; but how am I to till it without either spade, plow or harrow?"

As he spoke, up through the ground, at his very feet, came the Mole-queen.

"If you'll make my subjects a present of all the worms, grubs and insects that are in the earth," she said, "we'll till the ground for you, Thomas."

"Will you, really?" cried Tom, overjoyed. "Take the grubs and welcome, though how you can want the nasty things, I cannot imagine. Meanwhile I will go to the village, play my pipe, and buy seed with the pence it earns me."

When he returned with his bag of corn, the field was burrowed all over, and the soil reduced to the finest powder. While he was planting the corn, Alixe came by. Her blue eyes opened with wonder when she saw what was doing.

"Why, this is Hyacinth's field," she said.

"Mine now," replied Tom. "And yours, dear Alixe, if you will have it."

"I am puzzled to know what to do," said Alixe, shyly. "My plants have both failed me. The hyacinth is quite dead, and the tulip looks very green indeed—certainly different. I should almost think it was an onion."

"It *is* an onion," said Tom. "Somebody pulled the tulip up, threw it away, and put an onion-bulb in its place."

"Oh!" cried Alixe, "and that somebody ——?"

"Was Hyacinth!"

"Shabby, dishonest fellow! But what is to be done now?"

"I can tell you," said Tom, seizing her hand, "Marry me!"

I suppose this plan struck Alixe as a good one, for when last I heard from that country,—which, as I said, is on the confines of Fairy-land,—Tom was living in a cottage covered with roses and eglantine, and built in the middle of the field once Hyacinth's, which the moles and the field-mice had helped to cultivate. There were bee-hives, and a garden full of tulips. And Tom's wife, my informant said, had golden hair, blue eyes, and the sweetest face in the world. Of her name, he was not sure, but he thought it began with an A. Don't you think it *must* have been Alixe?

LITTLE SNOW-DROP.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.



"AND ONE FLEW DOWNWARD, WITH OUT-REACHING HAND."

ONCE, in the time of childhood's sweet romances,
I watched a snow-storm gathering in the sky,
And pleased myself with idle dreams and fancies
About the airy flakes that fluttered by.

"They are not snow-flakes, they are winter fairies
That fly about to see what children do;
I mean to make a wish," I cried, "and there is
The very one to make my wish come true!"

It floated down, a delicate snow-feather,
And on the window-coping lightly lay:
I laughed with glee, and clapped my hands together—
"It grants my wish; it does n't fly away!"

So through the night my fairies, trooping lightly,
Their curling wreaths and dainty fleeces piled,
And when the next day's sun shone on them brightly,
It shone nowhere upon a happier child.

For while I slept, without a dream for warning,
The wish I wished had come exactly true,
And in my mother's arms I found that morning
A baby sister with her eyes of blue.

I had not guessed there could be such a turning
Of childish fancy to the actual thing;
Though many a time, with unacknowledged yearning,
I pictured all the sweetness it would bring.

And yet not all,—there are no words for showing
Her sweetness, nor the joy it brought to me;
A little snow-drop of the winter's growing,
No summer blossom was as fair as she.

Her cheeks had such a color, faint and tender,
As brier-roses in the hedges wear;
And as she grew, a soft, sunshiny splendor
Seemed always floating from her golden hair.

It was as if an angel, not a sister,
Looked out at me from her clear, shining eyes;
Alas! it was not long before they missed her,
The angels she resembled in the skies!

One summer night, like sudden moonlight streaming
Across the threshold of the door, they came;
I saw their faces, and I was not dreaming,
I heard them call the baby by her name.

They gathered swiftly round my little sister,
And one flew downward, with out-reaching hand:
"Come, little Snow-drop!"—and he softly kissed her—
"The Father wants you in the happy land!"

My mother said I dreamed, for I was lying
Upon the floor, her cradle-bed beside;
Tired out with watching and with bitter crying,
She would not wake me when the baby died.

It was not dreaming, though; I saw them clearly;
Some day, perhaps, it may be mine to see
The baby sister that I loved so dearly
Leading the angels down to look for me!



SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.



SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TUDORS.



THE English kings I have told you of hitherto have all been Plantagenets, a race which retains, or seems to retain across the long distance, something of chivalry and old-world grace—knights as well as kings. But I must now tell you of the reign of the Tudors at Windsor, who were a different family, and of a very different kind. When you are older you will learn to know how the temper of an age works upon its rulers, and how the rulers, on the other

hand, influence the age, which is such a very interesting question, that it will tax all your powers to fathom it; but I will not attempt to talk to you about this now. But one historical question I think I must give you to find out at your leisure, and that is how the Tudors came to the throne, and what right they had to be kings and queens of England.

I will not say much of Henry VII., because—which is an excellent reason, though one which writers do not always pay very great attention to—there is not much to say; that is, concerning our immediate subject. He was a great and wise and powerful king, very thrifty, not to say miserly, and left England in greater subjection to the throne than almost any previous king had done, besides enriching the royal family and filling the royal purse. But yet he did some magnificent things, though he was so careful of his money, and built himself one of the most glorious tombs that ever king had—the beautiful chapel called Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. There are a great many people who are extremely economical where others are concerned, but who will cheerfully spend a great deal of money to glorify themselves. Henry the Seventh must have been this kind of man; for though he scraped and screwed during his whole life, he was evidently determined to have a magnificent resting-place, and had begun to build a beautiful chapel at Windsor before he thought of Westminster. We, however (whom Henry, you

may be sure, never thought of), are the chief gainers now, for we have two lovely chapels in consequence, the most perfect which the age could produce. The latter, the one at Windsor, was finished by Cardinal Wolsey, who also had the intention of being buried there. But you remember (you will find it all in Shakspeare) how the Cardinal fell, and died at Leicester, where the monks "gave him a little earth for charity." The chapel, after standing desolate for a long time, and being used for somewhat profane uses at royal weddings and such like, has been wonderfully decorated by pictures in colored marbles by her present Majesty, and is now called the Albert Memorial Chapel. I do not myself admire these pictures; but if you ever come to Windsor, you will see that the old chapel which Henry began for his tomb, and which Wolsey finished for a like purpose, though neither of them was buried there, has been made into the most costly and splendid shrine to the memory of that good Prince who was our Queen's husband and hero, though he, too, lies elsewhere in another grave—a curious little bit of architectural history.

However, to return to the Tudors. When we speak of this dynasty we mean one family, all the members of which reigned in succession—Henry the Eighth and his children. Of these children, the poor, pious boy who is known as Edward VI., and who died at fifteen, chilled by sickness and sadness, and the lonely grandeur which neither mother nor father protected, and which even his sisters did not warm with any glow of affection, may be left out of the record. Henry, with his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, are all we think of when we name this name; though there was a hot-blooded Queen Margaret of Scotland, who conveyed that same imperious strain to her granddaughter, Mary Stuart—who, though a Stuart, was a Tudor too. The Tudors, however, mean to us, —Henry, with his full face and staring eyes, the Royal Bluebeard, whose poor wives lost their heads without even such a plausible excuse as that dreadful chamber you know of; and Mary, who has had the terrible fortune to be called Bloody Mary, the most frightful title in history; and Elizabeth, the greatest and most fortunate of the race, one of the most famous sovereigns that ever reigned. I cannot pretend to tell you the histories of those three very remarkable people, which would carry us far away from our scene, and take more space than

your magazine can afford ; but I shall try to show you how they lived when they came to Windsor, and a few scenes that happened here in their time.

No doubt you have heard a great deal about Henry VIII. His reign was so important in the history of England that some people try to think better of him than he deserved ; and his private history was so wicked and cruel that some people, perhaps, think worse of him than he deserved ; but few remember that he was about forty before he began his special career of wickedness, and that before that time he was a popular monarch, very splendid, and fond of pageants, and doing nothing worse than other great people had been accustomed to do. When he came to the throne he was but eighteen ; so you see that very young people, not much older than yourselves, have been put into very powerful and important positions in the old times, and have had to learn to be men and princes, and to be flattered and obeyed when they ought still to have been under masters and teachers, which will perhaps make you envy them, and perhaps make you sorry for them. Which ? I think it should be the last. When this splendid, handsome young prince (for he was handsome when he was young, with his bright hair and big blue eyes) came to the throne after his old curmudgeon of a father, the people were delighted, for young princes are almost always popular. He came to Windsor in the first year of his reign, and built the great gate-way by which we now enter the Castle, and which is called by his name ; and here is a little account of how this fine young king of eighteen behaved himself, which I do not doubt you will be pleased to see :

"He exercised himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing on the recorders, flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making of ballads : he did set two full masses, every of them five parts, which were sung oftentimes in his chapel, and afterward in divers places. And when he came to Oking (on the way to Windsor) there were kept both jousts and tournaments ; the rest of this progress was spent in hunting, hawking, and shooting."

What is called a "progress" here is simply a journey—a splendid and merry journey made on horse-back ; his gay young companions about the young King riding across the beautiful summer country through Richmond and by the winding Thames ; visiting the great houses of the nobles on their way, where feasts were spread for them, where there was here a masque to be played, and there a tournament to be held. Gay music and splendid dresses, such velvets and brocades and cloth-of-gold as we never see nowadays, made a glitter and dazzle of brightness wherever the Court passed, and their progress was nothing but a succession of pageants and merry-makings. Though he was so young, Henry was married, and no doubt there

were ladies too in his train ; and thus they went, singing and glittering beneath the sunshine, horses prancing, young voices chattering, hounds baying, the gayest company ! All along the road as they went by, how the village people must have come out to gaze at them, shouting their hurrahs for young King Harry ! And when he got to the gray old Castle, where so many other King Harrys had been before him, then what sports there were, and great dances in the Hall, and masques and feasts of all kinds ; yet sometimes serious moments in which—perhaps after service at St. George's, with the religious music still sounding solemn in his ears—the young King would retire to some private chamber looking out upon the woods, and note down a new chant for his choristers, proud of himself and them. How the courtiers must have praised those new chants of his, and thought them sweeter than the grand Gregorian tones !—for you know there had been few composers of music in those ancient days, and your Handels and Mozarts were not yet born.

Some years after this, a young poet, the Earl of Surrey, passed a great many pleasant boyish years in Windsor, of which he has left a record in a poem written when he was a prisoner in the same castle, which will show you what were the occupations of the gay young nobles in Henry VIII.'s reign. The prisoner, a young man, arrested when life was sweetest, pined and sorrowed in his tower,—no doubt seated at his window like the Scotch King James of whom I told you, for he tells us that

"Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm ;
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head,"—

and sent his thoughts back to the cheerful days which he used to spend there in "the large, green courts,"

"With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower."

The maiden's tower was where the ladies used to sit out upon the roof looking down at the games below ; and there the youths "cast up their eyes," with "easy sighs such as folk draw in love." Here is how young Surrey spent this sweet time of his youth. The palme-play (*jeu de paume*) of which he speaks is now, I believe, called tennis ; the "sleeves tied on the helm" refers to the ladies' favors worn on their helmets by the young knights, distinguishing them among their visored opponents, so that each lady could follow her own vassal through the mimic fight ; for by this time tournaments had ceased to be anything more than pageants and sportive encounters of arms :

"The palme-play, when despoiled for the game
With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame
To bait her eyes which kept the leads above.

The graveled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm.

On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
With chere as though one should another whom ;

When we have fought and chased oft with darts,
With silver drops the meads yet spread for mirth

In active games of nimbleness and strength ;

When we did strain, trained with swarms of youth

Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.

The secret groves which oft we made resound

Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,

Recording oft what grace each one had found.

What hope of speed, what dread of long delays,

The wild forests, the clothed holts with green,

With reins availed and swift y-breathed horse,

With cry of hounds and merry blasts between

When we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The void walls eke which harbored us each night,

Wherewith, alas ! reviveth in my breast

The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight ;

The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;

The sweet thoughts imparted with such trust,

The wanton talk, the divers change of play,

The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,

Wherewith we past the winter night away."

You see how little human nature changes in three hundred years. You boys and girls in the nineteenth century tell your "sweet thoughts" to each other, and swear friendship just as young Surrey did in 1535 or so,—and when you are older you will look back and sigh for these sweet days of youth, like the poet ; but I am glad to think that none of you are like to have such an end as noble Surrey had, who was beheaded in 1547, on the most false and foolish charge of treason—a mere pretext for judicial murder. So far as this goes, we may all be very happy that the times have changed. But youth was pleasant then as it is now.

I need not tell you how Henry VIII., after all the innocent gayety of his youth, and the splendor and extravagance which his love of shows and pageantry led him into, did a great many brutal and wicked things as he grew older, and beheaded one wife after another as he got tired of them ; nor how strangely it came about, by the guidings of Providence, that the Reformation, for which a great many good people in England were longing, was brought into the country by means of Henry's wicked desire to get rid of his queen, Katherine, and marry a pretty lady of the Court with whom he had fallen in love. It is wrong to give the name of Love to such a fancy, which began in wickedness and ended in blood ; for love is lovely and pure and true, not treacherous and vile ; and I wish very much, for my part, that the Reformation had come in a holier and better way—but, unfortunately, these are facts which we cannot deny. King Henry, after killing his two first wives, one with grief and the other with the axe, tried very hard to shut out his daughters Mary and Elizabeth from the succession to the throne by calling them illegitimate. But there was some sense of right in the

country, though it was so crushed by long tyranny that it trembled before the King and let him do almost whatever he pleased. Wolsey, the great cardinal, and Cromwell, the great statesman, and Cranmer, the great archbishop, all helped Henry, though I cannot suppose they liked it, to do those cruel things which he had set his heart upon, and get a new wife like a new mantle. But when he was dead, England roused up so far that none but the natural heirs could be put upon the throne. After poor little pious Edward VI., who was as weakly and as sad as Henry VI. (of whom I have told you), but who was better off than Henry in so far that he escaped all the troubles of life when he was fifteen—the country would hear of no one but Mary, who was the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Queen Katherine. Though they knew she hated Protestantism, yet even the very Protestants stood up for her ; which proves that they were honest men and loved justice more even than they loved their own side, and even their own lives.

I have not room to tell you much about Mary Tudor. When she was quite a young girl her mother was wronged ; many of the girls who read this will, I have no doubt, be old enough to feel how their own hearts would burn if their good mothers were wronged and made miserable as hers was. Poor Mary was embittered from her very childhood by this ; and who can wonder if in her heart she hated the new religious party which had helped her father to divorce and break her mother's heart ! Think what a terrible thing this was, and you will be sorry for her. And she was always ill, sick from her very childhood of a painful disease, and scorned and slighted at Court, where there was always another and another new stepmother, and no home for the poor princess who was out of favor. But now and then, when she came to Windsor in her youth, while her father's terrible career was going on, "my lady's grace," as she was called, seems to have been good and kind to the poor people about, who brought her presents of venison and fruit and cakes to show their sympathy. Mary gave them presents in return, and was godmother to their children, and seems to have shown some sweetness and natural grace, such as became a young lady and a princess. Three poor men were burnt alive under the Castle walls for heresy during this early period of her life, by King Henry's orders ; so that burning and beheading were no varieties to her—not things to make the blood run cold, as with us. She was kept in the background all her life till the moment when she suddenly rose to be mistress and monarch of everything, nobody venturing to say no to her. And then you have read in your histories how dreadful were the few years of her reign, and how this hardly used, suffer-

ing woman, who had sometimes herself been in danger of her life, and who had spent so many tedious, weary years in obscurity, came to be called Bloody Mary and to fill all England with the horror of her persecutions. Poor soured, wronged, un-

sure my lady's grace had no thoughts of blood in her mind. She was wild with sorrow and wrong and power and perverse faith when her hour of dominion came.

When this unhappy, bloody, fiery, heart-broken



QUEEN ELIZABETH.—[FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN FROM LIFE.]

happy woman ! The evil she did was all crowded up in these few years, and so seemed greater, perhaps, than it really was. But when she rode in Windsor Park, trying to forget her early troubles, and when she stood by the font in St. George's, holding the babies who were not little princes and princesses, but poor people's children, giving them kind presents and smiling softly upon them, I feel

Queen died, everybody was glad. Was there ever so sad a thing ? Instead of weeping, the people rang joy-bells and lit bonfires, to show their delight. How glad they were to be rid of her ! and not much wonder. The name of Elizabeth rang joyfully through the London streets and over all England as soon as the breath was gone out of her sister's worn and suffering frame. Elizabeth was

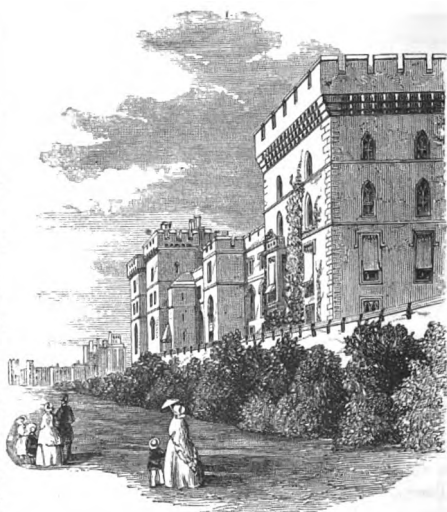
twenty-five; it has been the fashion to speak of her as old and ugly just as it has been the fashion to speak of her cousin Mary, the Queen of Scots, as beautiful; but in reality these two queens were like each other. I suppose Mary Stuart must have had more natural fascination than Elizabeth possessed; but, though you may be surprised to hear it, her features, according to her portraits, were very like those of the English queen, who was a handsome and splendid princess, with imperious, delightful manners, frank and gracious, though easily angered and passionate, and the most popular of all English sovereigns. History is not fond of this great woman, and much ill has been spoken of her; and she did many cruel and terrible things, and probably shed much more blood in her long reign than Bloody Mary did in her short one; but the people always loved Elizabeth—loved her at the beginning, and loved her to the end. This might be quite unreasonable, but still it was the fact. All that Mary did has been judged hardly, and almost all that Elizabeth did has been judged favorably. Such injustices are not unusual; they occur still every day.

Elizabeth was as fond of pageantry as her father. Wherever she went it was in state, making "progresses" everywhere; a slow manner of traveling, but very amusing for the people, you may be sure, who thus had so many fine shows provided for them, such as we have no chance of nowadays. At Eton (which, as I have already told you, is close to Windsor), the boys and the masters all came out and made Latin speeches to her, and presented her with books full of verses, all beautifully written out in Greek and Latin, for which you may suppose all the sixth form had been cudgeling their brains for weeks before, and in which the praises of the great Elizabeth were sung till words could go no further. Probably the fine ladies and the fine gentlemen were often tired of those speeches; but Elizabeth, who was herself a great scholar, listened to them all, and now and then would find out a false quantity and criticise the Latin. And since I have no room to tell you very much more about this famous queen, the greatest of the Tudors, I will conclude by showing you how in the beginning of her reign she carried on her studies at Windsor, and worked hard, as every one must do who wishes to fill a great position well, or to acquire a great position if they are not born to it. Elizabeth had no one to tell her what she ought to do, as you young people have. She was an absolute monarch, obeyed and feared by everybody around her. Now listen to what Roger Ascham says about her, who was one of the great scholars of the day:

"Ascham was so extremely taken with his royal mistress's diligence and advancement in learning, that once he brake out in an address to

the young gentlemen of England—"That it was their shame that one maid should go beyond them all in excellence of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth" (as he made the challenge) 'six of the best-given gentlemen of the Court; and all they together show not so much goodwill, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge as doth the Queen's majesty herself. I believe that, besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some Prebendarie of this Church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her Privy-chamber she hath obteyned that excellence of learning to understand, speak and write, both wittily with head and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the universities have in many years reached unto.'"

Some years later than this, one winter, when the Queen was at Windsor,—to escape from the plague, or some other pestilence such as was more common in those days than they are now,—she amused herself by making a translation of Boethius,



THE NORTH TERRACE, MADE BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

a Latin philosopher; and there is quite a curious calculation among the State records, made by one of the royal secretaries, of the exact number of hours which Elizabeth occupied in this work—so many hours one day, so many hours another. "And then accompting two houres only bestowed every day, one with another, the computation fallith out that in fowre-and-twenty houres your Majesty began and ended your translation." From this you will see that Queen Elizabeth, who had (as we say) so many things to be proud of, was proud of her work and her industry most of all.

This, however, was not her only way of spending her leisure, as you may well suppose. There were still great huntings of the "fearful hart," as in

Surrey's time, at which the Queen was one of the boldest riders; and here is a curious little bit of a letter, which you must make out for yourselves, written by the Earl of Leicester, and addressed to "the right honourable, and my singular good Lorde, my L. of Cantbries' grace"—which means the Archbishop of Canterbury:

"My L. The Q. Ma^{tie} being abroad hunting yesterday in the Forrest, and having hadd vearly good Happ beside great Sport, she hath thought good to remember yo^r Grace with P^r of her Pray, and so comaunderd me to send you from her Highnes a great and fatt Stagge, killed with her owen Hand."

This was one of her amusements. Then there were great "triumphs" and tournaments, and plays and dances and every kind of festivity. One of the knights at a Triumph in honor of the coronation day spent four hundred pounds upon his dress and the present he offered, which was a much larger sum than it seems now. There never was so gorgeous a reign. There is a story that Shakspeare's play of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was written at Elizabeth's command, to amuse her and her

Court. Fancy having Shakspeare to write plays for you, when you wanted something new! It was worth while in such a case, was it not, to be a queen?

I should like to tell you a great deal more about Elizabeth, but, alas! I have no more room. She built the fine terrace, which is shown in the picture, and which now makes a beautiful line at the summit of the Slopes, so rich with beautiful trees, and in the spring almost knee-deep in violets. And there is a fine gallery looking in the same direction, which now forms part of the Royal Library and is called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery. Opening off from this gallery is a tiny little octagon room, all windows, like a lantern, in which Queen Anne was taking tea when the news of the battle of Blenheim was brought to her. So you see how the generations are linked together in this old Castle. In the next chapter I will try to tell you something of the Stuarts, the next reigning family, who were very different from these violent and vigorous Tudors, but, like them, ended in a queen.

LITTLE DAME DOT.

(Not a True Story.)

BY MARGERY DEANE.

LITTLE Dame Dot was a wee old woman—the weiest old woman ever you saw. She was so thin, and so little, and so light, that it did almost seem as though you could ride her on a feather; and you never would dare draw a long breath in the same room with her, for fear the draft of it would send her up the chimney.

Now being quite alone in the world, Dame Dot's sole comfort and care was a pair of bright knitting-needles. These, the good townfolk say, were never out of her hands, except on a Sunday, and even then she kept her fingers in motion from mere habit, though her eyes were intently fixed on the minister through the whole service.

At other times, sitting or walking, silent or talking, morning, noon and night, little Dame Dot was always knitting. If she had knit all her stitches in a straight row, it would certainly have reached round the world; but she knit round and round for stockings, up and down for blankets, and back and forth for comforters,—clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click!

Whenever she walked abroad she carried her knitting with her, and in windy weather all the

people would say: "Little Dame Dot will surely blow away!" But she did n't, and she did n't, till nobody really thought she would, or that anything of the kind would happen to her.

But once upon a time, when it blew and blew and blew, something did happen. Little Dame Dot took her walk and her knitting, thinking of nothing but the gray yarn and the shining needles, though all the breezes were out, and playing tag with the leaves and sticks and bits of paper in the streets, and slamming blinds and doors in people's faces. A little breeze took her off her feet the very moment she appeared on the door-step; but set her down all right on the pavement, and off she went, saying to herself and to her needles: "One, two, seams; one, two, three." And they went clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Just as she reached the white church, with its tall spire, a bigger breeze than all the rest caught her in its airy arms, and, quick as a wink, carried her up into the sky and out of sight, needles and all, except the gray ball which she let drop in her hasty flight.

Soon after, down the street came little Billy

Baker. "*What ever is this?*" he said, as he tried to pick up something that was flying along the ground like mad.

"*What ever is it?*" said fat Tommy Tubbs, coming home from school, with a slate in one hand and a green apple in the other.

"*What ever is it?*" chimed in Polly Popp, going by in a red cloak, with her petticoats all in a flutter.

"It's a *ball* of yarn!" said Billy.

"It's a ball of *yarn*!" said Tommy.

"It is a ball of yarn!" said Polly.

"Wherever's the *end*?" said Billy.

"Wherever's the end?" said Tommy.

"Wherever *is* the end?" said Polly.

Then came all the boys and the girls, and the men and the women round about, to see whatever they three were talking about.

"See! see!" said somebody, pointing up above the steeple; and they saw a little speck, like a kite, way up in the sky.

"It's little *Dame Dot*!" said Billy Baker.

"It's little *Dame Dot*!" said Tommy Tubbs.

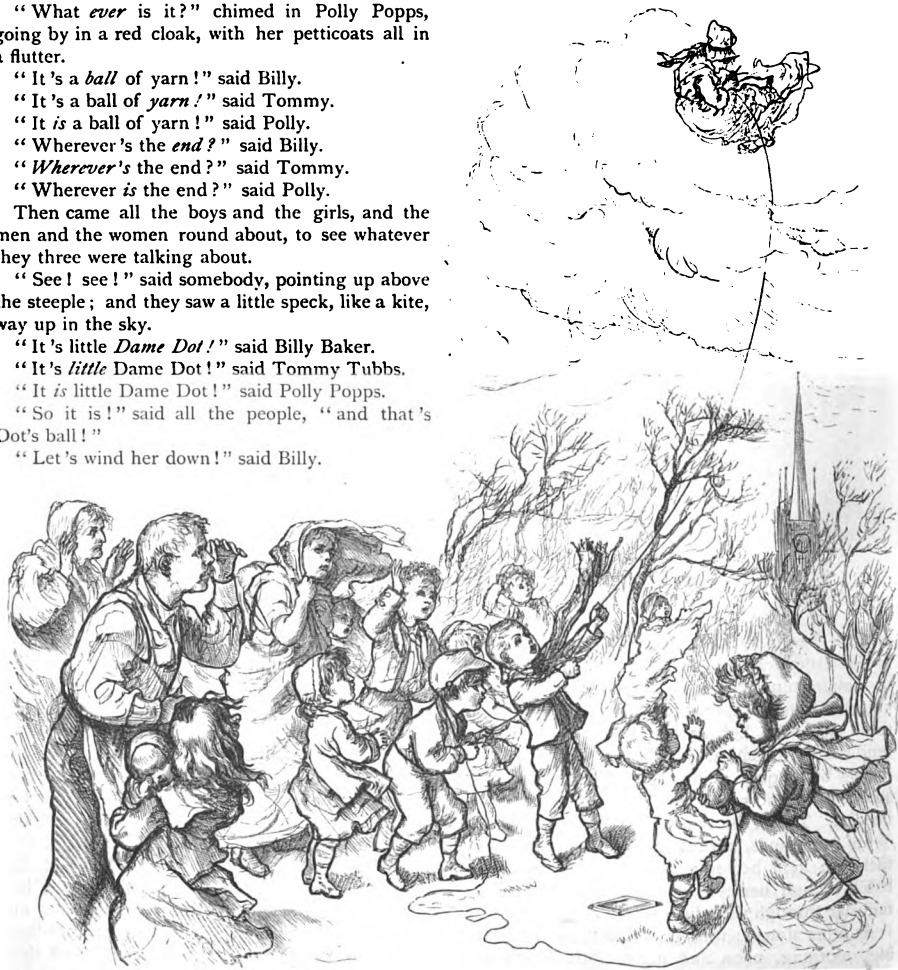
"It is little *Dame Dot*!" said Polly Popp.

"So it is!" said all the people, "and that's *Dot's ball*!"

"Let's wind her down!" said Billy.

same as ever, and as if the queerest thing that ever was heard of had not just happened to her.

Pretty soon they could hear her say: "One, two, seam; one, two, three," and then she touched the ground, and she said: "I thank you for my



"LITTLE DAME DOT CAME NEARER AND NEARER."

"Yes, wind her down!" said Tommy, and Polly, and everybody.

And Billy Baker pulled and pulled, and Polly wound, and little *Dame Dot* grew bigger and bigger, and came nearer and nearer, till everybody could see her knitting away for all the world the

ball, Polly Popp. I'm much obliged to you, Billy Baker. You are *very* kind, Tommy Tubbs," and she made a low courtesy to everybody, and walked off home, counting to herself, "One, two, seam; one, two, three." Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click!

Billy Baker said : " *Well*, I never ! "

Tommy Tubbs said : " *Well*, I *never* ! "

Polly Poppo said : " *Well*, I never ! " and then all the people said : " *WELL*, I *NEVER* ! "

Then spoke up Billy Baker : " Something must be done, or little Dame Dot will blow away and never come back any more, and whatever should we do in the village for comforters ? "

" And mittens," said Tommy Tubbs.

" And garters," said Polly Poppo.

" *AND STOCKINGS*," said all the people.

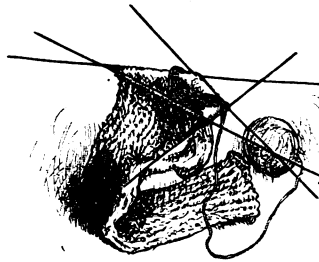
" We 'll put weights on her," said somebody.

" Oh, yes !—we 'll put weights on her ! " shouted everybody.

And they did.

Never since that day has wee Dame Dot ventured abroad without one little iron weight hung on her neck, two little iron weights hung on her elbows, and three little iron weights tied on to her petticoats.

And she knits, and knits, and knits. Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack !



SPINNING AND WEAVING.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

A HUNDRED years ago,—everything of any interest just now was a hundred years ago, though this that I am going to say was just as true fifty years ago ;—a hundred years ago, in every farmhouse and village house all over New England, there was one thing, and one interest, that has vanished and died out and been superseded. A thing that belonged to the *girls* ; and an interest and ambition that the girls grew up to. A pretty picturesque thing, and a pretty feminine industry and emulation that cannot be replaced.

It was the old spinning-wheel, with its light lines and its graceful treadle ; as artistic a fireside ornament as a harp, and as suggestive of low pleasant music, and quiet, restful moods. And the busy ambition was the spinning stores and stores of fine white wool and glistening flax, to make blankets and flannels, and beautiful bed and table linen ; trying who, in her maidenhood, could lay by most, and smoothest, and fairest, against her matronhood.

Every girl learned to draw the buzzing threads,

and turn with quick deft motion the whirling circle that twisted them so swift and firm ; to step lightly to and fro beside the big one, or lean from her low seat to the spindle of the little flax-wheel, as the yarn or the thread drew out and in, in the twirling and the winding. And so, every girl was a " spinner," and kept on spinning, all her possible time, until she married, and took home to her husband's house, for years and years of thrifty comfortable wear, the " purple and fine linen " she had made.

You are spinsters now, every one of you. That is what the law calls you, until you are married women. And that is what life makes you, whether you will or no,—whether you like it or not.

You can't get rid of it ; though the spinning-wheels are dropping to pieces in the old garrets, and the great factories are thundering beside the rivers, to turn wool and cotton into all the cloth the great hurried world needs ; where no one any longer makes anything for himself, but makes or fetches,—or catches hold and pretends to have a

hand in fetching,—something in whole or in part for everybody else; that everybody else's work may come round to him, in the different kinds, as he wants it. All right; all inevitable. And yet you girls are spinsters, just as much as ever girls were.

What a poor, slack, twisted, uneven thread you turn off, some of you! What sleazy, unserviceable, fraying stuff it will weave into,—what rough, worrying garments it will make, and you will have to wear, one of these days, when you will begin to wish you had realized your spinsterhood, and minded better the distaff and the wheel.

I suppose there is not one of you who does not think that “by and by” holds all things right and beautiful for you; things just as you would have them; an ideal self, such as you would be, in an ideal home, such as you will surely make, “if ever you have a house of your own.”

When things go criss-cross,—when your life discontents you,—when the old and the tiresome and the hindering, the threadbare and the every-day annoy and jar,—then you think of this house of your own, this time of your own, this life of your own, that are coming, in which shall be freshness, and satisfying, and things in your own way. You improve wonderfully upon your mother's fashions: you “never will have” this, and you “always will have” that. Well, how is it to come about? I will tell you one thing; you never will jump into it and find it ready made.

It has got to be by your own spinning and weaving, now beforehand. You are getting your house and your home ready every day. By and by, well or ill plenished, you will have to live in it. Are you really laying up anything toward it, as the grandmothers made and laid by their sheets and their “pillow-biers,” and their pretty damask-patterned table napery, and saw them piling up in chest or on shelf, for the certain furnishing? If not, do you want to know how to begin? Are you willing to spin some little real thread every day? You can. You can always be about it. You can be growing rich in things that will be actual comforts and providings, ready to your hand when you want them, and when you cannot get them up in a hurry at the moment's need.

Everything you know how to do, that is done in a home, is something spun and woven and laid upon the store; something acquired for a life-time, that will last as those beautiful old linens used to last; something that you will never have to spin and weave again.

I do not mean something that you have done once, or once in a while, or that you think you know how *ought* to be done. I mean something that you have got at your fingers' ends, till it does not seem hard to you, or cost you the least toil of

thought and anxiety. Something that you can handle as you handle your crochet-needle, or run your fingers up and down the piano keys, playing your scales. Something that you can do as you “do your hair,” or tie a bow-knot in your cravat; with turns and touches that you do not measure or think about. but have got so used to that the right thing comes of it,—the result that is nice and becoming, and full of a skillful grace that cannot be analyzed or got at by method or recipe, but that you have just grown into, forgetting how.

The terror of housework, the terror of servantless interregnums, the toil and ache of things unaccustomed, the burden of care whose details are unfamiliar,—all these, with the breakdown of hope and strength that they bring, are because of things left till that time you are dreaming of; threads unspun till the house-linen ought to be in the closet. You could n't tie a bow-knot without labor and worry; you could n't make thimble and needle work together to take ten stitches, if you had done either thing just once or twice a good while ago, and not every day of your life for ever so long,—if you just knew the theory of the thing and had never put it to use. And every bit of a woman's work and responsibility in a home, when she takes it up as a strange thing, is like tying a bow-knot for the first time, or like sewing or knitting or crocheting to one who has never touched the implements before. When you think of trying one such task after another, day after day, in all the complex doing that “housekeeping” implies, with your very living depending upon it all the while, you may well fancy how it is that American girls break down under the physical and mental strain that comes upon so many of them with that fulfillment of their happy hopes—the having and ordering a “house of their own.” There is no help for it, but just the making all these things, in their knowledges, such parts of yourselves as the alphabet and the multiplication table, and the consciousness of the parts of the day and week and year, are; things that have been used till they are like limbs and senses—natural furnishings, that you feel as if you were born with. Then, you can take hold of life, and live. You have not got the whole way and method to invent for yourself.

And the best of all is, that *one* thing grasped in this way is the *essential* grasped of a great many more. Every side of a honeycomb cell is the converse side of another; every row of knitting is half a stitch all along for the next row; in all kinds of building and making, that which is completed is already the beginning of the farther structure.

Begin with your own things and your own place. That is what your mother will tell you if you rush to her, enthusiastic with great intentions, and offer

to relieve her of half her housekeeping. Don't draw that little bucket of cold water to have it poured back upon your early zeal. Reform your upper bureau-drawer; relieve your closet-pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and cheerful order, in the midst of which you can daily move; and learn to keep it. Use yourself to the beautiful,—which is the right,—disposing of things *as you handle them*; so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself; leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing that you have about you. Let it grow impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing-table; or to stick your pins in your cushion, even, at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. This will not make you "fussy"—it is the other thing that does that; the *not* knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation. Once get your knowledge beyond study, and turn it into *tact*,—which is literally having it at your fingers' ends, as I told you,—and order will breathe about you, and grace evolve from commonest things, and uses and belongings, wherever you may be; and "putting things to rights" will not be separate task-work and trouble, any more than it is in the working of the solar system. It will go on all the time, and with a continual pleasure.

Take upon yourself gradually,—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need,—*all* the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Get together things for use in these cares. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture-brush and your feather duster, and your light little broom and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish, or restore the gloss, where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. I shall not lay down rules or a system for you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone,—so that you don't count the time it takes any more than that which you have to give to your own bathing and hair-dressing,—then you

have learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

But don't keep going to your mother. You have every one of you probably some little independence of money, or some possibility of economizing it. Buy your own utensils; set up your own establishment, if only by slow degrees. You will know the good of it then; and you will be setting up your character at the same time. There will be no sudden violent resolution and undertaking, which drafts aid and encouragement from everybody about you, getting up prospective virtue by subscription, and upsetting half the current order of the household for an uncertain experiment. Be in earnest enough to make your own way, and before you or anybody else thinks about it, you will have become a recognized force in the domestic community; you will have risen into your altitude without assumption, just as you are growing, by invisible hair-breadths, into your womanly stature.

Then, some day, you may say to your mother, "Let me have charge of the china-closet and pantry, please;" and you may enter upon a new realm, having fairly conquered your own queen-dom. And I can tell you this new one will be a pretty and a pleasant realm to queen in; an epitome of the whole housework practiced in dainty, easy little ways. Shelves to be kept nice, wiped down with a soft wet cloth wrung from the suds that cups and silver have come out bright from; cups and silver, plates and dishes, to be ranged in prettiest lines and piles and groups on the fresh shelves; cupboards to be regulated with light daily touches and replacements; yesterday's cake and cake-basket, fruit or jelly, custards or blanc-mange, to be overlooked and newly dished for the next table-setting; the nice remnant of morning cream to be transferred to a fresh jug and put in a cool clean corner; to-day's parcels, perhaps, to be bestowed; and the doors closed, with a feeling of plenty and comfort that only the thrifty, delicate housewife—who knows and utilizes the resources that are but uncomfortable odds and ends to the disorderly, heedless, procrastinating one—ever has the pleasure of. All this is, costly and in miniature to the larger care of kitchen and larder, what the little girl's baby-house has been (if she began, like a true woman-child, to "spin and weave" for her womanly vocation) to the "house of her own" that she—you—began to talk of then, and that you are earning a right to now. And pretty soon this daily care,—this daily pleasure,—will have become a facile thing, a thing easily slipped into the day's programme, and never to be a mountain or a bugbear any more, either to do or to teach; because you "know every twist and turn of it," and it is not a process of conscious detail, but a

simple whole that you can dispose of with a single thought and its quick mechanical execution.

In like manner, again, you can take up cooking. You can learn to make bread, until the fifteen minutes' labor that it will be for you to toss up the dough for to-morrow's baking, will not seem to you a terrible infliction, when it happens that you may have it to do, any more than the mending of a pair of gloves for to-morrow's wearing; simply because it will be an old accustomed thing that you know the beginning and the end of,—not a vague, untried toil looming in indefinite proportions, that are always the awful ones.

You can take some simple frequent dish, and for a while make it your business to prepare it whenever it is wanted,—dipped toast, perhaps, or tea-muffins; and you will wonder, when you pass on to some other thing of the sort in change, how the familiar managing one matter of measuring and mixing, boiling or baking, has given you "judgment" and handling for the clever achievement of the next. For there are declensions and conjugations in the grammar of housewifery, and a few receipts and processes become like "Musa, musæ," and "Amo, amare," and make you free of the whole syntax of cookery, and, like "all print" to Silas Wegg, all its parsing and construction are open to you.

I can only briefly hint and sketch in this one limited "talk." But a little leaven leaveneth; if you begin on the *principle* I try to show you, you will feel yourself gathering powers and wisdoms, and these very powers and wisdoms will themselves open to you the methods and suggestions of more. More, and deeper and higher; for you will begin to reach into things behind the outward ordering, that are inevitably related, and out of which all true and orderly expression grows.

You will begin to order yourself: you will have begun already. You are making the manner of woman you shall be in this living of yours, that is to be externally pure and sweet and gracious.

This also will have, and is having, its outward stage; but it deepens inwardly, in its own turn, day by day. Everything thorough must.

You want to make yourself pretty and pleasing; lovely, feminine, attractive in person and movement and dress. This almost always comes first; it is the object-teaching and leading; good and true *in its place*, and not thrown away as valueless or evil, even when the truth behind it comes to be seen and sought. A woman *should* be sweet and pleasing; if she have a sweet and pleasing nature, she will be, whether her nose be Greek or snub, her hair dusky or golden. There is a secret to it that I wish I could tell you without seeming to fall into the trite old sayings that you will think are put in

for properness,—to be agreed to and then dropped for quicker inventions; for little arts and tricks and studies and touches that slip dangerously into false habit and self-absorption, corrupting the nature and the life-love, and defeating desire with its own anxiety.

The short road is not all the way round upon the circumference, but straight out,—a radius from the heart. And this is not a moral saying, opposing itself to your inclination, but a real "open sesame" to help you quickest to what you want. It is the secret by which the rose blooms. You could not put its petals on; you can make a rag-rose so, but it will be a rag-rose after all. Nature has cunninger, sweeter, easier ways; she works no clumsy, laborious miracles, wrong-side out. She nurses a live, hidden something,—a true desire to *be*. And the sunshine and the rain, and all outside life that is, searches and meets the answering life in the green little bud; and *that* stirring, stirs all the lovely, secret possibilities that are under the green, outward into tender petaling and color and fragrance; and the rose, that was *meant* to be, is born. "For God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him; to every seed its own body." Just believe this: be alive to the things that are *not* yourself, and yourself shall surely be as beautiful as God sees you can be.

An old woman told me once, when I was a little girl: "Don't look much in the glass; it spoils your complexion." I suppose it was a device, but it hit the very fact. Look in the glass; think of yourself, and take care of your person, and your dress, just as much as must be, to put yourself in fresh and appropriate order; and mind you refer the question of how much that is, always and faithfully, to conscience. Then go away and forget; and don't get a habit of glancing and returning, needlessly. You cannot think how much that strict self-judgment would condemn will be saved by just making and keeping this rule. And how greatly you will gain, too, in the very things that you would take too much thought for, and that your Father knoweth your need of, and will give you as He gives to the lilies and roses. "*I am the rose of Sharon; I am the lily of the valley.*" Beauty and perfectness are hidden in Him, and come out from Him. If His life is in you, you need not be afraid. You will not be unlovely; you will not miss of anything that you can be. "No good thing, and no perfect thing, will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." But every over-anxiety hinders and interferes with His work. Every look that you study in yourself, for mere look's sake; every way you practice for affecting,—even for an involuntary instant,—will counteract and spoil some better look and reality that might have graced you. Don't

look in the glass too much, literally or metaphorically; it will spoil your *complexion*, which is your true harmony and putting together.

Lay up your treasure in heaven. Spin and weave for the life-garments; for these are in the unseen kingdom, and the seen things are only signs of them. Make yourself, every day, some even thread; weave carefully some faithful web in your temper and character. Be sweet, be beautiful in your thoughts. Be full of gladness along with others, full of interest in others' plans; grow strong in patience, by bearing evenly with little bothers; every one of them shall help you to be strong against great troubles and in great needs; calm and wise for yourself and your *others*, to save troubles and meet needs that will face you by and by. Spinsters of your very selves you are; and, since life grows inevitably from the seed of self,—since it is existence, not imposition,—spinsters of your own story and circumstance, beforehand, more than you dream. You are making, now, the plan

of a whole life-time; your occurrences shall be different, according as you spin at your wheel of character, the thread of your identity that is to run through them; for character does make circumstance; some things cannot happen alike to all, since all living does not lead into the same possibilities of happening.

This is the wonder of the spinning and weaving that we are all set to do for ourselves here in this world; working at wheels of life from which are fashioned and furnished our garment and our whole house for the time everlasting; the body and condition that we shall find grown out from the fitness we have made in ourselves, as surely as we find the flower grown from the seed we have planted: "Earnestly desiring"—and it is the real, earnest desire that all the while creates and determines in kind and quality—"to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven," or from the inward. "*If so be*, that being clothed upon, we be not found naked."

MIDSUMMER FROLICS.



Down in the deep grass, close by the hill,
Some one is having a party;
Never was heard on a summer night still,
Buzz of enjoyment so hearty.

Strange! for the elves are no longer on earth.
Strange! for the fairies are over!
But, sure as you live, there are frolic and mirth
For somebody, down in the clover.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EXPEDITION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WINTER came suddenly. Early in November, the boys, climbing the long hill near their camp, could see that the sharp peaks of the Sierra, to the eastward, were covered with snow. The lower hills, or foot-hills, where they lived, were brown and sere; and looking westward, the Sacramento Valley was golden yellow in the warm sunlight, and violet and purple, streaked with gray, as the cloudy days came on. There were one or two rainy days, during which the creek rose rapidly, and the young miners improved the opportunity to wash out a good deal of loose dirt from their claim. Then came a sharp frost. The hills between the camp and the high Sierra were white with snow, save where the tall pines stood in solemn rows up and down these billowy slopes.

One morning, Arthur, shivering with cold and gaping with a great show of sleepiness, sat up in his bunk, and, looking over to the window, which was only partly shielded by a bit of canvas, exclaimed: "Halloo, boys! it's snowing!"

They looked out and saw that the ground had disappeared beneath a soft, fleecy mantle. Woolly rolls of snow hung on the edges of the cradle by the creek. The pine-boughs bent under their moist burden, and the cow stood chewing her cud disconsolately under the shelter of a big hemlock-tree near the cabin.

Mont looked grave, and said: "I must start for Nye's Ranch this very day."

Now Nye's Ranch was at the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers, fifty miles away. It was the nearest depot for supplies, though a trading-post had been opened at Inskip, twenty miles north-east from Crowbait Gulch. But the Inskip trader brought his goods from Nye's Ranch, and his prices were enormous. Besides this, a company of Mexicans at Greasertown had promised to pay three hundred dollars, in gold dust, for the ox and cow, the survivors of the teams of the young emigrants; and part of the bargain included the delivery of the cattle to the purchasers.

It had been agreed that Mont should go to Nye's Ranch, riding old Jim, and deliver the cattle at Greasertown on his way down. The Spanish cattle of the country were thought good enough to slaughter for fresh beef. These American cattle were too valuable to be killed. It was more eco-

nomical to sell them and buy the meat needed for winter supplies. Flour, bacon, beans, and dried apples were required from Nye's Ranch; and it was decided that no more time should be lost in getting them. Mont could drive the cattle down the creek, get the money and push on into the valley, buy the provisions, and pack them home on old Jim.

The snow disappeared when the sun came out that afternoon; and when Mont started on his journey, which was not until the next morning, the air was clear and bracing, and the sky was brilliant with sunlight. The boys saw him ride down the winding trail with real sorrow, for he drove before him their old friends, Molly and Star. These faithful creatures had been their sole reliance during the latter part of their journey; and though the cattle were no longer useful to them, now that they were camped for the winter, it was hard to part with them. If it had not been so hard, Mont would have begun his journey to Nye's Ranch much earlier. As it was, Arty and Johnny looked down the trail with tearful eyes, when Mont, turning in his saddle, shouted back: "Don't eat up all the gold while I am gone."

But even Mont was a little heavy at the heart when he finally left the cattle at Greasertown, and rode away with his gold dust stowed in a belt about his waist and under his flannel shirt. He had a long and solitary ride before him; he was loaded with what seemed to him a great deal of money, and, for the first time since leaving Council Bluffs, he was separated from his comrades.

The rocky trail soon left the creek and entered a wagon-track, which, though it now seemed like a novelty of civilization to Mont, who had been living in the woods, was not so broad a trail as that in which he had traveled across the continent. His spirits rose as old Jim loped gallantly on the trail, jingling the slender camp equipage tied on behind, as he went. The air was absolutely hushed, and the wintry sun rained down its needles of light into motionless clumps of pines and spruces grouped in the narrow valley. On either side, the hills rose up sharp and clear in outline against the blue sky, their rocky ridges dotted with a few lone trees along their lofty crowns. Occasionally, a hare darted across the trail and was lost in the tangled ferns, or a gray gopher, with tail on end, drifted along ahead, like a leaf blown by the wind, and suddenly disappeared. A magpie screamed and scolded from

the top of a madroña-tree, and a solitary crow, heavily flapping its way through the crystal atmosphere overhead, croaked and cawed, and then seemed to melt away into the hills of brown and green.

Just before Scotchman's Valley opens out into the valley of the Sacramento, the walls on either side rise up to a great height. On the south, the ridge is over two thousand feet high, and is very steep and rugged, except at a point near the base, where the sharp slope widens out into a shoulder, or bench. On this bench, about two hundred feet from the bottom, were perched two or three miners' cabins. Mont, when he reached this spot, looked at the cabins as he rode down the trail, and, wondering why the builders had chosen such a lofty spot for their homes, was tempted to climb the narrow trail and ask for lodging, for it was now late in the day. But, reflecting that few people in these parts were prepared to take in strangers, though all were hospitable, he went on through the narrow pass, entered a round, flat valley which dropped gently to the west, and, between the openings in the groves of live-oaks, he saw the Sacramento Valley, laced with streams; Sutter's Buttes, a noble group of mountains, in the midst; and far away, the sharp summits of the coast range, pink and white against the evening sky.

The young man made his lonely camp in a clump of dwarf pines, as night came on, and built his fire, toasted his bacon, made a pot of coffee, and, slicing off a cut from the loaf which Arthur had put up for him, he ate his frugal supper with loving thoughts of the boys at home. The New England home seemed too far away now to be so present in his thoughts as the rude hut on the brink of Chaparral Creek; and as Mont hugged himself in his warm blanket, to sleep beneath the frosty sky, Barney Crogan, Hi, and the boys, came and went in his dreams.

Following the course of the Feather and Yuba rivers, the streams of trade and travel, which had already begun to move in this new land, met on a flat and willow-grown angle where Nye's Ranch had been built. Here the Rio de los Plumas, or Feather River, received the Yuba River, and flowed on to join the Sacramento. Here, once a week, came a small steamboat from Sacramento, fifty or sixty miles to the southward; and here were two or three trading-posts, built of sycamore logs and roofed over with canvas.

Mont had struggled across a wet and muddy plain, intersected with a labyrinth of small sloughs and streams. He found the little settlement a rude and noisy place. The ground was cut up with the tracks of many wagons, and trampled into a sticky paste by the feet of innumerable mules,

whose braying filled the air. Miners, red-shirted and rough-bearded, were coming and going. The traders were excitedly rushing about, selling their goods and sweeping in the gold-dust. This precious stuff was weighed in scales, after being rudely fingered over on the board counter, to scan the grains separately; and Mont was amazed to see how carelessly the gold was handled. Apparently, there was no coin nor paper money, but everybody had a buckskin pouch or a canvas shot-bag, in which the golden dust was kept. Now and again, some man from "the Bay," as San Francisco was called, exhibited a huge rude coin, valued at fifty dollars, and popularly known as a "slug." This was stamped with the name of the firm who issued it, and it very readily passed for the amount it represented.

The little open plaza about which the settlement was flung, like a strange and tangled dream, was crowded with men, wagons, cattle and mules. A few miserable Indians, squatted around a big sycamore, looked on without manifesting the least interest in the scene; and a grizzly bear, caged in a canvas-covered inclosure, or corral, and exhibited for one dollar a sight, added to the confusion by uttering an occasional howl. A tent, with "Freeman's Express" painted on its roof, first attracted Mont's attention, and to that he straightway bent his steps. The boys had sent letters down to Sacramento by various ways, and Mont now deposited another lot, one of which, written to Farmer Stevens, in Richardson, Illinois, gave him the points of Bill Bunce's story about Johnny, and besought him to look up the case, if possible.

The tent was crowded with men inquiring for "letters from the States." There was no post-office here, but the accommodating expressmen, in consideration of a few dollars' worth of dust, would take a list of names, send it to San Francisco, and bring up the letters of people who made Nye's Ranch their trading-point. Miners far back among the hills sent to the ranch by their comrades or nearest neighbors, and, in course of time, their precious letters, sifting through many hands, sought them out and brought them tidings from home.

There were no letters for the boys at Crowbait. They had expected none, as their list of names had been sent to Sacramento. With a homesick and lonely feeling, Mont made his purchases as soon as possible, loaded them on old Jim, and made his way out of the muddy and disagreeable little settlement. The sky was dark and lowering, and the sharp white peaks of the Sierra were lost in a gray mist, as he laboriously picked his way across the plain and camped for the night with a hospitable herdsman on the edge of Butte Creek.

When he resumed his journey, next day, the air

was raw and chilly; a slate-colored cloud closed over the foot-hills, and a mild but exasperating drizzle pervaded the plain as he left it and began to ascend the undulations which here seem like a groundswell, and, higher up, break into the tumultuous waves of the Sierra.

Mont pushed on impatiently, riding when the trail was easy, and leading his loaded steed where the way was steep and rough. Both horse and man were in haste to get home. Mont grew feverish and apprehensive as he saw the snow beginning to fall heavily, while he was yet only on his second day from Nye's Ranch. And when he camped that night in the manzanita-bushes, it was with great difficulty that he could kindle a fire. But he found a partly screened spot, where the snow sifted lightly in, and he could camp in comparative comfort. Jim was relieved of his load, and tied in a clump of trees which sheltered him; and Mont slept as best he could, and this was not sleeping well. His feet were sore with the chafing of a rough pair of new boots, put on when he left the trading-post, and now soaked with melting snow.

Next day, after Jim had browsed among the bushes, and Mont had swallowed a little hot coffee, they struggled on together, though the horse was now obliged to wade in a deep mass of snow, and Mont desperately kept up by his side.

Passing laboriously through the round valley where he had made his first night's camp, Mont entered the rocky jaws of Scotchman's Valley. The day was well advanced, but the sky was dark with storm. Overhead, the air was thick as with a drifting whirl of snow. The black-green trees by the trail were half-hidden and loaded with the snow. All trace of the route had vanished from the ground, and only a few landmarks, which Mont's practiced eye had noted as he rode down the trail, served to show the way in which he should go. There was the high, steep southern wall of the cañon, and there were the cabins on the bench below the upper edge. Poor Mont noted in the blinding storm the blue smoke curling from the chimneys of the cabins, and he longed to be by the cheerful fireside which he pictured to himself was within. Like showers of feathers, moist and large, the flakes fell, and fell continually. Mont's feet were wet and sore and lame. Once and again, he paused in his struggles and eyed the dismal sight around him, half-wondering if he should ever get through. The hapless horse panted beneath his burden, groaning as his master dragged him on through the drifts. Once, Mont, with numb fingers, untied the thongs that bound part of the load; then, passionately crying aloud, "No! no! I can't lose these provisions!" he made them fast again and labored onward.

He was now well up the cañon. Just opposite him were the cabins, and, as he looked up at them, the air began to clear. The snow fell only in scattered flakes, and the clouds showed signs of breaking away. Before him, however, the way looked even more hopeless than when it had been concealed by the falling storm. Behind, a few ragged, fading tracks showed where man and horse had struggled on in the drift.

Suddenly, a low and far-off moan broke on the utter stillness of the air. Mont, scared and half-delirious with excitement and fatigue, looked up toward the southern wall of the defile. The mountain-top seemed to be unloosed and falling over into the valley. The whole side of the ridge appeared broken off, and as it glided swiftly down, Mont noted, with fascinated minuteness of observation, that a broad brown furrow showed behind it where the earth was laid bare. Down rushed the mighty avalanche. The whole defile seemed to shut up like the covers of a book. In a twinkling the three poor little cabins were wiped out as with a wet sponge. The pallid mass swept on with a roar, its huge arms flying up toward the skies. It was not so much a wall of snow as a resistless torrent, broad and deep. The young man stood still, his heart ceased to beat; yet he stood and gazed, unable to flee, as the avalanche thundered down from bench to bench, struck the bottom of the cañon, and spread out in a confused mass of whiteness. In an instant, horse and man vanished in a waste of snow. The narrow valley was filled, and only here and there, where an uprooted tree or a fragment of a wrecked cabin showed above the surface, was there anything to break the utter desolation.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRIVATION AND DELIVERANCE.

"I ALLOW this is dreggie disagreeable," said Hi. "Mont's been gone eight days; nothin' in the house to eat, and no neighbors within ten miles, so far 's we know."

"And I'm powerful hungry," chimed in Tom, who never missed an opportunity to make a complaint.

"I would n't mind," said Arty, once more going to the door and looking down the snow-covered trail,— "I would n't mind, if we only knew Mont was safe somewhere."

Barney grumbled and said that it served them right for letting Mont go down into the valley alone. They were fools, he thought, for having staid so high up among the mountains during the winter. If they had gone out when Mont went to Nye's Ranch, and had staid out, they would never

have seen any snow. There was no snow in the valley; and miners were "making money hand over fist" down on the American and Stanislaus rivers.

"Yes, yer hindsight is fust-rate, Crogan; but I would n't give much for your foresight," snarled Hi, who was chafing under this long and enforced idleness.

Barney, without a word, took his gun and went out in the snow to hunt rabbits. There was neither

looking for traces of their absent comrade. Greasertown was deserted. The six Mexicans who had lived there had packed up their light luggage and gone to parts unknown. On the rafters of their solitary cabin were laid two rude jig-saws, showing that the men intended to return. Drifts of snow were on the puncheon floor, and the wind sighed mournfully through the half-chinked walls of the log cabin. A lonely looking chipmunk gazed at the intruders, as he sat upright in the window-sill;



THE AVALANCHE.

flour nor meat in the cabin; but there was a plenty of coffee, some sugar, and a few beans. There was no immediate danger of starvation. Even at the worst, a few rabbits and squirrels could be snared or shot in the underbrush; and Arty had found that by crushing the dry berries of the manzanita, which still hung on the bushes, a very palatable sort of flour could be made. Barnard announced his intention of starving before he would eat such a mess, though Arthur argued that the Indians ate it and grew fat on it.

"But I'm not a Digger," was his brother's conclusive answer. "I'll starve first."

Matters looked even worse and more gloomy, four days after, when there was still no sign of Mont. Three of the boys, Hi, Barnard and Arthur, went down the trail as far as Greasertown, anxiously

then he uttered a little exclamation of disgust and disappeared.

"Yer might have shot him," muttered Hi, as he took up a junk bottle which had been used for a candlestick, and thoughtfully put his nose to its mouth.

"What does it smell of?" asked Barnard, with some sharpness.

"Don't know," replied Hi. "I was a-thinkin' that I might eat this 'ere taller droppings, if the mice had n't been before me."

Barney laughed, in spite of himself.

"Why, Hi, we are not so badly off as all that comes to yet. We need n't eat candles, like the Esquimaux. We can live on rabbits, you know."

"There's no fat on rabbits, and I must say I'm just a-pinin' for somethin' fat," rejoined poor Hi.

They had not even candles in their own cabin; but as they sat that night around the cheerful blaze of their fire, Hi acknowledged that it was far better to have fat pine-knots to burn than fat candles to eat.

After all, the great burden on their spirits was Mont's mysterious absence. If they could only be sure that he was safe and well, they would be happy. At least, that was what Barnard and Arthur said, over and over again.

"How much money did Mont have, all told?" demanded Hi.

"Let's see," said Arty, reckoning on his fingers; "there was the three hundred he got for the cattle, one hundred you gave him to send home for you, two hundred Barney and I sent off by him, and two hundred of his own for his mother. Why, that's eight hundred dollars altogether!"

"Eight hundred dollars' wuth of dust, and a hoss wuth nigh onto two hundred more, if he *is* old Crowbait. That's a good haul."

"What do you mean, Hi?" demanded Barney, starting up with an angry face.

"What do I mean?" replied the other, doggedly. "I mean that it's a good haul for a feller to get away with. That's what I mean."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Mont has gone off with our property, you confounded sneak?"—and Barney advanced toward Hi with sparkling eyes.

"I don't mean to insinuate nothin' agin nobody, Barney Crogan. So keep yer temper. Ye'll need it bumbye to keep from starvin'. If a highway-robber has corraled Mont with his dust, *that* would be a good haul for somebody, would n't it?"

"But there are no highway-robbers about these parts. We have never heard of anything being stolen anywhere, and people leave their stuff lying around loose everywhere."

Nevertheless, as Barney said this, he sat down with a sore feeling in his heart. After all, they did not know much about Mont. The old joke about his "store clothes" was still a tender subject in the camp, and Hi's unworthy suspicions found a lodging in Barney's mind, though his eyes filled with angry tears when he tried to think better of his old comrade. He struggled weakly against the bad thoughts that rose in his mind. Then he reflected that the spare and unnatural diet to which they had been confined lately had reduced the moral tone of the camp. The young fellow rose and looked vacantly out of the little loophole in their canvas-covered window. The prospect without was not cheerful. The river was frozen over; the ground was white, and the sky was gray.

"Oh, well," said Arty, cheerily, "Mont is sure to come back. He's snow-bound somewhere, I'm

sure. Perhaps old Jim gave out, and he had to lie by somewhere until he got better."

"Perhaps," said Hi, with a marked emphasis.

"And then," went on the boy, without noticing Hi's interruption, "we are bound to get through this somehow. As Mont used to say, I feel it in my bones."

"Yes," said Tom, with scorn; "more bones than meat."

"Shut yer mouth, you Tom!" broke in his brother, angrily.

"Besides," added Arty, "mother used to say,"—and the boy's voice quavered a little,—"that the Lord will provide."

"I don't know," said Barney, gloomily, from the window. "It seems as if the Lord had gone off."

Arthur gave his brother a scared look, and remonstrated, with tearful eyes, "Oh, don't, Barney!"

That night, for almost the fiftieth time since Mont had been gone, Hi lifted the puncheons of the floor in one corner of the cabin, scraped away the soil, and dragged out the can of gold dust which formed the common stock. He smoothed it over, lovingly, in his hands, and let it drop back into the can with a sharp rattle.

"It's a heap of money," he said, with a sigh.

"'T would buy a farm in Illinoy."

"But it won't buy a pound of side-meat in Crowbait Gulch," said Barney, with some ill-humor.

"Nary time," replied Hiram. "What's the use of gold if yer can't buy nothin' with it? Yer can't eat it, can't drink it, can't wear it,"—and, as if trying the experiment, he took up a bright lump and bit it. "Blame the contemptible yaller stuff!" said Hi, with a sudden burst of rage. "What's the good of it now?"—and he shied it into the fire.

The golden nugget struck the back of the fireplace and dropped into the blaze, as if astonished at its rude treatment.

Arty, with much concern, attempted to pull it out, but Barnard said:

"Let it be; you can poke it out to-morrow, when Hi and the ashes have both cooled off."

Johnny, from his bunk, had looked on this curious scene with much amazement. He did not exactly understand why Hi, who usually was the greediest for gold, should now throw a piece into the fire. Then, why did he bite at it? He might have known that gold was not good to eat, and he had no business to throw it away like that when he found that he could not bite it. Then the lad remembered Mont's last words, "Don't eat up all the gold while I am gone!" It was very strange. So, thinking of Mont, and wondering if he would ever come back again, Johnny turned his face against the rough wall of the cabin and softly cried himself to sleep.

Next day, the sun rose so bright and clear that the little valley was deluged with an intense brightness almost painful to the eyes. Barnard awoke, and sitting up in his bunk, half-wondered what it was that had so troubled him when he went to sleep. Then he suddenly remembered the privations and dangers of their situation; and he took up his burden of anxiety with a dull feeling of pain.

Arthur was already punching up the embers, and, with a little laugh, he poked out the lump of gold which Hi had tossed there the night before. "Ouch!" he exclaimed, as he dropped it on the floor, "it's hot as blazes!"

"Hard to get and hard to hold," remarked Barnard, soberly.

As the young miners gathered about their scanty breakfast, Johnny reminded them of Mont's last word about eating the gold.

"That was Mont's joke," said Barney; "but he little thought how near we should come to having nothing but that stuff to eat."

Just then there was a sound outside, as of tramping in the snow.

"What's that?" cried Hi.

"Grizzlies!" shrieked Tom; and everybody rushed to the door.

It was like a message from an outer and far-off world, in that solitary wilderness. As they flung wide open the door, there was Mont, limping along with a sack of flour on his back, and behind him was Messer with other provisions. Mont looked pale and worn, but he cried out, cheerily:

"Halloo! Crowbait!"

His comrades crowded about him to relieve him of his load, shake his hands, and ask all manner of questions. All but Hi, who, with a great gulp, sat down on a bench and broke into tears. The other boys, though with moistened eyes and tender hearts, in this hour of their deliverance, looked upon the tearful Hi with real amazement.

"What's the matter, Hi?" asked Mont, kindly putting his arm on Hi's shoulder.

"I did n't allow I was so powerful weak," blubbered the poor fellow. "I must have been hungry, and, besides, I'm so glad you've got back, you can't think."

Barnard's face clouded for a moment, as he remembered Hiram's suspicions. But Hi added:

"And I thought hard of you, too. Don't lay it up agin me!"

"Oh, no," said Mont. "So long as you are all alive, I am thankful and happy. 'Here we are again, Mr. Merryman,' as the circus-man says," and the young fellow gayly slapped Arty's back.

But Mont was not in very good case, and when he told his story, they marveled much that he was alive. The avalanche in Scotchman's Valley had

swept down the miners' cabins, but, fortunately, the only man in either of them had heard the hum of the slide as it came. Running out, he dashed into a tunnel in the rear of the cabin, where his comrades were at work, just in time to escape the flying mass which swept down the hillside and into the gulch below. Their cabins were gone, but the miners were alive, and thankfully they set themselves to recovering whatever was left of the wreck.

A dark spot on the surface of the snow attracted their attention. It was a horse's head.

"Thar must be a man whar thar's a hoss, you bet," was the sage remark of one of them. So, leaving their own affairs, the men went down and worked manfully until they had dug out old Jim, for it was he—dead in the snow. Anxiously, the good fellows plied their shovels until Mont, insensible and nearly suffocated, was dragged out to the light. He was carried up to the tunnel, where a fire, chafing, and some hot coffee, recalled him to consciousness. But his mind wandered, and he could give no satisfactory account of himself.

"Must be one of them Boston fellers up to Crowbait, just this side of Forty Thieves," muttered one of the party. "He looks too high-toned for one of the Forty Thieves folks. Besides, they all left a fortnight ago; but what's he a-doin' down here?" And the puzzled miner scratched his head.

Mont could only say, "Don't eat all the gold up!"

Out of the wreck of their cabins the miners soon reconstructed a comfortable shelter. Mont's provisions were nearly all found and laid by for him; and his rescuers made him, and themselves, as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

When the young man, after a day or two, was able to sit up and tell who he was and where he came from, he found himself so weak and lame that he could not travel. He moaned over this, for he was filled with alarm for his comrades, waiting at home for food. More than a week was already gone, and his feet were yet so sore that it was impossible for him to move. He *must* go, if he had to crawl. The boys would starve.

His new friends tried to persuade him that his "pardners" would be able to get along on wild game, and that it was more necessary for him to get well than for him to take food to them. Mont fretted, and continually fixed his gaze on the narrow cañon entrance through which he must struggle on to Crowbait.

One day, while thus looking wistfully out over the gulch, he saw the well-known slouchy figure of Messer crossing on the snow, now fast melting away. Messer was loaded with pick, pan, and "grub." He had left his wife at Frenchman's Misery, down the valley, and had come up to join

an old acquaintance in the hill diggings, where Mont was now confined against his will.

It was a fortunate meeting. Honest Messer said: "You uns was kind to we uns on the plains. I'll pack ye up to Chaparral, if that'll do you any good."

Mont protested that he could walk; but he should be glad for some assistance with his load. Messer expressed a willingness to carry Mont and all the goods and provisions which poor old Jim had so far brought. So, after one more day's rest, the two men set out with as much of the stuff as they could carry. The trail was difficult, but they managed to reach Greasertown at the end of their first day. Here they camped in the deserted cabin, and next day, bright and early in the morning, they pushed on to Crowbait. Mont had hoped to surprise the boys. But when he drew near, and none came to meet him, his heart sank. There was no sign of life when he came in sight of the cabin. The sun was up, but no smoke issued from the rude chimney.

"Have they become discouraged and gone aw-y?" he asked himself, with growing alarm. Then a pale blue wreath of smoke curled up from the chimney. "That's Arty! God bless the boy!" murmured Mont to himself.

Now he heard voices within, and the door opened. He was at home at last. All was well.

"It was a tight squeak you uns had of it," remarked Messer, solemnly.

Barney, standing behind Arthur, affectionately put his hands on the lad's shoulders and said:

"But this little chap reminded us that the Lord would provide."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LUCK IN STREAKS.

MONT did not readily recover from his sickness. During the remainder of that winter, which yet had many privations in store for them, he was infirm in health. The boys had anxious hours and days. There was no physician in the region; their own slender stock of medicines was not of much avail in a case of serious sickness like this; and more than once the tender-hearted Barney, who could no longer endure the sight of his comrade suffering without remedy, went hastily out among the snow-covered hills, and, in the death-like waste of the forest, tried to find relief for his pent-up and sorrowful feelings.

It was not until the snow had melted, the wild geese had begun to clamor in the sky, and the ripple of the creek along its pebbly bars was heard once more, that Mont fairly recovered. The log cabin was continually damp, and as little sunshine could pour into it through the winter, it was not a good place for a sick man. But when the doors

and windows were thrown open wide, and the warmth of the early California spring flooded the little house with sunlight, the invalid recovered rapidly, and the shadow of a great trouble passed away from the household.

With the re-opening of the trails came new and old acquaintances. Almost before the snow had melted from the mountains above them, prospectors came hunting through the hills for gold. Many of these were newly arrived in the country, and they had already begun to think that the gold of the lower valleys was "played out," and that the precious stuff must be sought higher up in the Sierra. Nevertheless, all of these had gold dust with them, which they handled as carelessly as if it had been common dirt. Each man carried a little pair of scales about him, with which he weighed the ore when he bought or sold anything; for, as yet, there was no coin and no other currency than this.

With the spring, too, came news from home. Some of their neighbors at Forty Thieves brought up a package of priceless letters from Sacramento for the boys. Barnard and Arthur did not think any price too great to pay for a fat envelope from Sugar Grove; for that packet contained a wonderful letter of many pages, in which father, mother, sister, and each one of the brothers, had written something. It was a marvelous production, written during the early winter evenings, and the two boys read it over and over again with almost tearful delight. It seemed strange, in those distant solitudes, to read of the white calf which had been born to Daisy, and of the marvelous crop of bell-flower apples last year. Barnard put down the closely written pages which told him how the wheat crop had turned out in the ten-acre lot, how the pigs had been sold to Jim Van Orman, and how Jedediah Page was married to Dolly Oliver, and Father Dixon had been presented with a gold-headed cane by the citizens of the town. As the boy looked away from these simple annals of his far-off home, into the trackless forest which clothed the flanks of the Sierra Nevada, he seemed as one in a dream. He was obliged to look about him to be sure that he was in California and not in Illinois. The picture of the old homestead at Sugar Grove, the red barn, the well-sweep, the family about the big kitchen-table, and the neighbors dropping in to chat, now seemed something that existed in some other world than this.

Hi and Tom also had their budget of home news, which was none the less welcome, probably, because the handwriting was rugged, and because, as Hi expressed it, the dingy letter-paper "smelt con-foundedly of terbacker-smoke." Old man Fender and his wife dearly loved a pipe when any serious business, like that of letter-writing, was in hand.

Mont went away by himself to read his long letters from Cambridgeport. He had two sets of these—one in the stately, erect handwriting of his mother, and the other crowded full of fine hair-lines, expressing, doubtless, very comfortable sentiments, for the boys observed that Mont improved in spirits whenever he read these,—and, as this was often, the young man was always light-hearted, as of old.

"I would n't mind giving you a bit of one of our letters, Johnny," said Arty, genially, as he saw that the friendless little lad looked on the happy circle of readers with a troubled face, "only I suppose it would n't do you any good. You might 'play' that it was from your sister."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Johnny, stoutly; "but it is sort of hard-like, that I've got nobody to write to me. Nobody, nobody!"—and the lad's eyes filled with tears, in spite of himself.

Nevertheless, there was news about Johnny. Farmer Stevens had made inquiries and had found that one Doctor Jenness, known as a veterinary surgeon, otherwise "horse-doctor," lived at Lick Springs, Vermillion County; and that his sister, name unknown, had married some years ago, and had subsequently died in Ogle County, leaving a little son and some property. So much was already discovered by way of a beginning, and the good man was sure he should be able to trace the rest, by and by. Johnny heard the story without much interest. Arty was excited to know that his father was on the track of Johnny's parentage. It had been a great mystery to him. He was sure some great thing might happen yet. But the boy himself was satisfied with his present condition, and was at home with his new friends. Beyond these he had no concern whatever.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground, the boys went to work again with a hearty good will. They had put their mining tools in order during the winter leisure, and their very first ventures into the claim were richly repaid. They had worked well up toward the upper end of the gulch, skinning off the top soil and digging up the pay dirt next to the bed-rock. One day, Mont, who was manfully tugging away with his returning strength, fairly shouted with delight, as his shovel turned up a broken mass of gold, shining in one magical cluster. The boys came running, and Hi, stooping down, with hooked fingers eagerly clawed out the loose earth. There, in a narrow crevice in the bed-rock, like eggs in a basket, were thirteen lumps of bright, yellow, solid gold, some as large as butternuts, some smaller, and some about as large as marbles. They were all irregular in shape, but all were smoothly rounded as if they had been rolled and rolled for ages in the bed of a swiftly moving

stream. The earth was packed about them, and even in this soft bed appeared shining particles, which would have excited their expectations if they had not now the great luck in their grasp.

"I allow there must be at least fifty thousand dollars in that there hole!" said Hi, feverishly, as he fingered the glorious "chispas."

"Oh, Hi, you're crazy!" broke in Barney. "There is n't more than ten thousand in the whole lot, if there is so much. Gold dust is mighty deceiving, you know."

"Well, let's go for the nest," said Tom, valiantly brandishing the pick. "May be we'll strike another like it deeper down."

But this was a vain hope. The dirt was carefully scraped out of the little hole where the gold had been found. When washed, it paid well, though not in big lumps. The boys dug all around the lucky spot without finding any more rich deposits. Hi left his rocker by the creek, in order to be on hand when the next "big strike" was made; and he grew fretful as days went by and only fair wages were returned for their labors.

Their mine had yielded, since spring had opened, ten thousand dollars, of which about one-half had been found in what Johnny called "the lucky hole." So, with the letters home went a package of gold dust. Mining operations had thickened so among the mountains that Freeman's Express Company had pushed its agencies far up into the Sierra. Mounted messengers collected and delivered letters and small parcels, and no sight in all the year was so welcome to these exiles in the mountains of California as the lithe horseman, with his saddlebags strapped behind him and his pistols at his belt, rode over the divide and plunged into the gulches where men were delving in the mines.

Now they had money on the way home—"money in the bank," as Hi put it—and they returned to their work with new energy. They ran narrow trenches up into the slopes on either side of their claim. They sunk holes in the edges of the bank, the central portion of the triangular gulch having been carefully worked over. One day, when they weighed up their gains for that day's labor, they found just ten dollars. Hi frowned and said that "the youngsters" were getting lazy. Tom, as a representative youngster, resented this remark, and murmured something about punching Hi's head. Mont interfered in behalf of peace, and cheerily reminded them that there had been a time when ten dollars was a good show for a day's work.

"But that was when we were prospecting," said Barney, ruefully looking at the meager yield of gold. "Now we are supposed to be in a paying claim. Ten dollars a day is just two dollars apiece."

The next day's harvest was twenty-two dollars. The next was worse yet—only five dollars. But on the third day they washed out eighty-five cents!

An expert from Swell-Head Gulch was called in to view the premises. He walked over the ground, asked a few questions, and, when the lucky find was described, said, with great contempt:

"That war only a pocket."

Then he scooped up some of the earth next the outer edge of the bed-rock last laid bare, poked it about in the palm of his rough hand, with a knowing air, and said:

"Boys, your claim is played out."

So saying, he stalked away, without giving the matter a second thought.

In an instant almost their castles in the air had tumbled. Barnard sat down on the ground in a most depressed condition of mind, saying:

"Just our luck!"

Hi growled: "And we've been and gone and sent all our money home."

Arty turned to Mont, and asked with his eyes: "Well?"

And Mont said: "There's only one thing to do, boys. As Bush would say, we may as well 'get up and dust.'"

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY'S WONDER-BOX.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

GOD has given to the people of this world a wonderful garden, full of all sorts of beautiful things. Everybody wanders in this garden sometimes; but some people go there oftener than others, and see a much greater variety of wonderful things. It is called the Garden of Imagination, because it is full of a great variety of images. They are not like images made of marble or china or wax, for they float about, and keep changing. Indeed, they come and go so fast, that it is often hard to tell what they look like, before they are gone. But some little girls talk about the things they see in this garden, and then other little girls say they make up charming stories.

This wonder-garden swarms with fairies. Indeed, it is the place where all the fairies in the world come from. One of them is very busy picking up little bits of colored glass and glittering metal, and placing them in all manner of beautiful patterns. It is perfectly wonderful how many elegant figures she will make out of a few broken bits of things, that seem good for nothing till she touches them with her fairy fingers.

One day a little girl, who was called Mattie Mischief, tried to reach a flower on the mantel-piece, and she knocked down a splendid vase of Bohemian glass, all ruby-colored and gold. When her mother saw the precious vase broken into fragments, she told Mattie she must go to her own room and stay till supper-time, because she had been a naughty little girl. She was so mischievous

that she was often sent to her room, and when she was there she tried to amuse herself by wandering about in the Garden of Imagination; and there was no end to the stories she used to tell about the things she saw there.

So when she had done crying about the broken vase, she went off to this garden again to seek for company. And there she saw a fairy dancing and capering round some small pieces of the red and gold glass, which she had picked out of the dusting-pan. You never saw anything so beautiful as that little fairy. No butterfly or dragon-fly was ever half so handsome. All manner of bright, changeable colors shimmered over her transparent wings and her little gauze skirt, so that she looked as if she had been dipped in a rainbow. In her hair she wore a little blue forget-me-not, which contrasted prettily with her golden curls, as they went flying round, glancing in the sunshine, as she danced.

"Why, you charming little creature!" exclaimed Mattie. "What is your name? What are you going to do with those little bits of glass? They are good for nothing."

"My name is Prisma," replied the fairy. "I am going to put these pieces into my wonder-box. I can make something out of nothing; I can. You'll see! you'll see!" and away she flew.

Mattie told her mother about it afterward; and her mother said, "I think you have been sleeping, my child, and have had a dream."

"I wish I could dream about that little Prisma again," replied Mattie. "She was so pretty and so graceful!"

She thought so much about her, that she soon wandered away into the Garden of Imagination again; and there she saw Prisma seated on a dandelion blossom, with her little feet crossed, to rest herself. A purple morning-glory, with a piece of the stem attached to it for a handle, made a beautiful large umbrella for her; for in that garden flowers do not wilt after they are gathered, as they do in common gardens. But the busy little creature did not stop long to rest. She saw a bit of shining mica among the gravel, and she jumped down from her flowery perch to pick it up.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Mattie.

"I am going to put it into my wonder-box," said Prisma. "Look under this mullein, and see what a heap of treasures I have found."

Mattie raised a leaf, and saw under it some broken beads and broken glass-buttons, of all sorts of bright colors, mixed with links of chains, some of gold, some of silver, and some of polished steel.

"You foolish little thing! What do you pick up such rubbish for?" said Mattie, and she gave the little heap a push with her foot.

Prisma was so vexed, that her face flushed as red as a damask-rose leaf. "Rubbish!" she exclaimed. "If you were to look at it in my wonder-box, you would n't call it rubbish, I can tell you!"

She spread out her gauzy wings, with a little clicking noise, and flew away.

Mattie was sorry she had offended Prisma, for she was afraid she should never see her again, and she wanted to ask if she might see her wonder-box.

A few weeks after, when Mattie was walking out, she met one of her young friends named Louisa.

"I am glad I met you," said Louisa. "I want you to come with me to look at a beautiful new plaything I have had given me."

So they went home together, and Louisa brought a long box, with a peeping-hole at one end of it, and asked her friend to look into it.

Mattie shouted, "Oh, how beautiful it is! I never saw anything so splendid."

Louisa turned a little wheel in the end of the box, and as she turned, pearls and emeralds and rubies and diamonds rolled about, forming an endless variety of stars, crosses, and circles, and elegant flowery patterns, all gorgeous with bright colors.

Mattie did not know how to express her delight. Every new pattern that came seemed handsomer than the others, and she shouted "Oh! oh!" continually. "I wish I could take them all out and string them," said she. "Would n't they make a splendid necklace? Where did you get it? and what do you call it?"

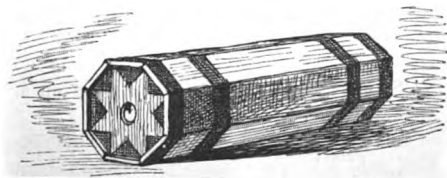
Louisa replied, "My aunt gave it to me. She said the name of it in Greek was kaleidoscope, and that it meant in English a beautiful sight."

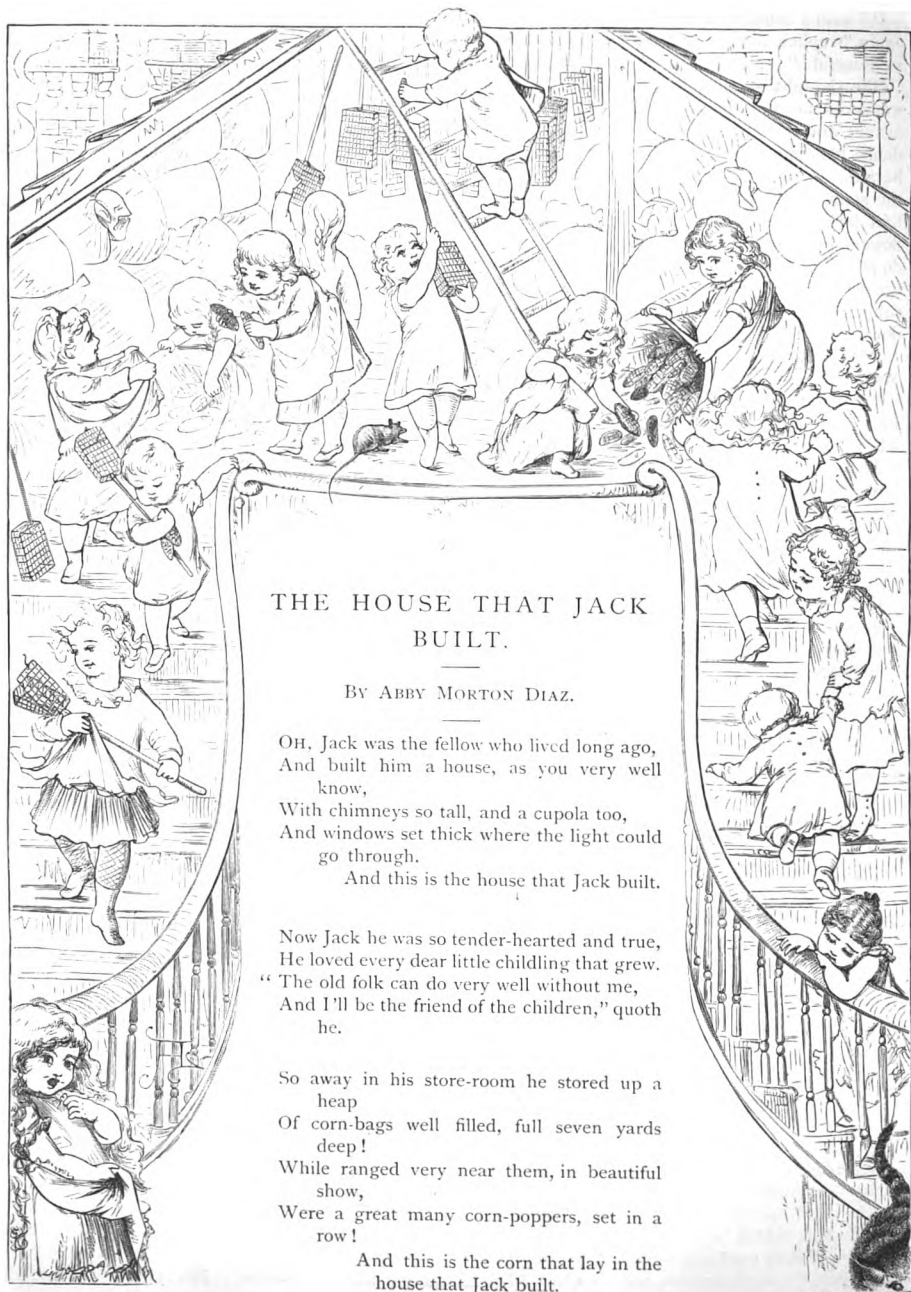
"I think it is a whole lot of beautiful sights," exclaimed Mattie. "Where *do* they all come from? What *makes* them come?"

All at once, they heard a whirring noise, as if a humming-bird was in the room, and Prisma lighted on the top of the kaleidoscope.

"Where do they come from?" she repeated. "They come from under the mullein-leaf. What *makes* them come? I make them come. I told you I could make something out of nothing. You may call it by a Greek name if you like, but it is my wonder-box. You said they were rubbish, and now you think they are pearls and emeralds and rubies, and want to wear them for a necklace. But you must be careful to keep them in my wonder-box, for if you take them out they will all look like rubbish again. That is the way with fairy things."

Again she spread her gauzy wings with a clicking sound, gave Mattie's ear a little tap as she passed, and flew away.





THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

OH, Jack was the fellow who lived long ago,
And built him a house, as you very well
know,

With chimneys so tall, and a cupola too,
And windows set thick where the light could
go through.

And this is the house that Jack built.

Now Jack he was so tender-hearted and true,
He loved every dear little chiddling that grew.
"The old folk can do very well without me,
And I'll be the friend of the children," quoth
he.

So away in his store-room he stored up a
heap
Of corn-bags well filled, full seven yards
deep!

While ranged very near them, in beautiful
show,
Were a great many corn-poppers, set in a
row!

And this is the corn that lay in the
house that Jack built.

And a blazing red fire was ever kept glowing,
By a great pair of bellows that ever kept blowing;
And there stood the children, the dear little souls,
A-shaking their corn-poppers over the coals.

Soon a motherly rat, seeking food for her young,
Came prying and peeping the corn-bags among.
"I'll take home a supply," said this kindest of mothers;
"My children like corn quite as well as those others."

And this is the rat, &c.

Just as Puss shuts her eyelids, oh! what does she hear?

"Bow-wow!" and "Bow-wow!" very close at her ear.

Now away up a pole all trembling she springs,
And there, on its top, all trembling she clings.
And this is the dog, &c.

Said Bose to himself, "What a great dog am I!
When my voice is heard, who dares to come nigh?"

Now I'll worry that cow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, if she
Should run up a pole, how funny 't would be!"



"A-SHAKING THEIR CORN-POPPERS OVER THE COALS."

Run quick, Mother Rat! Oh, if you but knew
How slyly old Tabby is watching for you!
She's creeping so softly—pray, pray do not wait!
She springs!—she has grabbed you!—ah, now
't is too late!

And this is the cat, &c.

Too late, yes too late! All your struggles are
vain;
You never will see those dear children again!
All sadly they sit in their desolate home,
Looking out for the mother that never will come.

When Pussy had finished, she said, with a smile,
"I think I will walk in the garden awhile,
And there take a nap in some sunshiny spot."
Bose laughed to himself as he said, "I think not!"

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Poor Bose! you will wish that you'd never been
born

When you bark at that cow with the crumpled
horn.

'Way you go, with a toss, high up in the air!
Do you like it, old Bose? Is it pleasant up there?
And this is the cow, &c.

Now when this old Molly, so famous in story,
Left Bose on the ground, all bereft of his glory,
She walked to the valley as fast as she could,
Where a dear little maid with a milking-pail
stood.

And this is the maiden, &c.

Alas! a maiden all forlorn was she,
Woful and sad, and piteous to see!

With weary step she walked, and many a sigh;
Her cheek was pale, a tear bedimmed her eye.
She sat her down, with melancholy air,



THE CAT THAT CAUGHT THE RAT.

Among the flowers that bloomed so sweetly
there;
And thus, with clasped hands, she made her
moan.
“Ah me!” she said. “Ah me! I’m all alone!
In all the world are none who care for me;
In all the world are none I care to see.
No one to me a kindly message brings;



THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

Nobody gives me any pretty things.
Nobody asks me am I sick, or well.
Nobody listens when I’ve aught to tell.

Kind words of love I’ve never, never known.
Ah me!” she said, “’t is sad to be alone!”
Now up jumps the man all tattered and torn,
And he says to the maiden, “Don’t sit there,
forlorn.

Behind this wild rose-bush I’ve heard all you
said,
And I’ll love and protect you, you dear little
maid!

For oft have I hid there, so bashful and shy,
And peeped through the roses to see you go
by;

I know every look of those features so fair,
I know every curl of your bright golden hair.
My garments are in bad condition, no doubt;
But the love that I give you shall never wear
out.

Now I’ll be the husband if you’ll be the wife,
And together we’ll live without trouble or strife.”
And this is the man, &c.



THE DOG THAT WAS TOSSED.

Thought the maid to herself, “Oh, what beautiful words!

Sweeter than music or singing of birds!
How pleasant ’t will be thus to live all my life
With this kind little man, without trouble or
strife!

If his clothes are all tattered and torn, why ’t is
plain

What he needs is a wife that can mend them
again.

And he brought them to such sorry plight, it
may be,

’Mong the thorns of the roses, while watching
for me!”

And when this wise maiden looked up in his
face,

She saw there a look full of sweetness and grace.
’T was a truth-telling face. “Yes, I’ll trust you,”
said she.



THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

"Ah, a kiss I must take, if you trust me!" quoth he;

"And since we're so happily both of a mind,
We'll set off together the priest for to find."

Now hand in hand along they pass,
Tripping it lightly over the grass,
By pleasant ways, through fields of flowers,
By shady lanes, through greenwood bowers.
The bright little leaves they dance in the breeze,
And the birds sing merrily up in the trees!
The maiden smiles as they onward go—
Forgotten now her longing and woe;
And the good little man he does care for her
so!

He cheers the way with his pleasant talk,
Finds the softest paths where her feet may walk,
Stays her to rest in the sheltered nook,
Guides her carefully over the brook,
Lifts her tenderly over the stile,
Speaking so cheerily all the while;

And plucks the prettiest wild flowers there,
To deck the curls of her golden hair.
Says the joyful maid, "Not a flower that grows
Is so fair for me as the sweet *wild rose*!"

Thus journeying on, by greenwood and dell,
They came, at last, where the priest did dwell,—
A jolly fat priest, as I have heard tell:
A jolly fat priest, all shaven and shorn,
With a long black cassock so jauntily worn.
And this is the priest, &c.

"Good morrow, Sir Priest! will you marry us
two?"

"That I will," said the priest, "if ye're both lovers
true!"

But when, little man, shall your wedding-day
be?"

"To-morrow, good priest, if you can agree,
At the sweet hour of sunrise, when the new
day

Is rosy and fresh in its morning array,



THE MAN ALL TATTERED AND TORN.

When flowers are awaking, and birds full of glee,
At the top of the morning our wedding shall be!
And since friends we have none, for this wedding
of ours

No guests shall there be, save the birds and the
flowers;

Next morning, while sleeping his sweetest sleep,
The priest was aroused from his slumbers deep
By the clarion voice of chanticleer,
Sudden and shrill, from the apple-tree near.

"Wake up! wake up!" it seemed to say;

"Wake up! wake up! there's a wedding to-day!"



"GOOD-MORROW, SIR PRIEST! WILL YOU MARRY US TWO?"

And we'll stand out among them, in sight of
them all,
Where the pink and white blooms of the apple-
tree fall."

"Od zooks!" cried the priest, "what a wedding
we'll see
To-morrow, at sun-rising, under the tree!"

And this was the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that
caught the rat, that ate the corn that lay in
the house that Jack built.

AUNT KITTY'S LITTLE SPINNERS.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

It was a long time ago that Dick and I planted the turnip-seed which came up silk-worms. We were staying at grandfather's, because mother was sick and we were in the way at home.

He had just been making his garden, and he gave us a spot in one corner of it, and told us we might have all the seeds that were left and sow them. So we took the paper bags and planted cucumbers, corn, cabbages, squashes, and everything together—enough, I suppose, for an acre. And still we had a little room left; so we went after more seeds, and found, on a shelf in the kitchen, two or three sheets of paper all covered with small slate-colored ones. Dick ran and asked Aunt Kitty if we might have "that turnip-seed."

"Yes, yes! Any of the seed! Run away now. Don't trouble me!"

And away we went. But they stuck to the paper, and as we were in a hurry to get done planting, and go fishing, we laid the sheets on the top of the ground and sprinkled a little soil over them, for we had heard grandfather say that small seeds must not be covered deep.

We were gone till about dark; and when we came home there were lights moving about the kitchen—a great search seemed to be going on. Grandpa and Aunt Kitty, and Kezia, the girl, had each a candle, and were hunting in corners and under chairs. When we opened the door, Aunt Kitty said: "Perhaps the children can tell."

"Children!" cried grandpa, severely, "have you been meddling with the silk-worms' eggs!"

Dick answered, "No!" and stood to it stoutly. But a thought came into my head, and I asked, "Were they on some papers on the shelf, grandpa? And were they stuck on? And did they look like seeds? Oh! oh! we planted them in our garden."

"What!" shouted he. "Those eggs, that I took so much pains to get! Planted them? Are Sarah's children idiots?"

We were frightened almost out of our senses, but we flew to our patch, and took up the papers carefully, and carried them to Aunt Kitty. And lo! our seeds had turned into hundreds of tiny black worms! The sun's heat had hatched them. The wind had blown off the grains of earth we had put on, and there they were, alive and well.

We were sent to bed in disgrace; but next morning Aunt Kitty was so good as to explain all about them. She said everybody was going into

the business of raising silk-worms, hoping to make their own silk. Grandpa had set out the mulberry trees the year before, and bought the eggs, which had been preserved all winter in a box in the cellar, where it was warm enough to keep them from freezing,—for that would spoil them,—but not warm enough to make them hatch. The right time was about the last of May, when the mulberry trees had leaved out. The worms lived on those leaves. Not out of doors, though, in this country; but the leaves must be picked and brought into the house; and the worms must be fed three or four times a day for a month or more, when they would leave off eating and spin their cocoons.

At this point we both cried, "Oh! Aunt Kitty, can't we? may n't we? Oh, may we feed them?"

Now, Aunt Kitty liked us; and she said she was sure we should do right, if we only knew.

Even grandpa, when he found the worms all right, said we were not to blame, and were *not* "idiots," but pretty good children, after all.

So it came about that we helped tend silk-worms; and in those next few weeks we saw all that anybody did about their doings.

Grandpa made some long tables in the upper hall; and over one-half we spread newspapers and put the worms on. They were not bigger then than the smallest ants. After that, everything went on like clock-work; and how fast they did grow! Dick and I picked the leaves—the tenderest ones at first. If it looked like rain, we brought in an extra quantity, and put them in the cellar, so that they might not wilt, because then the worms would not like them.

They must be kept clean, too. So every morning we spread fresh papers on the uncovered half of the table, and then sprinkled the mulberry-leaves over them; and no sooner had we done this, than all the worms would start from the soiled papers as fast as they could go, after their breakfast; and soon they would be on their leaves; and then we gathered up all the litter, and carried it off, and we never lost a worm.

They became real pets to us, and seemed to know us. They were very tame; and had some queer ways. The most curious thing was their changing their skins; they did this four times, growing dull and sleepy and half-sick for a little while, till they had worked their way out of their old skins, when they would appear as good as new,

and begin eating with all their might. They started *black*; but after the fourth shedding of their skins, came out a pale yellow. And now they became more and more interesting. We used to bring in twigs of mulberry, and watch them go

the bush; and before long we found that he had fastened some fuzzy, shining stuff, like the finest fibers of split sewing-silk, all around him.

This, Aunt Kitty said, was *floss*; and all silk-worms made it in their own countries (where they lived on trees), to keep out the rain; and those which were cared for in houses were not wise enough, with all their wisdom, to see that *they* did not need to do so.

After this was fixed, he would begin on his cocoon; and if nothing hindered him, he would never stop until it was done; and never break the thread—carrying the same one back and forth, up and down, hour after hour, for three or four days; and when it was all spun out of his little body, there would perhaps be a thousand feet of it of *double* thread, for he always has two strands to it, finer than the finest hair.

He began on the outside; so for a few hours we could watch him; and it did not trouble him in the least. At first, he was altogether in sight; but pretty soon there was

a screen, like yellow gauze, through which we could see his head moving with as much regularity as machinery; and by and by the web grew so thick that we could not make him out at all.

The outermost was the "*floss*;" next came the "*fine silk*," and inside of all was a lining of what was called "*glued silk*," as hard and firm as a skin, which finished his tight little chamber, the most beautiful and perfect that could be. After it was all done, and he had spun his last fiber, it was as pretty in shape as a bird's egg. Then he shed his skin again and went to sleep, as a *chrysalis*. But he did not intend to stay there. He had made one end of his cocoon—the pointed one—thinner than the other; and if he was let alone, in a few weeks he would wake up and gnaw his way out, and appear in the world as a brown moth.

But that was just what Aunt Kitty and the silk-makers did not wish him to do. There would be an ugly hole in the cocoon if he did so, and the



THE CHILDREN SPRINKLE A LITTLE SOIL OVER THE SILK-WORM EGGS.

hurrying to begin on a leaf; they would cut down on one edge, cutting out a beautiful scallop, notched as neatly as a little saw; and all eating together, they made a humming sound which could be heard all over the room.

Now was the time, Aunt Kitty told us, to watch sharp and see them begin their cocoons. They were now about three inches long; and instead of growing, they seemed to shrink a little, and became so nearly transparent that you could almost see through them. When one refused to eat, and went rambling about in an uncertain way, as if he was hunting for something, we knew he was ready to spin. So we laid little bushes down, and pretty soon he would climb up, find a place that suited him, fix his hind feet firm, and begin to stretch his head back and forth and every way, as far as he could reach. And where he had touched, we could see a little yellowish film, bright as spun gold, and not heavier than a spider's thread, on

threads of silk would be cut; so the poor worm that had spun such beautiful stuff for us must be killed.

We went up with her, after they were all done spinning, and there were the bushes full of the lovely, lemon-colored cocoons, larger than robins' eggs. We picked them off, pulled away all the floss, and then she put them in a warm oven, and kept them there long enough to destroy the little life inside.

The next thing was to get the silk off into such shape that it could be used. And one day, just before we went home, Aunt Kitty brought down a basketful of the cocoons and put some of them in a kettle of warm water. The next thing she did was to reach in a little whisk broom and catch the ends, which the water had loosened. At first a good deal of fuzzy, flossy stuff came off; but after a while she found the right end, and then, pulling gently at it, it unwound, just as the worm had spun it; and she put the threads from six or eight cocoons together, and wound them very carefully on a reel.

Afterward, she twisted all these doubled threads on the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and had some nice skeins of sewing-silk, which she dyed blue and black, and other colors. And the floss, and all the waste ends, she carded, and spun it on

grandmother's little linen wheel, and knit herself a pair of silk stockings from it.

But Aunt Kitty told us that where they made silk they had very different machinery from hers; and after we grew older we found out more about it. After it is unwound from the cocoons and made up into skeins, or "hanks," as they are called, it is sent to the manufacturer to be woven on looms. It is known as "raw silk," because it has not been dyed or cleansed, but is just as the silk-worm made it.

Once, our silk goods all came from other countries—France, China, and those regions where the silk-worm and the mulberry trees are more at home than they are here; but now great quantities of the raw silk are sent to America, and are woven here; and some of the most elegant silk goods are made here, as fine and lustrous as a queen could ask for.

After that summer they kept no worms at grandpa's. It was too much trouble. Besides, the mulberry-trees died—it was so cold there in the winter. Aunt Kitty did not wind all the cocoons, and the last time I was there I found some of them on a high shelf in the hall-closet; and that is how I came to think of writing about the little spinners.

LOVE'S JESTING.

(An Incident in Mozart's Childhood.)

"His disposition was characterized by an extreme sensibility and tenderness, inasmuch that he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him, and if they jestingly answered in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears."—*Holmes's Life of Mozart, chap. 1.*

BY H. E. SCUDDER.

It is a little child
That sits upon my knee—
A little child so wild,
So running o'er w' glee.

He lays his chubby hand
Upon my hairy cheek;
His chubby hand—dear wand,
That makes my will so weak.

"Do you love me?" he says,
His soft blue eyes to mine.
"Love me!" he says—sweet ways,
Pure eyes! too soft to shine.

"Love you! Oh no!" I laugh,
And bite his little hand;
"Oh no!" I laugh, and half
Look cold and sternly grand.

Down roll large bitter tears;
He sobs with breaking heart.
Large bitter tears: such fears
My jesting words impart.

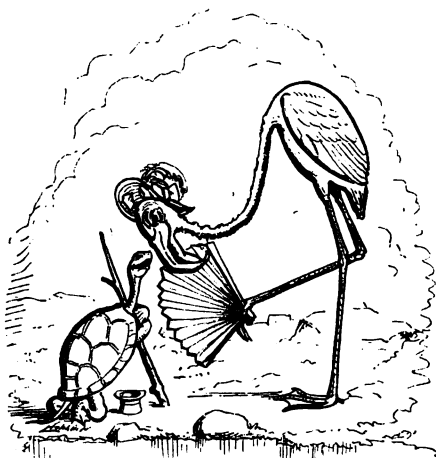
I soothe the foolish child
With tender, loving words.
The foolish child!—he smiled
And fled to chase the birds.

SONG OF THE TURTLE AND FLAMINGO.

(Written for BOVLY BUMPS and WILLY BO LEE.)

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

A LIVELY young turtle lived down by the banks
Of a dark-rolling stream called the Jingo,



THE LOVERS.

And one summer day, as he went out to play,
Fell in love with a charming flamingo—
An enormously genteel flamingo!
An expansively crimson flamingo!
A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!

Spake the turtle in tones like a delicate wheeze:
"To the water I've oft seen you in go,
And your form has impressed itself deep on my
shell,

You perfectly modeled flamingo!
You uncommonly brilliant flamingo!
You tremendously 'A one' flamingo!
You inex-pres-si-ble flamingo!

"To be sure I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,
And *my* language is not your fine lingo;
But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright
flame,
You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!
You blazingly beauteous flamingo!
You turtle-absorbing flamingo!
You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"

Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever
before,

And that was quite un-nec-ces-sa-ry,
And she stood on one leg and looked out of one
eye,

The position of things for to vary,—
This aquatical, musing flamingo!
This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!
This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!

Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:

"Why your passion toward *me* do you hurtle?
I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,

And you're an illogical turtle,—
A waddling, impossible turtle!
A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!
A highly improbable turtle!"



THE FATE OF THE TURTLE.

Then the turtle sneaked off with his nose to the ground,

And never more looked at the lasses;
And falling asleep, while indulging his grief,
Was gobbled up whole by Agassiz,—
The peripatetic Agassiz!
The turtle-dissecting Agassiz!
The illustrious, industrious Agassiz!

Go with me to Cambridge some cool, pleasant day,

And the skeleton-lover I'll show you;
He's in a hard case, but he'll look in your face,
Pretending (the rogue!) he don't know you!
Oh, the deeply deceptive young turtle!
The double-faced, glassy-cased turtle!
The *green*, but a very *mock*-turtle!

SAM'S FOUR BITS.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

DOUBTLESS all of you enjoyed Christmas, but I question whether there was another boy in the United States who was as happy as Sam, on the twenty-fifth of last December.

Sam is seven years old, and as bright a little darkey as ever "toted" a bucket of water on his head, or whisked a fly-brush over a dinner-table. His mother cooks for "Mahs'r George," and Sam, consequently, is always to be found about the "big house." Indeed, Sam comes from an aristocratic family. For generations his "people" have been house servants, without a field hand among them, and have never resided in the "quarters." Sam is quite a pet with every one. He is useful, too, as well as ornamental. He feeds the chickens with a grace that is all his own, and every evening at sunset his voice can be heard for at least a mile, calling up the pigs: "Pig-oo-oo-oo-ee!"

On Christmas Eve, Sam hung up his stocking by the dining-room chimney, looked up the flue to see "if dar was anyt'ing in dar to stop Santa Claus from comin' down," and then trotted away to the kitchen garret to bed. Whether he dreamed of Santa Claus, and, if so, how his imagination pictured the little Dutch saint, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain, he got up unusually early the next morning. The day had scarcely begun to break, when Sam's father, Uncle Henry, and old Aunt Phillis, his mother, were aroused by a shout of "Chris'mus gif', pappy! Chris'mus gif', mammy! Chris'mus gif'! I done cotch you bofe!" Then Sam hurried on his clothes, and hastened over to the house to examine his stocking.

There it was, just as he had left it, except that it was full instead of empty. Full of what?

"Lord-ee! what a big awinge! What's dis? 'nudder awinge, I 'spec—no, dis yer's an apple. Who! jes' *look* at the candy! What else in dar?" Sam thought that was all; but he took the stock-

ing by the toe and shook it, and out dropped a silver coin.

"Money! Wonder how much dis is? 'Bout 'lebenteen dollars, may be—I's gwine to ax mammy."

So Sam ran to show his father and mother what Santa Claus had brought him.

"Fo' bits in silber!" said Aunt Phillis. "Bress my soul! I aint seed no silber befo' since reb times! Gimme dat money, Sam, an' let me put it away in the big chist."

Now this did n't suit Sam at all. He had seen a great many things go into "de big chist" that never came out again, and he was by no means disposed to let his shining "four-bit-piece" meet with such a destiny. "No, mammy," said he; "please jus' let me keep it. I aint gwine to lose it. 'Sides dat chist sets right up by de chimney; an' ol' Santy might come down an' open it, an' take his money out ag'in."

"Let de chile hab de money, Phillis," said Uncle Henry; ef he loses it, 't aint much, an' it'll learn him to be keerful. Let him keep it."

So Sam kept his money. Baron Rothschild never felt as rich as he did. He would sit about in corners, talking to himself and looking at his "four bits." If he went across the yard he would stop every few steps to feel in his pocket, and see if it was still there. Indeed, never before did fifty cents seem so important to any one since the time when

"David and Goliath went out fur to fight,
Fur nuffin' but a silber half-a-dollar—
David up wid a brick, and hit Goliath such a lick,
Dat de people over Jordan heerd him holler."

Sam enjoyed his "awinge," his apple, his "puck-awns," and his candy; but the charms of all these—and they had many—paled before the brightness of the silver. He was never tired of examining it.

He wondered whether the bird on one side was a hawk, or a buzzard, or a turkey. He tried to count the notches on the rim, but, as he did n't know what came after five, he was obliged to give up the attempt in despair.

When dinner-time came, Aunt Phillis made Sam a little cake, and she pressed the coin down on the dough so as to leave a very beautiful impression. The cake was baked, and although the mark of the half-dollar became much distorted in the cooking, still, if you looked very hard, you could see what it had been. Sam thought it a wonderful work of art. He carried it off to the back gallery steps, and sat down and ate it; beginning at the edges, and eating up to the mark, until he had a round piece just the size of the coin, with the impression on one side. Then he played with that a while, and finished by eating it, also.

Time now hung heavy on Sam's hands. He began to think, or "study," as he would have expressed it, about what to do next.

What he did next was to lay his "four bits" down on the ground near the steps, and then walk off around the corner of the house. Directly he came back, walking slowly, and looking about as if he had lost something. He kicked among the grass with his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand, and appeared to be very anxious.

"Lemme see," said he, "I come 'long dis way yestiddy, an' I reckon I los' dat money somewhar 'bout dis place. I mus' done dropped it out my pocket. Wonder if anybody picked it up. Lawsy! I done found it. Right under my eyes! Ef it had a been a snake it would ha' bit me. I nebber seed de like sence ol' Hecky was a pup!" So saying, he picked up the money with great demonstrations of joy. Then he laid it down in another place, and marched off as before.

This time, however, the play turned out differently. There was a venerable Shanghai rooster that stayed in the yard that everybody called "Old Jack." He was very old and very cross, and he and Sam were deadly enemies. Many a fight had they had, and, although Sam generally got the best of it, Old Jack used to give him a great deal of trouble.

Now, just as Sam went around one corner of the house, Old Jack stalked around the other, closely examining the ground, in quest of a beetle or a worm, or some other agreeable delicacy of that sort. The bright piece of silver attracted his eye, and he advanced toward it. He had not yet determined whether or not it was good to eat, and was about to begin a closer examination, when back came the owner. At sight of his foe, Old Jack seized the coin and ran, intending to carry it off and inspect it at his leisure.

Sam set up a tremendous yell, and gave chase. Old Jack ran first in one direction and then in another; but finding himself closely pursued, he took refuge beneath the smoke-house. This building, like nearly all houses at the South, was raised from the ground on small pillars about a foot high, and Old Jack had gone under it, with Sam's money. He dropped it on the ground and crowed loudly, "adding insult to injury."

Sam had begun to cry, but that triumphant crow changed the current of his thoughts. He resolved upon measures of war.

Arming himself with corn-cobs, he began a vigorous fire upon the enemy. Old Jack, however, did not appear to mind it much. It is hard to throw corn-cobs under a house with any degree of force or precision. Sam discharged all he could find, but in vain. Then he sat down and scratched his head.

"I's gwine to git dat money, somehow," said he; "I's jes' got to hab it, shore, and dare's no use talkin' 'bout it. Ol' Jack's got to git out from under dar; you heered me! I aint a-foolin' now."

So Sam got down on the ground and began crawling under the smoke-house.

Whether Old Jack dreaded a combat in such close quarters, or whether he had fully satisfied himself that the half-dollar was too hard to be digestible, or whether he was influenced by both considerations, is unknown; but when he saw Sam, he rushed out from his retreat, leaving the silver piece behind him. But Sam was too quick for him. He grasped Old Jack by the leg, and scooped up his coin with the other hand.

"Dar! dat's business. Dis ol' rooster 'zarves to hab his neck broke. I'll fix him, 'fore long," said Sam, as he ran toward the house with Old Jack in his hands. But suddenly changing his mind, he dropped the rooster and pulled his half-dollar from his pocket.

The money had got rather dirty under the house. So had Sam; but then he was dirty already, so it did n't make any difference. The "four bits," however, must be cleaned right away, thought Sam; so he went off to the kitchen to wash it. Before he got there, however, he stopped and seemed to consider. A splendid idea had occurred to him. He had seen his mother use an egg to clarify the coffee every morning, and the thought came up to him, if an egg would clear coffee of those black, muddy grounds, would it not be just the thing to brighten up his "four bits?" It was worth trying, anyway, he thought.

"Dar's dat little Dominica hen a-cacklin' now," said Sam, "she's jes' done laid. Wonder if I kin git the egg out de nes' 'dout mammy seein' me?" He peeped into the kitchen. There was Aunt

Phillis, fast asleep in front of the fire. Then he went and got the egg. He carried it around back of the house and sat down, and, having broken in one end of the shell, he poured the contents over his piece of money.

"I'll let it stay on dar a little while," thought he, "so 's to let it git right clean."

In the meantime he went into the kitchen and got a gourdful of water out of the "piggin," which he carried out with him. Thinking that it was now fully time, he proceeded to wash the egg

"only jes' put some egg on it to clean off de dirt, sah, and now it's done got as black as I is!"

"Put egg on it?"

"Yes, sah. I seed mammy clarin' de trash out ob de coffee wid egg."

Sam considered the loud laughter which followed as a deep personal insult; but he forgave Master George, for he cleaned his "four bits" for him. When he received it it was wet, and Sam ran out to the kitchen to dry it. He laid it on a chip close to the fire, and sat down to watch it, singing to himself, not loud enough to disturb his mammy, a verse of the only song he knew:

"When I jumped ober de mantel-piece,—
Shiloh!

I greased my heels wid candle-grease,—
Wake 'em up, Shiloh!"

"Jes' look," said Sam, when he had finished his song, "dar's dat nice little fo' bits a-layin' in front o' de fire a-winkin' at de ashes, jes' as happy as a terrapin when you pours col' water ober him. Wonder if it knows it's Chris'mus? Chris'mus is de bes' time dey is. Dey ought to hab it wunst a week, instid ob Sunday. What's de reason water-millions neber is ripe Chris'mus? Hey! de chip's on fire!"

Sam seized his money; it was hot, and old Aunt Phillis, who had been enjoying a heavenly vision

of a fat 'possum, baked with sweet potatoes, awoke with a great start at her son's cry of anguish.

"You Sam! what you doin', sah?"

"Oh, ma-a-mmy! Dat nasty fo' bits!"

"What's de matter wid it?" asked Aunt Phillis, and she stooped and picked it up. Then there was another howl of wrath and agony—a slap—an explanation.

To relate what immediately followed would be too painful. We will only say that after a few minutes the wretched infant issued hastily from the door, with tears in his eyes, and his "four bits" (which had now got cool) in his hand.

Melancholy could not last long with Sam. "The fountain of his tears," was like one of those springs



"HE RAN TOWARD THE HOUSE WITH OLD JACK IN HIS HANDS."

off. What was his horror and amazement to find that his precious "four bits" had turned black!

Sam looked at it wofully. He tried to wash the stain off, but he could n't. What was to be done? He was afraid to ask his mammy, because she would certainly whip him. He concluded to go to Mahs'r George.

That gentleman was enjoying a pipe and a newspaper, when Sam rushed in crying: "Oh, Mahs'r George, Mahs'r George, my silber done turned into one ol' piece ob iron, sah!"

"Why, how's this, Sam?" said Mahs'r George, looking at the coin, "what have you been doing to it?"

"I aint done nuffin' to it, sah," replied Sam,

that never run except immediately after a rain; so, within a few minutes, he forgot his troubles.

There was a well in the yard which was one of Sam's favorite places of resort. The low wooden box that covered it made an excellent seat, and it was delightfully exciting to drop a "rock" down into the water, and hear the splash it made. Sam liked the place, and he went there with his half-dollar and set down. He laid the silver down by his side, and regarded it with all the airs of a capitalist.

"I aint made up my mind yit," said Sam, "what I's gwine to get wid dis money. Let's see. Shall I buy a mule like pappy's? I dunno. I wants some sardines, an' a shot-gun, an' free or fo' hogs, an' a Spanish harp, an' seberal odder t'ings. May be fo' bits wont git 'em all. How much is fo' bits? I knows what curb-bits an' snaffle-bits fur hosses is, but I nebber heered 'bout fo' bits. Well, lemme see. Nix' time pappy goes to town wid the wagon, I'se gwine to ax him kin I go 'long; den I kin look in all de stores an' see what I wants. Dar! I knows! Mahs'r George he pays me for pickin' blackberries,—I'll git a bucket. Las' time, he paid

me in candy; I'll ax him to pay me money nex' time, and den I'll get a whole heap of fo' bites, an' buy more buckets, an' git dem niggers in de quarters to pick for me, an' pay 'em half what dey makes, an' den —"

Here the youthful Alnaschar jerked up his foot in ecstasy, and it struck the half-dollar. The soliloquy came to an abrupt end, for the "four bits" had gone down the well! A broad crack in one of the boards, just where it ought n't to have been, had received the unlucky coin, and Sam heard it when it struck the water below. Here was a death-blow to the bucket and blackberry scheme of fortune! Sam would have turned pale, if he could.

"Well, now, aint dat de mischief?" said he, looking over into the well. There was no use in looking, however; the money was gone "for good." So Sam straightened himself up, drew a long breath, and went off to find Old Jack, saying to himself:

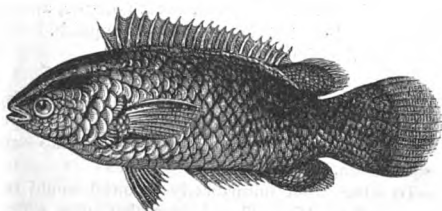
"I don't keer. What's de diff'rence? De ol' fo' bits was more trouble dan it was wuff, no-how!"

SOME FISH THAT WALK.

By J. Z. S.

"WHEN the fish come ashore what luck we'll have!" So the boys used to say when I was a boy and the fishes would n't bite. But then, we did n't live in India, where the fishes—one kind of them at least—do come ashore very often.

They are curious little fellows, those traveling



A FISH THAT WALKS.

fishes,—about six inches long when full grown, and shaped like a perch.

They have the fortune, or misfortune, to live in a country where the swamps and ponds frequently

dry up in hot weather. Then the little fishes have to travel or die. So they travel.

Usually they do not wait till the last moment, when the pool is dry, but take time by the forelock; and, choosing a dewy evening or early morning, set out in search for better quarters, in a deeper pool or running stream. At such times the damp grass will be full of them, thousands of finny wanderers running 'the gauntlet of pelicans and other devouring foes, often seeking water in a thirsty land where no water is. Travelers have encountered them toiling along a dusty road, even in the broiling heat of a tropic noon!

"Impossible!" do you say? "Fishes breathe water and cannot live in air."

Hardly. Fishes breathe air *in* water, and will die in water without air as quickly as in air without water. Only keep their gills wet, and most fish will get on very well in air. If their gills are allowed to become dry the fishes smother, as the purifying air is unable to act upon their blood through gills not moistened.

Happily for these traveling fishes, they have snugly stowed away in each cheek a sort of sponge which holds water enough to keep their gills moist for several days; consequently they are able to live that long out of their natural element.

The Hindoo fishermen take advantage of this faculty, and send the fish—which are plentiful in

But this is not the only peculiarity about these fish. They not only go ashore on occasions, but they,—I'm afraid you can hardly believe me,—they *climb trees*!

What they want to climb trees for I confess I can't imagine, unless it is to take a good look at the surrounding country, to note the bearings of



THE WALKING-FISH MEET AN ENEMY.

the Ganges—as many as a hundred and fifty miles, to the Calcutta market, alive.

It is a common practice, too, for the boatmen to lay in a stock of fish for their voyage, packing them in earthen pots without water, using daily what they want for food, and finding them, five or six days after packing, as lively as when first caught.

the nearest sands against a time of drought. That they do climb trees, however, is attested by many observers of unquestioned truthfulness. In some parts of India the natives call them Tranquebar, which means *tree-climbers*; and their scientific name (*Anabas scandens*) tells the same story.

On the opposite page you will see a picture of one of these fish, about half the natural size.

SOME FUNNY SUMMER VERSES.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



THE MOUSE.

I'M only a poor little mouse, ma'am !
 I live in the wall of your house, ma'am !
 With a fragment of cheese, and a *very* few peas,
 I was having a little carouse, ma'am !

No mischief at all I intend, ma'am !
 I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am !
 If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,
 And the trouble would be without end, ma'am !

My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am !
 She's waiting for me to come back, ma'am !
 She hoped I might find a bit of a rind,
 For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am !

'T is hard living there in the wall, ma'am !
 For plaster and mortar will pall, ma'am,
 On the minds of the young, and when specially hung-
 Ry, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am !

I never was given to strife, ma'am !
 (*Don't* look at that terrible knife, ma'am !)
 The noise overhead that disturbs you in bed,
 'T is the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am !

In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am !
 Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am !
 I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,
 Oh, I'll NEVER come back any more, ma'am !

THE PUMP AND THE STAR.

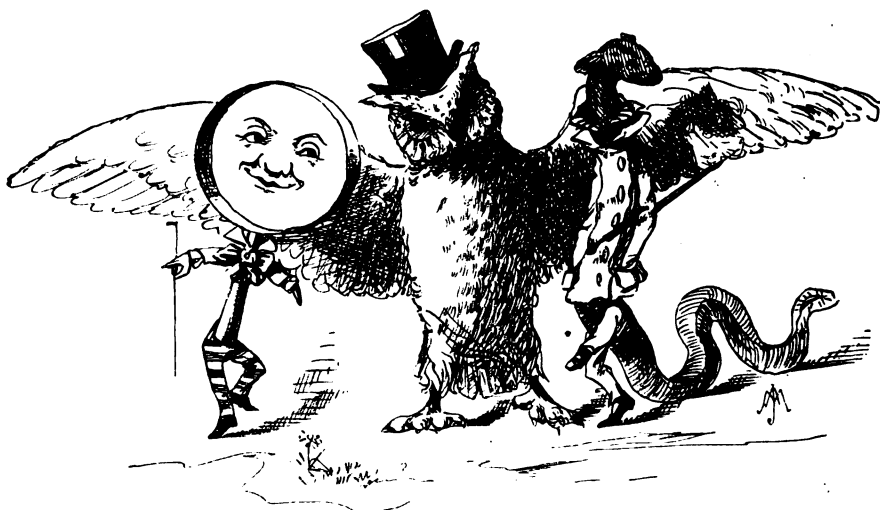
WITH a hop, skip and jump,
We went to the pump,
To fill our kettles with starch ;
He bade us good-day
In the pleasantest way,
With a smile that was winning and arch.



"O Pump!" said I,
"When you look up on high,
To gaze on the morning star,

Does it make you sad,
Oh, Pumpy, my lad,
To think she's away so far?"

Said the Pump, "Oh, no,
For we've settled it so
That but little my feelings are tried;
For every clear night
She slides down the moonlight,
And shines in the trough by my side."



THE OWL, THE EEL AND THE WARMING-PAN.

THE owl and the eel and the warming-pan,
They went to call on the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man, he was not within;
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin;
So they all came back by the way of the town,
And turned the meeting-house upside down.

PUNKYDOODLE AND JOLLAPIN.

OH, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the Emperor take his tea?
He takes it with melons, he takes it with milk,
He takes it with syrup and sassafras silk.
He takes it without, he takes it within;
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the Cardinal take his tea?
 He takes it in Latin, he takes it in Greek,
 He takes it just seventy times a week.
 He takes it so strong that it makes him grin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!



Oh, Pillykin, Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the Admiral take his tea?
 He takes it with splices, he takes it with spars,
 He takes it with jokers and jolly jack-tars:
 And he stirs it round with a dolphin's fin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the President take his tea?
 He takes it in bed, he takes it in school,
 He takes it in Congress against the rule.
 He takes it with brandy, and thinks it no sin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

BRAVE TIM, THE CENTENNIAL CAT.

BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE lived in the village of Pleasant-town an interesting family of cats. Their names were Tab, Tim, and Puss. Tab, the mother, died, and left Tim

and Puss to seek their own living. They first wandered down to the edge of the woods, where there was a pretty little brook. The cats sat down by the edge of the water and watched the shining perch glide swiftly by. They wished very much that they could catch some of them, for they were very hungry. Finding their wishes were vain, they hid in a corner, and both fell asleep.

Not far from the woods a circus-tent had been pitched. The music, the beating of drums, and the general noise, woke up the kittens in a fright.

Puss began to mew sadly ; but Tim, who was brave and daring, started for the circus grounds, followed by timid Puss.

At length they found a good hiding-place among some loose boards, close



TIM AND PUSS WATCH THE FISHES.

to the great balloon that lay swelling and puffing upon the ground. Tim was in delight, for close by he spied some pieces of the men's dinners, and soon he and Puss made a good meal. Puss then stretched herself upon some dried leaves, to watch the people; while Tim scampered among the boards, and cut up all the capers he could think of.

Now the fun began! The great balloon was filling, and the air rang with shouts. No one noticed Tim, who had lost all fear, and was even climbing ropes and darting like lightning all around.

"There! she's going!" bellowed the boys, as the balloon was ready to begin her voyage.

Tim, not knowing his danger, had given a spring and was holding tightly to the rope which hung from the basket. Suddenly, the air-ship shot upward, with Tim—luckless Tim!—clutching the sway-rope.

"Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah!!"

"Look! look!" roared men and boys. "See the cat dangling!—ha! ha! ha!" They all expected to see Tim tumbling down among them, but in this they were mistaken. Tim was brave still. He did not let go his hold.



TIM CLINGS TO THE ROPE.

"This is seeing the world!" he thought as he was whirled through the air.

Now he heard a voice. It said: "You brave scamp, I'll haul you in!" Tim's heart beat wildly as he felt a hand lifting him into the basket, and heard the same voice say: "Poor fellow! you are safe now."

Tim curled himself in a corner to listen, and to wonder where in the big world he would land, and if he would ever see Puss again.

"Never mind," he thought; "Puss is pretty and gentle, and will be sure to find friends. I mean to see the world."

The balloon sailed gayly on, and Tim more than once caught the word "Centennial." "What does it mean?" he thought, pricking his ears.

Tim caught the word "Centennial" again. The friendly voice he had first heard began. It said:

"We will drop down a little, and sail right over the show."

They were just in time. The bright sun shone down upon a glorious scene. Palaces, grand and high, looked upward; statues and fountains, flowers and beautiful shrubs, high trees, and winding paths lay below, and thousands and thousands of people thronged in and about all the buildings.

"Oh, the world!" again thought Tim, as he stretched his neck over the basket. "And this is the 'Centennial,' too! Oh, oh! how nice!"

"Honor to the brave!" Tim heard these words. He opened his eyes, and saw that the beautiful moon was shining over the river, upon the ships, and falling like a crown upon the tops of the Jersey pines.

"We shall come down in a very good place," said Tim's friend, after a while, "and I'll take charge of the little fellow. He's too courageous a scamp to turn adrift here."

Tim's heart grew big with gratitude, and he purred so loud that his friend caressed him tenderly, saying: "You shall have a soft place upon the parlor rug, and be the children's plaything."

"Not I," thought Tim; "that would suit Puss. I'm too brave a cat to waste life so. It's the world for me,—the great, wonderful world that I want to see! But I won't forget my friend, nor Puss. Poor Puss!"

That morning he was taken to his new home. Tim thought his master's house very fine. The carpets were soft and rich; the children pretty and kind. But as he stretched himself up before the parlor glass, he said:

"Mew, mew, mew! The big world for me!"

Full of his fancies, Tim curled himself up in a warm, sunny spot, just to settle his plans, for the children had gone out to the "Centennial."

"I'll hear all I can to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I'll go to the Centennial."

Tim entertained the family that evening with all his antics, as payment for their kindness, because he expected to leave them next day.

Accordingly, when daylight peeped in at the windows, Tim was all ready—up and dressed! Dressed? Yes, the cunning fellow had borrowed a pair

of the baby's boots, which were of a lovely pink; a large paper collar from his master; and some red, white, and blue ribbons from the little girls.

Off the fellow proudly strutted, reaching the Centennial grounds in good time. Little did he care for the smiles of proud ladies, the laughter of saucy children, or the many foreign fingers that were pointed at him; while, in tongues unknown to him, they asked, "What is it?"

"They take me for a mighty prince perhaps!" chuckled Tim, with a wink of his eye. "I look so very foreign!"

He pricked up his ears and rushed into the throng of curiosity seekers, still bent upon seeing all he could of the gay world.

Now I assure you, dear children, that among all the wonderful curiosities in the Mammoth Show of 1876, there is none more wonderful than "Brave Tim, our Centennial Cat"—if you only can find him.

F. W. S.



TIM AT THE CENTENNIAL.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY MIDSUMMER to you, my hearers, and a grand good time all through the school vacation! And now I'll tell you

HOW TO GET COOL.

WHEN the thermometer stands at 90 deg., my warm young friends, don't fume, nor fuss, nor fan yourselves into a blaze. No. Sit down in some quiet place and think *only of cool things*. Think of snow; think of ice: think of cold water trickling down your back. Think of holding a live eel in each hand. Imagine yourself under an icy shower-bath, or sitting at night-fall on top of an iceberg; then try to shiver. Do all this without once stirring from your position and you'll get cool, or my name's not Jack.

BATH OF AN ICEBERG.

LET us see if I can tell it to you as vividly as the fish-hawk seemed to tell it to me:—Imagine a great sea with waters black from the intense cold, but flecked all over with snow-white wave crests. There is land in sight, but not a tree, not a green field, only cold land, dazzling and glittering with glaciers and snow-peaks. On the water are floating, swiftly and silently, great icebergs that look like gleaming marble palaces which some unseen spirit has set in motion.

All at once one great berg, the largest and most beautiful of all, begins to move uneasily,—to waver as if looking about to see if it is observed. Then suddenly, with swift and graceful majesty, it plunges its high crowned head beneath the waves. There is a moment's struggle, the sea swells and tosses; then out of its bath, presenting a new and even more beautiful front than before, comes the glittering berg, calm and mighty still, to float on its southward way.

INFANTS IN SHILLING PACKETS.

HERE'S an advertisement that the Deacon cut out of an English newspaper (I'll be obliged to the editors if they'll kindly print an exact copy):

D. R. RIDGE'S FOOD.—When you ask for Dr. Ridge's Patent Food for Infants in Shilling Packets, see that you get it, and Beware of Imitations.

Infants must be pretty cheap on the other side of the ocean. Cheaper than chromos.

BIRDS THAT LIVE BY STEALING.

I COULD scarcely believe it true that any birds could live by stealing. But the wild duck tells me that in the Arctic regions there is a sort of gull, called by the sailors the burgomaster-gull, that gets its living in the meanest possible way. It actually steals nearly all of its food from honest birds such as the douckies, eider-ducks, and ivory-gulls. Worse than this, it steals from the eider-ducks even its eggs. The wicked creature!

My hope is that when you study the habits of our burgomaster-gull you may be able to explain this ugly business in some way—appearances may be against him.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S REASONS FOR RECOMMENDING THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS IN WAR.

DEACON GREEN lately went to Philadelphia, and on his return he brought a present for the Little Schoolma'am. What do you think it was? Why, a very small blue book, published in New York over fifty years ago, called: "*The Life and Essays of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself.*" One of the essays is a letter to Major Gen. Lee, and in it Mr. Franklin says some things that will interest you in this Centennial year. Deacon Green read it aloud to the Little Schoolma'am out under the willow tree, and you shall hear it too—or, at least, some extracts from it. You must remember that B. F. alludes to the fire-arms of 1776:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11, 1776.

DEAR SIR:—They still talk big in England, and threaten hard; but their language is somewhat civiler, at least not quite so disrespectful to us. By degrees they come to their senses, but too late, I fancy, for their interest.

We have got a large quantity of saltpetre, one hundred and twenty ton, and thirty more expected. Powder mills are now wanting: I believe we must set to work and make it by hand. But I still wish, with you, that pikes could be introduced, and I would add bows and arrows: these were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside:

1. Because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket.
2. He can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet.
3. His object is not taken from his view by the smoke of his own side.
4. A flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemy's attention to his business.
5. An arrow sticking in any part of a man, puts him *hors du combat* till it is extracted.
6. Bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition.

B. F. then quotes a Latin account of a battle, in King Edward the Third's reign, and adds:

If so much execution was done by arrows when men wore some defensive armour, how much more might be done now that it is out of use!

I am glad you are come to New York, but I also wish you could be in Canada. There is a kind of suspense in men's minds here at present, waiting to see what terms will be offered from England. I expect none that we can accept; and when that is generally seen, we shall be more unanimous and more decisive: then your proposed solemn league and covenant will go better down, and perhaps most of our other strong measures be adopted.

I am always glad to hear from you, but I do not deserve your favours, being so bad a correspondent. My eyes will now hardly serve me to write by night, and these short days have been all taken up by such variety of business that I seldom can sit down ten minutes without interruption. God give you success!

I am, with the greatest esteem, yours affectionately,
B. FRANKLIN.



A PICTURE FROM THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

DEAR JACK:—Will you please send this picture to our boys and girls with my compliments, and ask them to tell me the lad's name; when and where he was born; and for what he became celebrated? You see him here trying certain experiments with phosphorus, so you may know he was scientifically inclined, even in his youth. He died at Geneva, nearly fifty years ago. He wrote verses when only nine years old, and out of the letters of his name the following words can be made: Dame, Ham, Red, Mad, Up, Vamp, Dray, Pray, Pad, Rave, Damp, Yam, Hay.—Yours truly,

"LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

"OH, Jack," writes a correspondent from Aiken, South Carolina, "I've a bit of news for you. A lady here made forty glasses of orange marmalade, and placed them in her garret to dry off. Then she went down-stairs, feeling that, having done a virtuous action, she should surely have her reward. When next she went into that garret, she found the floor covered with dead bees. What could it mean? Like Cassim, or somebody in the Arabian Nights, she hastened to her precious forty jars, and, to use her own words, 'My goodness sakes! if those bees had n't been and gone and sucked all the juice out of that marmalade, and left it dryer'n chips!' Out of forty jars, only fifteen were good for anything. The bees—who, by the way, belonged to a neighbor's hive—had been having a glorious time, but had died from too much enjoyment. They had taken in the richness of a hundred orange blossoms with each dainty drop. Poor things! Surely we, who never have too much pleasure, ought to be very thankful!"

Humph! I suppose so.

KAFFIR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

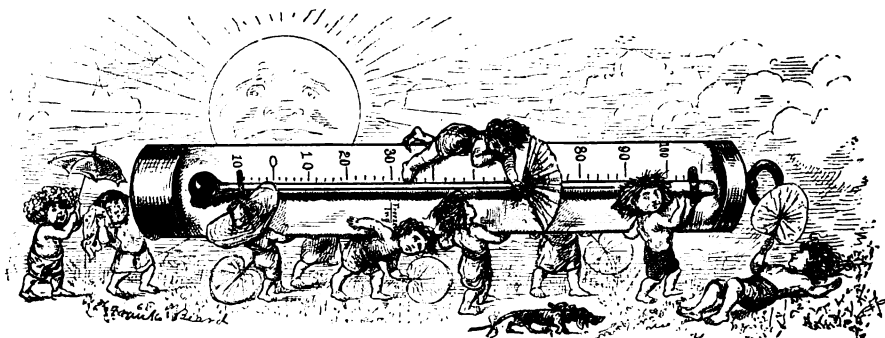
DEAR, dear! I just heard two travelers talking of the curious ways prevailing in certain countries which they have lately visited—in books. The Kaffir, now, is not allowed to speak familiarly to his wife's mother, nor to look her in the face. When he sees her coming, he hides his face behind his shield, and she skulks behind a bush till he has passed. He never speaks her name; and if it becomes necessary to talk to her, he is obliged to go a little way off, and shout his remarks.

No reason that I can find out. It seems to be merely a matter of etiquette.

KAFFIR LETTER-CARRIER.

TALKING of Kaffirs, their letter-carriers are funny fellows. They dress mainly in their own beautiful black skins, and a plentiful covering of grease. The Kaffir postman carries one letter at a time, directly

from the writer to the person to whom it is addressed, and his mail-bag is a split stick, into the opening of which he fastens the letter, holding it far out from his body. He will take one letter sixty or seventy miles, on a run most of the way, and bring back an answer, for the sum of twenty-five cents, or an English shilling. You can see him when you go to Kaffir-land.



OLD SOL: "WHO'S RUNNING THIS THING, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?"

DEACON GREEN'S REPORT ON THE COPIES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

An honest-minded committee of five feels much responsibility in examining, say two thousand, copies of the Declaration of Independence, sent in by boys and girls, and selecting from the same the twenty that best deserve prizes. At first it would seem that such a committee must be five times as capable as one man, and only one-fifth as anxious, but it is not so. On the contrary, each man of the committee has four serious hindrances to a speedy decision, and the two thousand copies which each has to consider, become, in effect, five-folded to ten thousand, before the decisions are finally made.

Therefore, my friends, you will infer that we, the committee, have had a hard time of it—a good time, too, for it has been refreshing to see what crowds of young patriots and steady-going boys and girls cluster about ST. NICHOLAS (and the prizes!). Many hundreds of beautiful copies of the great Declaration were sent in, and these were examined and considered, and reconsidered until our heads grew dizzy, it seemed as if twenty cracked independence bells were sounding in our ears. The rest of the committee were enthusiastic over the correct and the finely written copies, but somehow my heart went out to the blotted sheets whereon chubby little fingers had toiled and blundered. While the four wiser ones were ecstatic over the neatness, skill and accuracy of hundreds of bright competitors, I sat wistfully holding the very worst Declarations of the lot, and, in imagination, wiping the tearful eyes of youngsters who could not possibly win a prize or get on the Roll of Honor. However, the committee soon gave me to understand that this sort of thing would not do—and so, to make a long story short, we considered and reconsidered once more, and sorted and compared and consulted the "conditions," and finally we awarded the prizes as follows:

The first ten prizes, you will remember, are "Liberty Bell Ink-stands," and the second ten prizes "Card-board Models of Swiss Architecture" to the younger five, and books to the elder five.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

(From ten to thirteen years of age.)

Henry S. Redfield, Hartford, Conn.
Maggie J. Cady, Nichols, N. Y.
Hortense Henshaw Ward, San Francisco, Cal.
Linda L. Bergen, Waverley, N. Y.
Fannie Vail Culver, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)

Marion C. Frisby, West Bend, Wis.
Frederick Lathrop, Albany, N. Y.
Stanley Smith Covert, New York City.
Clarence Marshall McClymonds, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ruth Merington, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE WINNERS.

(From ten to thirteen years of age.)

Winifred Louise Bryant, Brunswick, Maine.
Helen C. Luckenbach, Bethlehem, Pa.
Fred. H. Sturtevant, Washington, D. C.
Minnie P. Frances, Baltimore, Md.
Liang Poo Shi, Northampton, Mass.

(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)

Julianna Randolph Winslow, Baltimore, Md.
Charles S. Latham, San Francisco, Cal.
James Augustus De La Vergne, Jr., Clinton, Mo.
Max Meyerhardt, Rome, Ga.
Clara Binswanger, Philadelphia, Pa.

But when these were awarded, there lay the dozens of copies that had nearly won prizes, and the hundreds that were almost as good as the dozens, so carefully done, so neat, so admirable—taking the ages of the writers into consideration—that, but for having the Roll of Honor in which to place them, the committee might have gone distracted. Let no one suppose that because this Roll is long, it is on that account less a Roll of Honor. Every name that is here deserves to be here, and we five are proud to say so.

Many of you, my friends, who do not find yourselves on these lists may feel that injustice has been done. But do not believe it. If you were to see your copies again, you probably would be astonished at the omissions, and the mistakes in spelling, that escaped your attention.

For instance, two very elaborate Declarations, each superbly put upon a great sheet of paper, marvels of neatness and penmanship, contained positive errors of spelling and copying—not the mistakes

in spelling which really occur in the fac-simile of the original "Declaration," and which every child had a right to follow in this case, nor yet the slight verbal differences that had to be allowed because they occur in the various forms of the "Declaration" printed in books of authority—but positive errors that could not be overlooked, and that marred the otherwise wonderful excellence of the copy. One very beautiful copy (by Ella C.) was spoiled by divided monosyllables, such as h-ath, th-em, Ju-dge, h-old, occurring at the end of lines, part being on one line and part on the next. Other words, such as en-larg-ing, c-character, tra-nsporting, wit-hout, etc., were broken in an equally remarkable way. Speaking of this, I would suggest to very many of you who sent in copies, that no word of one syllable, nor a syllable forming part of a word, should ever be divided by writing part on one line and part on another. And let me call attention here to the very common mistake of writing the word government, *government*. The committee (looking at the poor rejected Declarations) shudders to think in how many civilized American homes that word is pronounced "government." Never let a ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl commit this offense, I beg.

If the "signers" of 1776 could look over these copies of the Declaration, they would be interested, no doubt, in some of the young signers of 1876. For instance, Roger Sherman would see the names of his three great-great grandchildren, Mary E. Boardman, Elizabeth Haskell Boardman, and Hettie L. Greene: Matthew Thornton would find his great-great-granddaughter, May Greeley: Samuel Huntington would discover his great-great-niece, Mary Pearsall Coley, and a certain South Carolina signer would be amused at the letter of Henry Hone Leonard, who writes:

"Thomas Heyward, of South Carolina, was my great-grand-uncle, his niece was named Thomas after him, and when she grew old, she was called 'Aunt Tom.'"

But, in one sense, we all are descendants of the "signers," and I am sure all of you, especially those who have expressed such satisfaction in at last "knowing every word of the Declaration," will unite with me in doing honor to their memory.

Now for the grand Roll of Honor, but allow me, before giving it, to thank you for your hundreds of hearty letters, and to sign myself, with the committee's sincere compliments to you all,

Yours to command,

SILAS GREEN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

(Girls and Boys of from Ten to Thirteen Years of Age.)

Frank Bourne Upham Lucy W. Alexander
Josephine M. Wilkin-son Katie Sturges Benton
Nelly W. Chapell
Stephen T. Livingston Florence Townsend
Lyman B. Garfield Ella Reed
H. Percy Chilton Edgar A. Law
Rachel E. Hutchins Eliz. H. Boardman
Edith Eaton E. C. Wilstach
Fred M. Pease Horace L. Jacobs
Clarence E. Doolittle Woolsey Carmalt
Sara G. Timmins Edward C. Mills
Lucy Hamlin Maxwell W. Turner
Anna Jerenson Alice C. Twitchell
Philip W. Ayres Stella Brown
Carrie P. Smith Carrie Louise Cook
Alice B. Prescott Helen D. Wheeler
Harry R. Nyce Margaret Miller
Manie Field Willie R. Page
Sadie S. Morrow Susie C. Amory
Wm. R. Macknight Joseph Moore Bowles
Eta Beckman Eva Germain
Lorella M. Palmer Wm. Peck McClure
Emma J. Knight Ella M. Woolley
Grace B. Stearns Sadie Georgette Colby
H. Mertout Downs C. Alice Robinson
Edwin K. Ballard Annie M. Marsh
Louis P. Taggart Fred L. Smith
Cora A. Lock Maude Calkins
Nellie Washburne Susie Ganson
Gertrude B. Adams Maria P. Bockee
Thomas T. Baldwin Minnie Woolley

Amy C. Thacher
Jamie Mitchell
Charles P. Machesney
Florence E. Bennett
Alfred H. Dunkerley
Charles L. Dunkerley
Lillie Ray
Mary McC. Kidder
Charles B. Willson
Elmer B. Hudson
Constance Furman
Libbie Montross
Kate Graham Gilbert
Lizzie E. Moorhead
Mary E. Poole
Jessie Lampont
John Hubbard Curtis
Lizzie M. Knapp
Amy Shriver
Chester T. Hoag
Anna Bergitta Olsen
Annie Fitzgerald
Lillian E. Taylor
Lillian N. Larrabee
Wm. F. Livingston
Elsa Lincoln Hobart
Edmond C. Van Diest
Debbie Duane Moore
Hattie L. Seymour
David C. Halsted, Jr.
Edith Lowry

Gertrude F. Van Duzen
Mary E. Lester
Susie E. Buckminster
Nessie E. Stevens
Maud Getty
Jennie Custis Young
Dorsey Ash
A. Blanche Nichols
Emily M. Thompson
Martha Preble Adams
Allen H. Moore
Harry W. Chapman
Robbie S. Tew
Arthur D. Smith
Frank Howard Wells
Molly Montgomery
J. Barton Townsend
Ethel A. Littlefield
Anna Taylor Warren
Bessie Daingerfield
H. W. Plummer
Mary Louise Smith
Carrie W. Hunter
Finnie Collins
Ellen Kemble Lente
Charles A. Herpich
Lizzie C. Treadwell
Ella Higbee
Maud E. Potts
Leonie G. Giraud
Lizzie A. Hewins
Anna C. Felton
Anna S. Catlin
Bella Townsend
Anna F. Rew
Joseph Abbott Chapin
Annie Carskaddon
Edw. Russell Kellogg
Jeannie J. Durant
Louise Rankin Albee
Clara J. Elliott
E. L. Richards, Jr.
Carrie Newell
Hattie C. Allen
Thomas C. Griggs
Nellie De Golyer
Augusta M. Carter
Kate Louise Dana
Sarah W. Learned
Lizzie O. Marston
James Craig Crawford
Louis Noble
Mary E. Boardman
Nellie S. Colby
Harry Walter Shaw
Arthur Hudson Brown
Elise Dana Howe
Charles F. Williams
Elkanah Williams
Mary McMartin
Harry H. Small
Ursula Paret
Ernest Russell Wells
Amos Albert Munsell
Willie R. Howland
Frederic Davis
Sanford Norris Knapp
Howard F. Boardman
Thomas F. Forster
Nathalie Homans
Henry R. McCabe
Mabel C. Chester
Bessie Cocke
Lizzie Eva Lee
Carleton Brabrook
Susie Goldmark
Hobart Amory Hare
Amy Massey
Mary K. Hankins
Lucia A. Ferris
Mabel Shippie Clarke
Carrie R. Heller
Emma Luella Flagg
Esther M. Turley
Willie Dibblee
Olivia S. Wilson
Marland C. Hobbs
James A. Little
Anna Belle Moore
Hattie A. Thomas
Francine M. Gale
Fannie F. Hunt
Howard G. Thompson
Charlie F. Clement
Emma C. McAllister
Harry Walsh
Kitzie Sanders
Emma Hanford
Maude Bartlett Tripp
Lulu E. Orth
Nellie C. Beckwith
Susie D. Sherwin
Josephine Willis
Minnie D. Keyser
John Frederic Huckel
Elizabeth Leggett
Georgie A. Pettengill
Frank C. Colville
Annie H. Close
Rena R. Chamberlin
Mattie O. McCarter
Emma Dodge Boyd
Marion J. Seaverns
Laura Augusta Wilson
Ora Lea Dowty
Florence A. Kendall
Charles Wesley Ashby
Lizzie Kiernan
Frankie M. Sebley
Minnie Louise Bliss
Amélie Louise Rives
Florence G. Russell
Mina Snow
Ettie J. Armstrong
Bertha Colt
Jennie C. Reando
Emma Rhodes
Lizzie P. Wells
Kate B. Walsh
Lizzie Selden
Geo. Clinton Goodwin
May F. Southgate
Elizabeth L. Marquand
Isabel Derrick
Bessie S. Garrett
Emma B. Griffith
Jennie Sage
Virgie C. Castleman
Cornelia Fulton Crary
Mary Grace Stewart
Lillian Graves
Dodie Mann
May Terry
Carrie Wood
Carrie Wiggins
Katie F. Gibson
Fred A. Howard
Arthur L. Brandigee
May Fitton
Harvey C. Jewett
Willie Edwards,
Lizzie Beach
Bessie S. Smith
Charles Morse Hazen
Helen Beal Hall
Hannah N. Thomas
Grace L. H. Hobart
Nannie Barnard
Virginia B. Page
Mary L. Matthews
Jennie B. Barnard
Allie Collingbourne
Nettie Williams
Lutie R. Munroe
Luman C. Pryor
Nellie A. Hudson
Rebecca F. Hamill
Etta Crampton
Jacob Bein
Blanche L. Turner
Ada E. Mott
Lewis H. Rutherford
Nellie M. Tremaine
Hattie Butler Tucker
Mary B. Chadwell
Clara H. Thomas
Sarah Saxton Frazee
Gracie Townsend
May McCalla
Anna Wolgin
Alice Eliza Bunnell
Sarah F. Chapman
Virginia Waldo
Maria E. A. Whitlesey
Isaac S. Laubentine
Isabelle S. Roorbach
Hettie L. Greene
Wm. Osborne Safford
Bessie J. Seelye
Frank G. Moody
Nathaniel Greene, Jr.
Bessie Harris Smith
Mabel Page
Helen Tyler Brown
Edith Whiting
Frank D. Leffingwell
Alfred Howard Fuller
Sarah B. Coolidge
Julia A. Hibben
Kath. Betta Hammond
Edmund Platt
Laura Hart
Rosie M. Bodman
Agnes E. Deane
Maggie U. Quinby
Louis N. Geldert
Clara Hurd
Agnes Estella Hall
Lillian Page
John W. Harris
Ada F. Crandall
Lucy K. Maynard
Ernest Lane Angle
Jossie Percival Sutton
Julia Harrison Moore
Lily L. Pinneo
Sarah H. Fiske
Wm. Thomas Rayner
Harry Brown Prindle
Helen C. Bates
Fannie Ellen Pratt
Jeannie Moore
Lydia S. Rommel
John Wm. Potter
Mary G. Austin
Lillie D. Richards
Isabel C. Halsted
Mary Abbie Wentz

Minnie E. Patterson	Howard Steel Rogers	T. Morton Lipscomb	Herbert H. White	Ida Lathers	Nettie C. Beal
Gracie B. Weed	Minnie A. Lyon	Nattie G. Valentine	Hattie J. Chamberlain	Sophia Jarrett	Julia E. Ogden
Nora Abbott	Florence Ware	Hattie A. Whitel	Ellis Chandler	Annie Greene	Laura Fletcher
Ida Marion Chase	Libbie M. Dunkerley	Mary Van Diest	Mary G. Lockwood	Minnie Bowen Potter	Hugh W. Pemberton
Jeannie G. Greenough	Mary Bell French	Mary B. Stebbins	Herbert Putnam	Emily S. Haynes	Minnie C. Short
John Tudor Gardiner	Helen G. Perinchief	Lucia Beverly Talcott	Anna D. Blanchard	Anna Middleton	Emilie R. Vincent
Maggie W. Hogeland	Wilhelmina N. Jones	James H. Skinner	Minnie O. Steele	Belle C. French	L. Addie Meeker
Leon Hornstein	Anna L. Thorn	Emily Richardson	Emma H. Kirby	Charles M. Fish	Elise Johnson
Ernest Farnham	Mary E. Huggins	John H. Townsend	John T. Sill	Fannie M. Hannahs	Kate W. Huell
Anna Grace Carter	Lizzie C. Selden	C. Eleanor Lewis	David Hays	Alice Flora White	Alice M. Werrell
Edgar C. Leonard	E. Louise Tibbetts	Mabel Gordon	Burton A. Randall	Addie J. Davis	George B. Houston
Walter John Stevenson	Matilda Kay	Rosalie A. Ogden	Chas. Leland Harrison	James M. Treadway	Emily Grace Gorham
Richard Fiske Smith	Minnie Roebuck	Dora Matthews	Carrie L. Warren	Cleora A. Bonneville	Lottie E. Skinner
Annie F. Butler	Mary Pearsall Coley	Ella Grigg	Sarah M. Jaques	Charles W. Adams	Mary S. Clark
R. Bennett Wynkoop	Mary Greeley	Sadie T. Steele	Lina F. Warren	Virgie Harness	Annie D. Latimer
Hattie M. Daniels	J. Louise Wright	Henry Hone Leonard	Jessie J. Cassidy	Nellie A. Morton	Agnes Taylor
Clara B. Presbrey	Lena C. Smith	Annie F. Neill	Harry H. Wyman	Guy M. Watkins	May Davenport
Fanny L. Tyler	Mattie A. Morgan	Freddie G. Davies	Albert White	Annie Eliza Watts	Clara J. Hicks
J. M. Firth Bartlett	Louise Hooker	Melia F. Hodgkins	Josie M. Hadden	Ella G. Damon	Daisy Martin
Wm. Russell Fearon	Jamie W. Tupper	Selwyn N. Blake	Lizzie Grubb	Ida Groff	Dora Wheat
Laura G. Smith	Bruce Throckmorton	Zula Jones	Charles Hart Payne	Allie Van Ingen	Alice Copeland
Gertrude H. Abbey	Mary Throckmorton	Robt. Bowman, Jr.	Ossian E. D. Barron	Mary Stevens	Ella C. Upham
Henry R. Gilbert	Bessie Sergeant	Margaret House	Martha D. Bessey	Alice Louise French	Caroline E. Bruorton
Sadie A. Vinal	Foster A. Rhea	Bertha Kirby	May F. Doe	Ernest E. White	Howard S. Bliss
Lucia Lee Bates	Sophie Perkins Rhea	Achsa McCullough	Laura A. Jones	Janet Cross	Eunice King Hazen
Lizzie Simons	Jane S. Ledyard	Theodora M. Schmid	Alice Blanchard	Ernest E. Hubbard	Fannie S. Adams
Julia Lathers	Gerrie E. Taylor	Arad Taylor Foster, Jr.	Abbie A. Story	Alice Maud Wight	Wm. B. Shufeldt
Louise R. Johannott	Kitty Stebbins	Katie M. Hancock	Sarah P. Ranney	Lillie E. Earp	Sarah Isaacs
Alice Hansell	Craig McClure	Harry Glasier Archer	Mary M. Pryor	Anne C. Gleim	Irving Perley Favor
Walter C. Fish	Sarah Ellen Odneal	George Oakley	May E. Strong	Lucy E. Roberts	Edwin Oliver
Catherine E. Abbott	Stevie B. Franklin	Bessie S. Weeks	Stephen W. Libby	Jennie E. Shugg	Emma P. Willis
Alice F. Brooks	Mamie D. Clark	Jessie V. V. Thomas	Augusta P. Canby	Louis T. Reed	Clara Nice
Mabel C. Stanwood	Wm. P. H. Bacon	Mary T. Abbot	Fanny A. Lester	George E. Willis	Mary Alice Russell
Maria Adams Rogers	Willie H. Mooney	Ruth Crosby Dodge	Cora M. Oakfield	Laura Haines	Hattie Ella Buell
Clement Newman	Anna F. Bird	Robert Hale Birdsall	Florence Washburne	Clara Cleveland Lyman	Minnie L. Ellis
Birdie Irene Luce	Margaret Nather Sill	Addie Imogen Carver	Helen M. Shattuck	Louis Meyerhardt	Ida Axtell
Georgianna Hollister	Marian Roby Case	Gertrude H. Osborne	Emma Lee Tuttle	Mary F. Thompson	Carrie Hirschfelder
Grace L. Phelps	Minnie Rheem	Herbert P. Moore	Carrie M. Crowell	Sarah Newberger	Adelia A. Nichols
Frances J. Parker	Harriet Arvey	Chas. Henry Hannam	Lotie F. Gilbert	Mary Balfour Leiper	Lizzie Jamieson
Charles J. Humphrey	Irene W. Haslehurst	Chas. M. Hutchins	Edith T. Gold	Edward A. Williams	Isabella H. White
Eliza May Lucas	Freddie S. Goodrich	Mary V. Hogan	Willis E. Frost	Annie Mary Hayden	Mary Latimer Willis
Daisy Hunt	Mabel C. Barber	Florence Dow	Charles W. Gaston	Cornelia Brown	Mary De Witt Searcy
Lulu E. Habershaw	Grace R. Meeker	Katie Noble	Nettie Graham	Addie S. Church	Carrie Parker Johnson
Minnie Brua	Nannie James	Nellie F. Elliott	May F. Allen	Chas. R. Trowbridge	Callie Webster
Lizzie Mitchell	Mary C. Foeter	Alice Smith	Grace S. Hadley	Annie E. Hilands	Charlotte J. Blake
Etta N. Congdon	James McComb	Ida F. Quimby	Charles R. Thurston	Abbie A. Stough	Sarah H. Sergeant
James Weir	Charles E. Ruger	Julia P. Shaw	Mamie R. Gaston	Lizzie M. Baker	Agnes B. Williams
John B. Jackson	Alice A. Eager	Emmie Louisa Lewis	Mary Rogus Atlee	Cleveland A. Parker	Lizzie C. Wells
Fannie M. Beck	Maud J. Miner	Eliza McFarland	Daniel Rawlins	Sarah McClurg	Milly S. Rann
Bertha E. Taylor	Lorena B. Wilson	Robert G. Beatty	Geo. W. Hutton, Jr.	Eleanor M. Pike	Eva M. Reed
Abby L. Barney	John Isaac Perkins	Elinora Iselin Horn	Ida Werner	Carrie Marsh	Jennie C. McElroy
Gertrude W. Cornell	Kittie McDermott	William Scott	Mary Eudora Bixby	Venard Black	Kittie J. Dunn
Emily T. Colket	Kitty E. Rhodes	James G. Carson, Jr.	Rena D. Smith	Lottie Huggins	Nellie B. Wright
Anna E. Lester	Mattie J. White	A. Kremer Miller	Julia Frances Peck	Kenneth L. Browne	Carrie S. Simpson
Edith W. Judd	Alice W. Davis	Katie E. Hubbard	Mary Louise Webster	Hattie F. Lockwood	Ida May Seaton
Grace Forman	Lizzie T. E. Rogers	Emily D. Garretson	Libbie E. Naxon	Emma Wetmore	Cora L. Shoemaker
Pauline Koenehe	Arthur L. Pease	Albert H. Adams	E. D. Hennessey	Millie E. Twitchell	Lila F. Atkinson
Jennie F. Dedham	Mary Grace Shippie	Ally Cray	Eva A. Smith	Emma Hall	May R. Shipman
Mamie C. Gerard	Artella Babcock	Ellie A. Wrigley	M. E. Buckminster	John E. Lewis	Mabel M. Mason
Adalina Pratt	Henry K. Morrison	Lily Reid	Lizzie Merrill	Helen R. Massey	Woods P. Johnson
Mary C. Huntington	Mary S. Clark	Newcomb Cleveland	Abbie C. Brown	Carrie O. Chester	Lizzie Beard
Nettie R. Gardner	Addie B. Smith	Fanny Elizabeth Peck	R. Helen Fry	Theodora Chase	Fred Herbert Adams
Kate Bird Runkle	Fannie E. Cushing	Two "Canadians"	A. Eugene Billings	Emily Augusta Cook	Nannie G. Laubie
Mary A. Armstrong	Retta A. Whitlock		Walter Hanks	Samuel Lewis	Louella H. Markle
Hattie F. Roberts			Minnie L. Myers	Allie I. Havens	Laura M. Hixson
			John M. Townsend	William Henry Dix	Annie J. Bliss
			Fred M. Clark, Jr.	Lina H. Barton	Annie R. Warren
			Mary L. Allen	Katie H. Harris	John H. Hopkins
			Lucy F. Keller	Emma Augusta Telft	Grace Collins
			Nettie Ely	W. F. Smith	Emma Koch
			Virginia B. Ladd	Edgar N. Stevens	Richard H. Knowles
			Arthur C. Smith	Willard E. Keyes	Henry O. Nute
			Ella L. Ostrom	Charlie A. Pierce	Flossie E. Valentine
			Sarah W. Putnam	Edith L. Danielson	Lizzie Tredway
			Wm. E. Myers	Edwin Horner Gayley	Effie M. Jennings
				Jas. Hart Yarrowburgh	

ROLL OF HONOR.

(Girls and Boys of from Fourteen to Twenty Years of Age.)

E. B. Halsted	Sarah A. Ellithorpe	Ella J. Darwin
Sarah F. Lincoln	Clinton H. Bradley	Nannie W. Clark
Percy W. Eaton	Adele W. McAllister	William Wirt Duncan
Wm. Wesley Runyon	Willie L. Amerman	Flora C. Hanley

Cora Frost	Geo. H. Striewig	Mamie Stratton	Sophie Adams Hall	E. Lizzie Sadtler	Lillie C. Bass
Dixie Lee Bryant	Arthur W. Condict	Carrie Skinner	Helen C. Cornell	Ada G. Horton	May T. Kemble
Ada M. Woolley	Nellie E. Sherwood	Jessie Longley	Nina Leonard Nevins	Wm. J. Cloves	Edward F. Kingsbury
Eugene A. Baker	Georgiana R. Young	Sophie Wright Fitts	Willie T. Eastburn	Jennie M. Shattuck	Bertha E. Saltmarsh
Juliet McB. Hill	Elizabeth M. Sherman	Nellie C. Sayers	Marion Chitty	Charles E. Wessel	Addie S. Ketcham
John T. Loomis	Mary A. Sayer	Bessie Selden	Edward Wm. Herron	Lizzie Neuhaus	Tessie Bertha Connor
Leva Par Delford	Grace Clark	Nellie Lobdell	James H. Lancashire	Emma M. Pierce	Birdie Bennett
May Harvey	Ruania E. Chase	Sophie K. Card	Atherton Clark	Anna M. Garretson	Gracie J. Hicker
Cora E. Chapman	Alice B. Pindle	Hattie E. Hoag	Frances Eliza Rowell	Fanny N. Osburn	Mary Wattson
Hugh Du Bois	Mary D. Hodges	Allie M. Joyce	Florence Graham	Amelia A. Adams	Francis E. Morse
Wm. R. Cordingly	Charlie Sale	Gracie E. Bushnell	Rachel Adler	J. A. Bowne	Libbie Lee
Anna M. Lagowitz	Annie M. Rudd	Mary E. Selden	Chas. Grant Rust	Mollie Gatchel	Angie Gascoigne
Warren W. Smith	Turpin Gerard	Emma L. Hyde	Mary C. Taylor	Carrie Towne	Cora Lippitt Snow
Lilla M. Hollowell	Mollie F. Kellogg	Louise Achey	Mollie E. Gird	Susie M. Acker	Henry T. Miller
Emma E. Porter	Willie B. Sears	Louisa Williams	Emelie S. Farwell	Addie M. Sherman	Iva M. Ingram
John J. Zebley	Julia B. Frayser	Ida A. Coats	Eliza A. A. Morton	Winifred P. Hallard	Agnes Eliz. Stevens
Emmie D. Merrill	Fanny M. Hyde	Mary S. Seymour	Harvey W. Temple	Maude Lovett	Kirk McNair
Henry P. Canby	Natalie J. Brown	Wm. G. Talman, Jr.	Adelle A. Sexsmith	Maria Storrs Peck	Ida Patchen
Wm. Arthur Locke	E. Eva Cast	Abby J. Cross	Julia Parsons Roberts	Frank E. Davis	Rosie R. Atwater
W. H. Burns	Helen G. Black	Ella M. Tuttle	Edgar J. Wheeler	Lulu C. Luce	Florence Harding
Willie Boucher Jones	Charles S. Mills	Harry Griffing Tobey	Richd. Edward Ferris	Ida Brown	Lillian L. Evans
Mary A. Tobey	Nellie F. Eames	D. C.	Wm. A. Stout	Lillie Bishop Perkins	Florence M. Drew
Minnie Loreign Reid	Eliza Van B. Parker	Lettie L. Doane	Winthrop Alexander	Nellie J. Watson	Elsie L. Reeves
Lucy Purinton	Bacon Starr	Lottie J. Webb	Louise Valliet	Geo. F. Curtiss	Esther C. Britain
Howard Willis Preston	Walter L. Seward	Oliver Everett	Katie Hilliard	Helena Goodwin	Lulu L. Wylie
Julia A. Watson	Benjamin M. Lewis	Maggie H. Soule	Mattie A. Vinal	Alice M. Evans	Hattie A. Lusk
Florence Donnelly	Lennie Colby	Katie Roebuck	Helen H. Stewart	Thomas C. Diggs	Wm. G. Sutherland
Carrie T. Granger	Philip Cooke Kennedy	Julia A. Wright	Ella J. Eddy	Abby D. Baker	Edith R. Packard
May B. Reese	Della Vie White	Charles S. Bird	Ella Hogeland	Leula Wethered	Helen Edna Briggs
Howell Stewart	Carrie Holdeman	Josie Hewetson	Lulu S. Rex	Alice Stickney	Estelle Keller
Frank Ellis	Marion Abbot	Abbie Bentley	Geo. T. M. Tilden	Fannie W. Armstrong	Lucy C. Ross
Gertrude M. Denison	Carrie Stilwell	Annie Natrass	Bertha F. Poindexter	Jennie L. Barnard	Jennie J. Wilson
Edith E. Morris	George Valliet	Charles H. Fish	Fannie L. Clark	Annie Gore	Ella Gallup
Eliz. Burrill Curtis	Belle Wilson	Cora A. Tuttle	Clara A. Potter	Laura Crosson	Charles M. Catlin
Ella Lyon	Harry L. App	Gerrie A. Benedict	Edwin Bennett	Margaret Frayser	Henry Allen Tenney
May Remington	Minnie A. Myrick	Jodie Humiston Willis	Gracie E. Steere	Anna Stratford	Six "Canadians"
Bessie B. Randall	Mary E. Herron	Nannie Moore	Fastelle McAllister	Mary C. Washburn	Mary E. Dunakin
Everett D. Van Dusen	Florence Emilie Hyde	Elise Graham	Louisa Ford	Minnie Merry	E. M. Bergen
Lily F. Swords	Ethel Beecher Allen	Martha H. Lamberton	Agnes L. Kimberley	Eva L. Fulton	Addie C. Mead
Kate F. Howland	Josephine B. Miner	Sophie McPherson	Warren P. Laird	John Prentice Terry	Benjamin H. Wright
Helen L. Stanton	Lucy Coverts	Carrie E. Powell	Charlie F. Carter	Bessie E. Dickinson	Martha Hall
Fred R. Galloupe	Edith Harrison	Lidie H. Harding	Wm. Cushman Hanks	Dora Laura Goble	Marion Wilkinson
Charles K. Mount	Alfred T. Guyott	Carrie P. Holden	Mary A. Morey	Elsie S. Adams	Helen M. Boynton
Mary C. Gerts	Mabelle L. Jones	Percy Perry	Jeannette Benjamin	Mary Wikoff	Maggie Chalmers
DeForest C. Williams	Bessie A. Peck	Mary C. Brown	Maddie Hawkins	Annie Dwight Rhea	Sibyll Louise Olmsted
Gertrude Huntington	Isabelle C. Corbett	Grace Ellen Richards	Anna L. Knight	Grace Benedict	Florence Rickford
Theresa M. Lawrence	Clifton B. Dare	Charles Daniel Pitcher	Amelia Y. Johnson	Phebe A. Booth	Bessie C. Battelle
A. Bradford Wallace	Ella Mendenhall	Harriet F. Angell	Elmer E. Hoover	Libbie Dusenbury	Olive Parker Black
Mary Eliz. Fairfield	John Henry McEwen	Alice Matthews	Rachel Littell	H. Winfield Matthews	Carrie A. Tupper
Thos. Randolph Elrod	Fannie M. Lincoln	Henry N. Niles	S. Halsted Watkins	Mamie A. Tuttle	Herbert T. Abrams



ICE-CREAM.

BY MARION HARLAND.

ONE cup of *fresh* milk, one cup of sweet cream, two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, four eggs, two scant tea-spoonfuls of Colgate's vanilla extract. Heat the milk to scalding, in a farina-kettle. Beat the eggs light and stir in the sugar. Pour the hot milk, a little at a time, upon the eggs and sugar, stirring

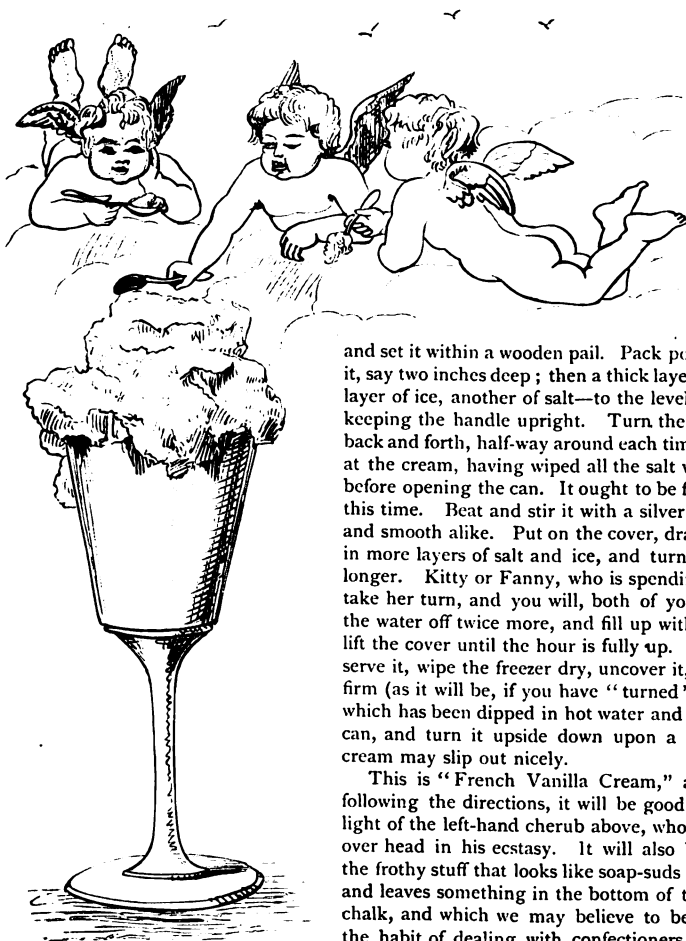
all the while. Put this custard back into the farina-kettle and let it boil about eight minutes, or until it is pretty thick, *stirring all the time*. Pour into a bowl, and when cold stir in the cream and vanilla. Have ready a clean tin can or pail, with a *tight* top, lapping on the outside,—if mamma has no freezer. Put the custard in this,

and set it within a wooden pail. Pack pounded ice very hard about it, say two inches deep; then a thick layer of common salt; another layer of ice, another of salt—to the level of the lid of the tin pail, keeping the handle upright. Turn the "freezer" by the handle, back and forth, half-way around each time, for half-an-hour. Peep at the cream, having wiped all the salt water from about the cover before opening the can. It ought to be frozen around the edges by this time. Beat and stir it with a silver spoon until it is all thick and smooth alike. Put on the cover, drain off the salt water, pack in more layers of salt and ice, and turn steadily for half-an-hour longer. Kitty or Fanny, who is spending the day with you, will take her turn, and you will, both of you, enjoy the frolic. Pour the water off twice more, and fill up with ice and salt; but do not lift the cover until the hour is fully up. Then, when you wish to serve it, wipe the freezer dry, uncover it, and should the cream be firm (as it will be, if you have "turned" faithfully), wrap a towel, which has been dipped in hot water and wrung out, all around the can, and turn it upside down upon a flat dish, so that the ice-cream may slip out nicely.

This is "French Vanilla Cream," and if you are careful in following the directions, it will be good enough to excuse the delight of the left-hand cherub above, who is throwing himself heels over head in his ecstasy. It will also be more wholesome than the frothy stuff that looks like soap-suds and tastes like pot-cheese, and leaves something in the bottom of the saucer very much like chalk, and which we may believe to be really chalk, if we are in the habit of dealing with confectioners who mix plaster-of-Paris with frosting, or color candy with poisonous paints, or put earth

in chocolate caramels, or are guilty of any other tricks of the kind.

N. B.—The ice should be broken into pieces not larger than a pigeon's egg. The easiest way to do this is to put it between the folds of a piece of old carpeting and pound it with a mallet. Every bit of it is saved by this process.



the Germans was much more favorable than it otherwise would have been.

Another reason why the name of Louisa is so honored by the German nation is, because her son, the present Emperor (who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday), has accomplished so much for the Germans. He has won and retains the hearts of his people, and the germs of his success and patriotism were implanted by the gentle, lovely mother, who died when he was still young.

Her life is well worth studying, for, aside from her having been a noble and high-minded queen, she was a true and faithful daughter to her afflicted father; a most devoted wife and tender mother, and one of the most interesting and lovely characters that history has on record. Those who have visited that wonderful piece of art erected to her memory—the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg—in the garden of that palace which she so dearly loved, must ever remain impressed with that magical piece of marble, which but faintly suggests her exquisite loveliness.

Dean Paul wrote of her that fate had destined her to wear the flower wreath of beauty, the myrtle wreath of honor, the crown of a king, the laurel and oak-wreaths of fatherland's love, and a crown of thorns. There still awaited her the crown of glory which the God of the Christian reserves for those who love Him.

The name of Queen Louisa of Prussia has become a national symbol, her memory a legacy, and her tomb a shrine of patriotic pilgrimage.

E. M. P.

Who can tell a correspondent, J. H., why salt is used in freezing ice-cream?

Madison, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me who is the author of these lines?

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt, would be disloyalty—
To falter, would be sin."

Yours truly, H. M.

The above lines form the last stanza of the poem "The Right Must Win," written by Frederic William Faber.

Rath, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. I have two sisters older than I, and a little brother younger. He is real cunning; he is not old enough to read the ST. NICHOLAS, but he likes to look at the pictures. My papa is writing a book about the Douglas family, and will have it printed soon. He likes the piece "About Heraldry," in the May number of 1875, very much. I have heard him tell the verse about the Black Douglas, but not the story; he is going to have the verse printed in his book. I love flowers dearly. I have a great many gardens in the summer, and I have quite lots of plants now. I have ten bouquets at a time sometimes in the summer. I went a May-flowering the other day, but did not get many flowers. I would like to have you put my name down as a Bird-defender, although I never killed a bird nor never expect to.—Yours truly,

ALICE M. DOUGLAS

We would like to ask a question of the Bird-defenders—not that we suppose the element of cruelty enters into the question, but because, as lovers of birds, they are supposed to know, or to be interested in searching out, many facts regarding their habits.

In reading a description of the seat of an English gentleman (Esholt Hall, Yorkshire), we noticed this remark: "In the wood, opposite to the house, a singular circumstance in natural history occurred in 1821: three young woodcocks of one brood were brought to maturity, a fact seldom if ever ascertained."

The question is: Why was this so singular a circumstance?

Fort A. Lincoln, May 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you from Fort Lincoln, on the west bank of the Missouri River, opposite Bismark, the terminus of the N. P. R. R. An expedition has been fitting out from here to go into the Indian country, and day before yesterday they broke camp and started off at five o'clock in the morning. I will tell you in what order they marched past the officers' quarters:

First came General Terry, who is in command of the expedition, accompanied by his staff. Next came a band of forty Arickaree scouts, mounted on Indian ponies, and singing their horrid war song, which sounded to me like "yow-yow-yow!" Then came the regimental band, playing the "Girl I left behind me." Following this came the seventh regiment of cavalry, at the head of which rode General Custer, and by his side his beautiful wife, who was to accompany him to the first camp. Next came a battery of Gatling guns, each drawn by eight horses. Last of all came three companies of infantry, which marched with resolute and steady tread. The expe-

dition was accompanied by a train of one hundred and fifty wagons. It is going to drive Sitting Bull, and his band of hostile Sioux, on to the reservation. If it accomplishes anything wonderful, you will probably read of it in the newspapers.

Fort Lincoln is a very large Post, but we cannot go outside of it alone for fear of Indians.

As I fear I am taking too much space, I must say good-bye.

MARY A. MANLEY.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: This is a true story I am going to tell you about. We have an old Dorking rooster named Jack. He is a great pet, and, consequently, thinks he is lord and master of everything and everyone. Well, grandmamma has a brood of fine young turkeys. One day their mother died, and grandmamma was very much bothered about them. What was her surprise to see, as she was walking out on the terrace one day, old Jack with the whole brood nestling under his wings. She called us all, and we were so astonished! I think it was very funny. Dear Little Schoolma'am, what do you think?—Your loving

AMALIE.

Mumford, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In my May number of ST. NICHOLAS I find a notice of a church in Mumford, Napa County, California, which is built of petrified wood. We have in our own village of Mumford, Monroe Co., New York, a Presbyterian church which is built of a stone very similar to that you describe. The walls and tower are now complete, and we hope the church will be finished the coming season. This stone was taken from a quarry near the village, and contains a great many petrified willow leaves, twigs of cedar, mosses, etc. Some excellent specimens have been sent to the Centennial Exhibition. They are arranged in a glass case, and with them are some of the ferns and cedars which grow in a swamp near the quarry. These petrifications are, of course, very curious and beautiful: the church is visited by a great many people from all parts of the country.—Yours very respectfully,

ETHAN ALLEN.

The answer to the French riddle in our July number is as follows:

Dix mois six tu m'aime. (Ten months, six "tu's" love me.)
Adèle: Dis-moi si tu m'aime. (Adèle: Tell me if thou lovest me.)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing G. G. Sampson's questions in the May number of your Monthly respecting the "Marriage of the Adriatic," I send the following account of its origin, etc. "In the year 1173, Pope Alexander III. was so persecuted by Otto, son of Frederic Barbarossa, that he fled for safety to Venice, and, entering the monastery of St. Charite, lived for a long time in secret and unknown. When the Venetians discovered who he was, they not only treated him with great respect, but placed their army and navy at his service. In a naval battle, Otto was taken prisoner, and presented by the Venetians as a vassal to the Pope, by Sebastianus Zianus, commander of the fleet. Alexander immediately took a ring off his finger, and, giving it to the commander, told him that as long as he kept that ring he should be lord and husband of the ocean, and that he and his posterity, on the anniversary of the victory, must espouse the sea. Therefore, in memory of this grant, the custom of throwing a ring was annually observed. A splendid barge was built called the Bucentaur, and in this magnificent ship the doge, attended by a thousand gondolas and barges, sailed to a place in the Adriatic called the Apostle Gates, situated at the entrance of the gulf. The patriarch who went with him poured holy water into the sea, and the doge then dropped a ring of great value, repeating these words: 'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of real and perpetual dominion over thee.'"

I hope this account will be satisfactory.

G. B. K.

LIZZIE M. D. sends us the following

"EPIC IN A NUTSHELL."

I'm going to write an epic,—ho! and this is the first line:
The second this, and please observe how strong it is, and fine.
And this the third: A king is born; he loves, he fights, he dies.
So, ere the fourth, the whole is told, or else the writer lies.

Sacramento City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been making your Holiday Harbor, published in your magazine in the December number of 1874.

I used instead of card-board the wood of a strawberry box, and I find it answers the purpose, if anything, better than card-board,—provided you have a sharp knife,—for this reason, it is very hard to cut card-board, and when you do cut it, it is very hard to cut evenly; but with strawberry-box wood, and a ruler, you can cut very easily. Will some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, that have already made the Holiday Harbor out of card-board, try strawberry boxes, and I think they will like it better than card-board, for the reason already mentioned.—Respectfully yours,

A CONSTANT READER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals and finals name two summer amusements—one for girls and one for boys.

1. Marco bought the farm cheap. 2. I was in Rome on Easter Sunday. 3. I saw some gay dresses at the Carnival. 4. I expect to visit Quito this year. 5. A tour in Italy is pleasant. 6. Have you been near Naples? 7. What a grand cathedral has been built in New York!

Words having the following significations are concealed in the above: 1. A pony. 2. A Shakspearian character. 3. The last. 4. To leave. 5. A Bible name. 6. To gain by labor. 7. An appendage. CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE-WORD.

My first, when shot, is never hurt,
E'en though its feathers fly;
My next we do when plucking fruit
From branches hanging high;
My third we like the fruit to be
If it is fair and sound;
My fourth, a clay which painters use,
Of different colors found;
My fifth, a question you would ask
If searching something were your task. J. P. B.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. My sister — went to see the —. 2. The — of the — was sixpence per pound. 3. Father — the — wagon last week. 4. In the center of the — cross was a large —. 5. The — entered the carriage and took a —. 6. She went to the —, but was not — to remain there long. 7. — can he be? He surely is not —. H. C.

METAGRAM.

I SIGNIFY to dress by heat;
But change my head, I'm good to eat.
If changed again, I am a fish,
Which, cooked, you'll find a pleasant dish.
Another head, if you should please,
The last could swim in me with ease.
Then, if you change my head again,
I mean to cause or to constrain.
Change it again, and you will find
An implement of useful kind.
Once more, and I'm on your account.
Again, my meanings will amount
To half a dictionary page;
To learn them will require an age. L. W. H.

A LITTLE STORY.

Containing 25 Hidden Cities of the United States.

It was in August, a half-century ago, that I offered for sale my farm, preparatory to going West in the fall. Rivers were not then traversed by steamers, nor the land by rail-cars, so that neither the rich nor folks who were poor could travel rapidly, as now. I was to be accompanied only by my wife, Ella, and my dog, Ponto. I purchased a chart for direction.

On a Saturday I said to my wife, "We will do our last washing to-night, and start Monday. We will take only such things as are new: have no useless articles to encumber us. We shall do very well now with but little, and perhaps sometime be rich." Monday we started, and Ponto led off for weeks through the forest, but our progress was slow. Ella rode upon horseback as well as myself. One day my horse, in attempting to drink, stepped upon a little rock, stumbled, and I nearly fell into the brook. Lynx eyes were watching, unknown to us, and had I not fallen I should have been pierced by an arrow which struck a tree just above my head with a dull bang, or thud.

Turning quickly, I discovered an Indian disappearing in the bushes; but a single shot from my pistol gave that Indian a polish which rendered unnecessary any more painting on his part. He could not have expected such a rebuff, alone though he was; but not till I pondered on my narrow escape did I begin to get mad. I, so near my future home, to be so attacked! It showed a poor prospect of the delights of a home so rural. Eight days more, and we should be at our journey's end, if no accident happened.

But the next day we were stopped by a large party of Indians armed with bows and tomahawks, who surrounded us like a mob. I let them do as they chose, for resistance was useless, and we were

taken to their village. Luckily for us, one night we were left without a guard, while they were celebrating some great event; and, in the noise and confusion occasioned by their whoops and halloos, we got off in safety. In a few days, but after many privations, we reached our long-sought-for port. Land cost nothing, and we were soon prosperous. Our harvests were prolific; level and fertile was the land which I had chosen, and I am now reaping the benefits of my toil. Hundreds of acres of wheat, corn, and farmer's stuff, rank for the harvest, can I now call my own.

Forests were on every side when my life was in its spring;
Fields of waving grain and produce now to me their treasures bring.
GARDE.

CHARADE.

My first is little but mighty;
My next is myself or a part;
My third you may pitch at your pleasure:
My whole you may be in your heart. L. W. H.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A bird. 4. The founder of an ancient city. 5. To besiege or attack. 6. A color. 7. A consonant.
DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. To plunder. 3. An ancient poet. 4. Puzzles. 5. Made angry. 6. A small piece of iron used in machinery to fasten bolts. 7. A consonant. IVANHOE.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

My first a plant, with pods which hold
Wealth that is quickly turned to gold;
The value of my next, 'tis found,
Lies in the part beneath the ground;
My third a tree—of it we prize
The nut, and that which round it lies;
My fourth has wealth in wood and fruit,
My fifth has value in its root;
If money from my sixth be gained,
From every part 't will be obtained.

Downward, from left to right—you'll find
An acid fruit with acid rind. J. P. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two characters in Sir Walter Scott's writings. 1. To communicate, or make known. 2. The name of a great queen. 3. Something that we could not live without. 4. One of Shakspeare's characters. 5. One of the West Indies. 6. A mixture or medley. 7. A flag or banner. ISOLA.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of sixteen letters. The 4, 6, 5, 7, 3 is what a young lady is very liable to become. The 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is useful, where open fire-places are used. The 16, 2, 9, 8 is to cast off, to let fall, or may be something near your house. The 1 is the beginning of a turtle and the end of a serpent. The whole is the name of a noble army whose mission is peace, not war. CYRIL DEANE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My whole is the name of a great hero.
My first is in walk, but not in run;
My second in happiness, not in fun;
My third is in spear, but not in gun;
My fourth is in light, though not in sun;
My fifth is in win, but not in won;
My sixth is in pound, and also in ton;
My seventh in spinning, but not in spun;
My eighth is in daughter, but not in son;
My ninth is in roll, but not in bun;
My tenth is in green, and also in dun. R. W. G.

BEHEADED SYLLABLES.

TAKE the first syllable from a word meaning a guide, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning that which is correct, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning to give, and leave a clergyman. J. P. B.



STATUE OF FERRUCCI, IN FLORENCE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

NO. II.

FERRUCCI AND HIS FOES.

BY R. H. D.

IF this soldier could speak and tell us why he turns such a grim face to the world, and holds his flag with so fierce a grip, we should hear a chapter of one of the strangest stories in history. The story belongs to a stretch of country in middle Italy (you can find it on your map), reaching from the sea-coast to the high hills, over malarious marshes through which no traveler will pass, any more than through the Dead Sea.

A thousand years before our Lord was born, before ancient Rome (dead and buried ages ago) was ever heard of, a mysterious people suddenly took possession of this country. No human being knows to this day whence they came; not a man or woman among them betrayed that secret. They were a dwarfish, thick-set race, with black hair and eyes, very different from the tall, graceful Greeks. They worshiped drunken, death-dealing gods, and every day tried to put them in a good humor by human sacrifices; or rather, to be precise, they left these murderous gods and murderous feasts to the priests to attend to, and went about their other business. Now you would hardly guess what this business was. When we go back into these moldering, gray regions of time, we expect to be met by men in skins, but little better than the beasts that they hunted. These men, surrounded by skin-clad, beast-hunting nations, built for themselves comfortable and splendid homes, where the wife ruled equal with the husband; they dressed in richly embroidered garments, and fine linen of their own weaving; played upon many instruments, invented bronze, filled their houses with statues, vases, and pictures of fantastic design. If any fighting was to be done, they hired soldiers to do it, and remained

comfortably at home, trading, farming, or building towns to which magnificent aqueducts brought water, and beneath which were vast systems of sewers and drains, such as none of our modern cities can equal.

This mysterious people long ago disappeared from off the face of the earth, but some of their great bronzes and marbles remain, and every year vessels of their wonderful pottery are dug up out of the ground. Some of their necklaces and jewels, crusted gray with time, are among the wonders of the Exposition. You will find in many an American cabinet, a red or yellow unglazed vase or urn with black figures of strange men and women upon it; they are at prayer, or eating, or marrying, but even about the death-bed they are dancing, or in some way making the best they can of their lives. These are portraits which the Etruscans made of themselves thousands of years ago. If it were not for these bits of clay, they would seem to us but a fable of the old ages.

One of their cities was named Fiesole, and as it stood on too high ground for the market-people to climb with their produce, a few sheds were put up at the base of the hill, under which they could trade. The sheds grew, in course of time, into a hamlet; the hamlet into a busy trading-town. Etruscans and Romans here bought, and sold, and married together. Money ruled; Firenze (or Florence, as we call it) was but a great market-place; the wealthy traders became princes, while the man without money was a slave except in name.

The boy who reads ST. NICHOLAS is apt to think very little about money. He is not likely, however poor, to grovel before his rich neighbor. He knows

that knowledge is cheap and work plenty, and that he has free chance to win power or fortune. But any boy, born poor in Florence, knew that there was no chance for him; the collar was on his neck, he was a drudge for life. One family had put a yoke upon his class, and for four centuries drove them like dumb beasts.

When New York was a wilderness, peopled by bears and wolves, a wool merchant, on a wharf in Florence, named De Medici, began to attract notice by the enormous sums which he made and spent as rapidly. He built magnificent ships,—gondolas, to float upon the blue Arno,—princely palaces in which he held a royal state. He built palaces for the city too, established schools in them where the sons of the nobles learned philosophy; furnished great libraries of rare manuscript. The greatest architects, sculptors, painters, and philosophers of the world worked for this wool-merchant gladly, he was so generous and friendly a patron. They gave him the name of the father of his country, and under his rule Florence became the most beautiful city in the world. But Cosimo de Medici was the father only of the rich and noble. The poor he trampled under foot; they were of no more value to him than the swine in the stalls of Fiesole.

If we could keep these unfortunate wretches out of sight, the story of Cosimo, his sons and grandsons, would be splendid as a dream of enchantment. They wakened all Italy to new, wonderful industries. The great magicians in art, science, and song worked at their bidding. Gardens, churches, marvelous work in gold and silver, more marvelous pictures sprang into being; great poems were written, scholars from all countries thronged to Florence, and in the shadows of vast palaces were given place to pursue their studies in peace; the whole known world, in a word, flushed into a glory of beauty and grace under the rule of the Medici, as a tropical forest into flower beneath the summer sun. But the poor, remember, shared the fate of the creeping things in the forest. The only men who took any account of them were a few good, common-sensed Christians, headed by a monk named Savonarola, who went about with such gloomy foreboding faces in this sunshiny, beautiful city, that they were called "weepers."

Lorenzo, the grandson of Cosimo, was known as the Magnificent; the poor were almost willing to be crushed to death by such a genial, superb master. There was a little boy of eight, employed as a page in the palace, of noble blood we may be sure, or the great Lorenzo would not have noticed, as he did, his fancy for molding figures in clay. Walking, one day in the garden, the prince found the little fellow copying the figure of an old faun.

He had altered the mouth to make it laugh. "Well done, Michelangelo," he said; "but old men do not have such teeth as thou hast given thy faun. Close his mouth."

The boy bowed, but said nothing. The next day, Lorenzo, passing that way, found the faun still laughing, but with his teeth broken and decayed with age. The prince placed the boy at once in a gallery of sculpture, and employed the first masters of the age to teach him. Now Lorenzo is chiefly known in history as the patron of Michael Angelo. Lorenzo's son, who was made Cardinal at thirteen, and Pope at thirty-seven, was of the same age as the young sculptor, and had known him as a boy; he was so anxious that he should finish the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, that he raised the money necessary by means which Luther protested against as unlawful, and out of this small dissension began and widened the great breach of the Reformation.

Another of this family was the Catharine of France who laughed and joked while seventy thousand of her subjects were slaughtered in one night.

You must not think that the Florentines submitted tamely to the iron rule of the Medici. The common people took courage, from time to time, fought and were always beaten, only to rise again. The great war of the Guelphs and Ghibellines had been going on for four hundred years; the Guelphs usually meaning those who fought for the cause of the down-trodden people, and the Ghibellines for the imperial power. The long fight came to an end in the siege of Florence, in August, 1530, when the treacherous Giulio de Medici, then Pope Clement, with the help of Charles V., invested his native city, determined to destroy or conquer it, to give it over to the rule of his villainous son, Alessandro. For a year, the people within suffered terrible straits of disease, want, and at last starvation. Our brave soldier, Ferrucci, was within, commanding part of the Florentine forces. He led a forlorn hope out of the city through the lines of the enemy, and was returning with a transport of provisions to his starving people, when the imperialist army attacked him. The account of the battle has almost faded from the ancient, yellow pages of Guicciardini, where we read it. But we find that Francesco "was born of the common people, and discovered a mighty bravery of heart and military skill." He was taken prisoner and put to death in this battle, and the beautiful city struggling to be free, finding that he was dead, surrendered herself up to her tyrants. She was given over to plunder, and for two centuries after, to the rule of the Medici. When the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS have grown old enough to turn from it willingly to great books of

history, they will find no story in them stranger than that of this mighty family, who wore their royalty so graciously; who were keen lovers of all art, learning, and progress; who were generous as children to their few friends, but studied murder as a science for the annihilation of their enemies. The sword and guillotine served them when thousands were to perish; but all subtle poisons were

at their command—they gave death with a smile in a flower, or sent it with loving words in a letter. There is not one of the name alive, fortunately for the world.

But the honest, grim face of Francesco Ferrucci tells us a story of bravery and freedom, better worth the reading of little children than the story of the Medici.

MY RICHES.

BY E. G. TAYLOR.



OLKS are complaining now, I hear, about their poverty,—
Of money scarce, and times as hard as times, perhaps, can be;
But I am very rich, for I have raiment, food and health,
And multitudes of treasures—yes, I'm rolling in my wealth.

I have two eyes to see with—they are worth ten thousand pound;
A pair of ears to hear with, and feet for walking round;
No one could purchase these from me for twenty thousand more;
My hands, so useful, raise the sum of thousands to three score.

My tongue, though oft unruly, yet to me is such a prize,
I would not sell it cheaper than I would my precious eyes;
My head, though somewhat empty, fits upon my neck so well,
I would not part with it though you the price to millions swell.

I own a life-long interest in that huge world, the sun;
The moon is partly mine also; my list is but begun,
For I have stock in all the stars that seem to crowd the sky;
They shine their dividends on me, although they are so high.

The clouds that gather in the sky, and shed on me their rain,
And winds that bring them hither, are my servants, it is plain;
I plant no fields, and yet I garner harvests full and grand,
In eye-crops, rich and beautiful, o'er all our fruitful land.

I hold no houses in my name,—that is, they're not called mine,—
For to the cares of property I never did incline;
But if I held by legal claim all dwellings 'neath the sun,
I'd do as now—let others have them all, excepting one.

I've had great artists painting for me very many years,
For centuries before my name among Earth's sons appears;
The masters, old and new, for my delight have done their part;
I go to see my galleries, rejoicing in their art.

Romancers, poets, essayists, historians, all have vied
 With one another zealously, their skill and genius tried,
 To offer me a literature; and let their very selves,
 From divers climes and ages, speak from the book-case shelves.

Astronomers are on the watch, like sentinels, to see
 The movements of the heavenly host, and they report to me
 The latest news received from constellation or from star,
 Or of the frisky comets plunging into space so far.

Inventors tax their brains for me,—sharp-witted men and keen,—
 To put in my possession some new wonderful machine,
 By which my toil is easy made, and I subdue, as king,
 The stubborn earth, and make it all to me its tribute bring.

The railways spanning our broad land, and managed with such skill,
 Are mine, to all intents at least; they take me where I will.
 My telegraph thrills through the world, down underneath the sea,
 And brings each distant country a near neighbor unto me.

And thus from ev'ry quarter, whether sea or earth or sky,
 My riches are enormous; and I cannot, if I try,
 Join in the murmurs of my friends, pretending I am poor.
 All things are mine—God says it, and His word is ever sure.

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE MOSQUITO.



SCENE I.



SCENE II.



SCENE III.

HOW THE CHILDREN CRUISED IN THE WATER-WITCH.

BY E. W. OLNEY.

ONCE upon a time, during a heavy gale in December, a pleasure-boat was driven in from sea and stranded far above high-water mark on old Rye Beach. Her name was the Water-witch. She never again rode over the crested waves, yet when winter storms raged loudly, cold hissing surges struck her side once more, great blocks of ice piled up around her, icicles hung from her boom and froze on to her deck below. When the days of darkness and tempest were passed and the light-house keeper's children came out to look for drift-wood in the early spring, there she lay against the rocks high out of water, her tattered sail still set, her rudder hard down to starboard, and her keel deeply imbedded in the sand.

And there she staid all summer, her canvas rotting and her seams yawning, while the children took possession and played at voyages. Many a cruise up and down, far and wide over the world they took, many a fair island they discovered in fancy, while they sat in the boat bedded in rocks and sea-weed, and told over and over again all the sea-tales their father had ever related to them.

The light-house keeper's children's names were Malcolm, Frank and Nanny. Malcolm was a tall boy of thirteen, with a pale determined face, and large gray eyes that seemed always looking in dream-land. He was full of fancies. Sometimes he was silent, and seemed so busy listening to some voice beyond the hearing of other mortal ears, that he never once heard the voices of the other children who talked from morning until night. Then, by and by, he would wake up and tell Frank and Nanny such wonderful tales as made their hearts beat. Frank was nine years old, with big brown eyes, rosy cheeks and curly hair. He thought his tall brother was the cleverest and dearest fellow in the world, and only wanted to do his will without a wish of his own. Nanny was a little maid of five. Her eyes were blue as the skies, and her hair had surely learned its trick of golden color from the sunbeams. She loved everybody in the world, was happy anywhere, whether playing with her brothers or wandering alone along the beach searching for the little pools of water left by the receding tides, and singing little songs to her own sweet image mirrored in the tiny lakes, believing the reflection to be a little sweet maiden smiling up at her.

Sometimes her brothers went on stern warlike cruises after pirates and buccaneers, and left her safe behind them. Then again, they would put

her in the hammock and let her sail with them to the

"Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

When she did not share their voyage, and they waved their hands to her and threw her kisses in fond adieux, she would cry a little at the parting and desolately feel as if their sail was really set to waft the Water-witch across the seas; but presently, when she still heard their voices as they rushed about their little ship, cutting cables and drawing up their anchors, she would smile again and busy herself gathering sea-weeds, of which she made wreaths fantastically to crown her sunny hair, or gathered shells and strung them into girdles and necklaces, or held a great conch to her ear and listened with thoughtful eyes, and lips apart, to the story it was forever telling.

"The little sister shall go with us to-morrow," Malcolm would often say when tea-time came, and he and Frank had cast their anchors and were at home again; and in the morning he would take the little girl's hand and ask:

"Where does Nanny want to sail to-day?"

"Where the oranges grow," the little sister answered, with such a queer little lisp, and such a dear, eager little face, that both Malcolm and Frank kissed her at once.

"Now we are on shipboard," said Malcolm, after they had climbed into the boat. It was very pleasant thus to be on shipboard. The sail flapped in the wind and the sun shone warmly, and down beyond the wet beach the sea rippled and glittered, and the birds shrieked and dipped as they flew after the fish, leaping out of water in their play. It was almost better than being really on shipboard on the ocean, for here no one could be seasick; yet if they looked off on the one hand, they could see nothing but the blue sea line, dotted with the white sails of ships and the smoke-stacks of the steamers crossing and recrossing each other in the offing, while at the same time, in the other distance, was the familiar rocky beach where the children had played all their lives, with the high light-house on the point beyond and the little stone cottage nestling beside it, where their mother was sitting sewing in the door-way, with her loving face turned toward them. Now when you in sober earnest start on a voyage and go to sea, there is nothing but water, water everywhere about you, and your heart will ache with longing many and many a time before

you can see the dear home faces turned toward you with a smile.

"This is a calm voyage," said Malcolm, who was at the helm. "We are in the Tropics now. This is the sun that burns the people brown, quite brown, and crisps their hair when it is at its hottest."

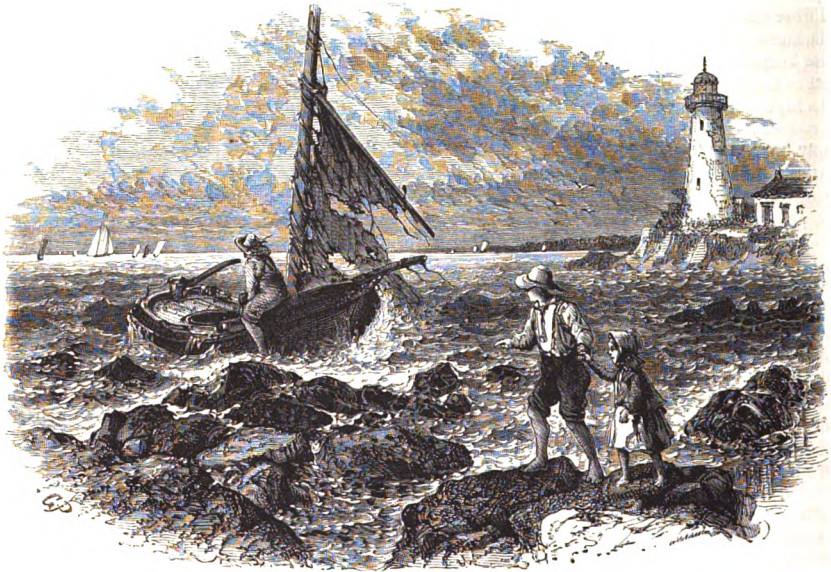
"Where the oranges grow," put in Nanny.

"Oh, yes," cried Frank, "oranges and figs, and dates and bananas, and cocoa-nuts and guava-jelly! They all grow here."

"Guava-jelly does not grow," corrected Malcolm wisely. "The guava is a fruit like an apple, and

knees to wait just one day, just twenty-four hours more, and then he would go back, if no signs of land appeared. Then, while his heart was turning faint within him, and while he was almost in despair, the bough of a tree, with fresh green leaves on it, floated past him. Oh, how he thanked the good God! And soon he heard the voice of singing-birds, and butterflies appeared dancing hither and thither, as if to beckon him on to the new lands. Let us play that we, too, are looking for beautiful islands, all flowers and fruits, and singing-birds."

So they chatted to each other about such a



GOING ON BOARD THE WATER-WITCH.

jelly is made from that as mother makes it from quinces."

"I don't care how it's made," said Frank; "I only know it's awfully good with bread and butter."

Malcolm grew silent, and sat with his gaze steadily fixed upon the sea; his pale face flushed a little, and his eyes shone.

"When Columbus made his great voyage and discovered America," said he after a time, "he sailed on west and west, always without knowing where he was, to find land at last. He had a great faith which kept up his patience, but his men grew angry and mutinous and were eager to turn back. Columbus could have done nothing if his crew had risen against him; he begged them almost on his

voyage; and Malcolm, as if in a dream, felt himself really to be sailing beneath warm, eternal suns, with a crystal sea spreading far about him, broken here and there into shifting rainbow tints, as great fishes turned on their sides and showed fins of silver and gold. And the wind that blew softly through and through the tatters of the old sail made it a sort of harp, on which it sang wonderful songs, sweet and restful as a mother's lullaby to her babe. Nanny too, as she swung in the hammock rocked by Frank, lay listening to the wind-song and the distant cries of the sea-gulls. It was, indeed, just like a fairy-tale, this journey to the Tropics.

"Do you not see," said Malcolm, with his eyes half closed in his dream, "do you not see now the sea-weeds all growing thicker and thicker, and

how the slow waves upbear a thousand floating things? There are husks of the cocoa-nut and branches of the palm. Smell the warm, faint air —"

They seemed indeed to inhale the perfume of fruits and flowers, and their hearts hailed the islands, with their lofty mountain-peaks in the distance, while in the foreground rose now strange and beautiful trees, unlike any they had ever seen before. They made believe that they were really touching these palm-fringed islands, where tree and flower and vine were tangled together in a rich growth, fragrant with delicious odors, and covered with bloom; radiant birds, like flowers themselves, darted from flower to flower, and parrots of gorgeous plumage chattered from the trees, where monkeys were swinging by their tails and chattering in return. Dusky natives, their eyes shining like stars, swam in the transparent waters; others put off from the shore in canoes, and brought them juicy fruits with which they freighted their little ship.

"You have got a wonderful cargo," said Frank, laughing; "who ever saw such a ship-load of oranges?"

"Have we?" cried Nanny, waking up suddenly, to find Frank swinging her hammock, and holding a handful of fruit toward her. Her brothers' voices had lulled her to sleep as they talked of the transparent waters through which they could look down, down, and see the coral reefs far below them like a miniature forest. She had now dreamed, while she was asleep, of a sunshiny island, with birds like flowers, and flowers like marvelous birds, and heavily laden trees holding out their juicy fruits to her.

"Here is an orange for you," said Frank, "and a bunch of raisins, and some Brazil-nuts." And she woke up quite ready to believe they really had touched at wonderful islands while she slept, since here she found such fruits from the Tropics in her lap.

"That was a fine journey, was it not, little sister?" asked Malcolm, as by and by their mother rang the dinner-bell on the cliff, and they all hungrily scampered home along the sands. "Tomorrow we are going to the cold countries. We never took you so far as that, Nanny."

"Oh, let me go too," cried the little maid. "Was I not very good to-day, brother?"

"You went to sleep," said Malcolm, "and lost a great many beautiful sights. Girls were never made for travelers, I expect; yet you shall go tomorrow, if you will."

"Now this is different," said Malcolm next day, as they all sat in the boat again. We will wrap

ourselves up in cloaks, for we are no longer in the Tropics."

They were setting out for the North Pole, you know, and, as if the sun and wind were in the joke of it, they had withdrawn all their warmth and the day was cold, and the east gale blew hard and made one shiver as if it came off an iceberg.

"I expect we shall see icebergs to-day," said Malcolm. "Far out at sea, you suddenly catch a glimpse of something shining in the horizon. Then it begins to appear like a white cloud, and after awhile, you see what it really is that floats down slowly but with wonderful force against tide and current across your path. The sun shines into it until it gleams like a million broken rainbows; and it is shaped in all sorts of beautiful forms, like steeples and towers and domes; and all its cold white height is reflected far, far down into the water with a sort of strange, ghostly light that makes you shiver."

"Who told you about it, Mal?" asked Frank.

"Father. Father has often seen them at sea. Once he saw one so large it looked like a great cathedral; like the cathedrals on earth, yet more glorified—like the cathedrals they have in heaven, I suppose."

So Malcolm talked as they sat in the boat, and dreamed they were sailing due north to look for a North-west Passage. He told them of those frozen seas where

"The ice was here,
The ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It crashed and growled,
And roared and howled
Like voices in a swoond,"—

and all the terrible tales he had ever read of the fate of explorers among those floating fleets of icebergs. But little Nanny cried to hear about such brave men as had perished there by lingering and painful deaths; so Malcolm endeavored to make her forget her grief by stories of the queer animals that show themselves in sunny weather, disporting on the ice and in the water—the polar bears, and the human-faced walruses and seals. He imitated the playful roar of the walrus and the husky bark of the seal, until the little sister was merry again. She heard about the reindeer too, and the eider-ducks, covered with their wonderful down, and the funny-faced, large-mouthed, small-eyed Esquimaux, as they traveled on sledges or paddled about in their little canoes.

Nor did Malcolm fail to tell about the summer sun which set away in the north at midnight, dipping low into the sea only to rise again without any interval of night, and begin a new day. There was no bed-time there for little people, no proverbs

either about rising with the sun. But in winter it was all bed-time; the gloom and darkness were almost unbroken by any dawn, yet the aurora-borealis would flash down its fires of red and gold, lighting up this strange, ghostly, frozen world with its flames that moved to and fro from horizon to zenith, like the slow waving of gorgeous banners.

Yet, notwithstanding all these wonderful tales, neither Nanny nor Frank loved to be in the frozen seas, and were glad when Malcolm said they would sail for brighter lands. So, without waiting for the explorers to discover the North-west Passage for them, they sailed across the open Polar ocean and emerged pleasantly into the sea of Kamschatka, through Behring Straits, and steered straight for Japan. These were queer countries which the children heard of then, as Malcolm told them wonderful tales of the far distant lands of China and Japan, filled with a swarming population, grotesque to foreign eyes, yet highly civilized and excelling in arts.

Surely their little boat must have entered that wide, land-locked harbor, filled with ships of war, trading junks and merchant craft from every country; for the world's trade finds in Hong Kong its connecting link, and brings its merchandise and gold to exchange for the fragrant tea, the creamy silks, the wonderful porcelains, carved ivories, and rare lacquered work, which they find ready for them there.

You cannot guess at these wonderful stories that Malcolm told about these far-away peoples, nor how wide open little Nanny's blue eyes grew with an ever fresh surprise.

And it was in this way that the children cruised in the Water-witch in the silence and solitude of the old Rye Beach, with the cool sea-winds blowing about their hair, and the sound of the Atlantic waves in their ears. So the summer passed while they played in the old boat, and rattled its chains, and cast their anchors, or pulled at the creaking

ropes, shouting the quaint song they had heard from the 'long-shore men':

"Heave away, my bully boys,
Heave away, my Johnnies;
Heave up the anchor, boys,
Brace round the main yard,
Haul taut your port bow-line,
And let the good ship fly."

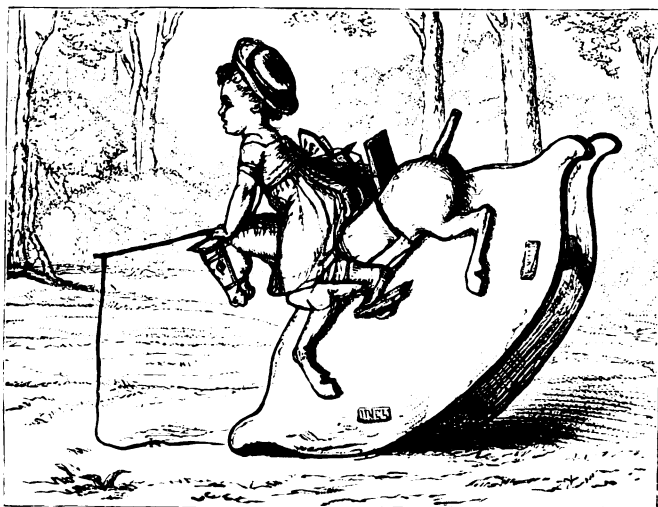
But alas, one night in September, a great gale came up at sunset, and blew hard from the south-east until dawn, and the light-house keeper's children, as they lay in their beds in the little stone cottage, dreamed they were far out at sea, storm-tossed and rocked by tempest. It was a fair, still morning when they awoke, and they ate their breakfast hurriedly and ran out on the beach to discover what the storm had brought them this time; what strange, beautiful gift had been borne up to them from the mystic ocean-world.

But the gale had offered them no treasure save spoils of sea-weed, shells, and dead star-fish, yet had carried away what they loved best. For when they looked for the familiar mast, prow and keel of the Water-witch, lo! they had vanished. The wind and rain had battered her to pieces; the high, equinoctial tide had floated away her planks, and only here and there a tattered fragment of discolored sail, a shrunken timber, or planks strewn over the rocks, remained to tell the sad story.

The children set up a great cry of sorrow for their lost ship. Never again, though they might cruise from Pole to Equator, could they find such wonderful lands as those to which the Water-witch had borne them while she lay stranded above high-water mark; search as they might the wide earth over, no treasures could they gather half so fair as those they had dreamed of.

The timbers floated in again by the next tide, and the children gathered them for the drift-wood fires around which they all sat telling stories during the long winter evenings that followed their short summer of delight.





"SOMEBODY STOP HIM! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!"

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.

THE STUARTS.

AGAIN a change of dynasty. The brilliant, bloody, terrible and momentous reign of the Tudors lasted from the accession of Henry VII. in 1485, to the death of Elizabeth in 1603. Elizabeth, you know, would never marry; and indeed, considering how much she must have been disgusted by her father's feats in that way, and by the unpleasant marriage of her sister, I do not wonder that she should have set her mind against it. And the nearest heir Elizabeth had was the son of her cousin, Mary Stuart of Scotland, whom she beheaded, you remember, and who was her rival and opponent in everything as long as she lived, as she still is in history. Mary was beautiful and fascinating and unfortunate; and because of this, a great many people have always been very ready to forget that she was as willful, hot-headed, cruel and wicked in

some portions of her career as the worst of the Tudors. Her son James, however, was neither beautiful nor fascinating. He was an awkward, ungainly, learned person; and public opinion has perhaps done him almost as much injury on account of his want of personal advantages as it has given undue favor to his mother on account of her beauty. I told you before about the early Stuarts in Scotland, what a gallant unfortunate family they were, always in trouble, and often wrong, but, on the whole, lovable and honest, and doing their best for their country. That Tudor blood which the Lady Margaret, Henry VIII.'s sister, brought them, did not do the race any good; neither did the hot French blood of the Guises, one of whom was Queen Mary's mother. And the whole existence of these unfortunate people in England was disastrous—bad for themselves and bad for the country. I have very little to tell about James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, except that the Windsor account-books

are full of sums paid for ringing the bells when the King came to the Castle; and there is one thing he did when he held his first chapter of the Garter, which will give you a little idea of the extravagance and costliness of the time. He made a rule that no knight should have more than fifty attendants. This the English historians said was because the Scots lords, upon whom the King conferred the order, were not so rich as the English. "Whatsoever they might do in their own country, I know not, but here they have not such numbers of tenants and attendants as might any way equal the number of the English." "Every one had a multitude of servants and all of them in their chains of gold." You may imagine how the followers of these wealthy English lords would swagger about in their gold chains through the narrow Windsor streets, and how they would jibe at the proud, poor Scots with their smaller following. Englishmen, we fear, have always had a little inclination to pique themselves on their wealth. But you might see a great many Knights of the Garter nowadays, assembled at Windsor for a chapter of the order, without seeing any trace of the fifty servants in golden chains, to which King James limited his nobles. But the town was a great deal gayer, as you may well suppose, when all these gorgeous knights in their fine dresses, each with fifty men after him, embroidered and plumed and gilded like himself, came riding one after another over the bridge and up the steep causeway that sweeps round the base of the Curfew Tower, with the bells ringing and all the good people gazing. When they come now, they come by the railway in ordinary morning dress, with one smooth valet perhaps in charge of my lord's luggage. What a difference! On the whole, in some things there must have been more variety and amusement in Windsor in the old days.

And there was variety enough later, when King Charles I. succeeded King James, and when the troubles began between the King and the Parliament, of which you have read in your histories. You ought to know about these troubles very well indeed, for, but for them, America perhaps might never have been the country it is, and you might have been born (as many of you as we had room for) in the old villages and old towns of England, instead of beginning your lives all the way over that great salt ocean, without any love for England in your young transatlantic bosoms; though it cost your great-grandfathers and mothers many a pang and many a tear ere they could wrench themselves from their English home. I do not suppose that there can be many Americans who believe in that unhappy King Charles, as some old-fashioned people in England still do—as a saint and martyr. But he was one of the most remarkable of that curious and

generally unfortunate class who do wrong, intensely believing it to be right. I cannot tell how it is that this sort of people (virtuous criminals we may call them) should suffer more for their wrong-doing than the people who do wrong out of sheer wickedness, and who are far more wicked than they; and I do not suppose that you are able to discuss such a strange question. King Charles was not a bad man; he lied and broke faith not because he liked it, but because he thought he was so right, and his adversaries so wrong, that it did not matter what he said to them, nor what he did to establish his grand object. There are several pictures of him in Windsor, with that strange narrow, obstinate, melancholy face which makes some foolish folks forget his great sins against his country. Such a man as this, determined in his own way and beyond the reach of reason, is one of the most dangerous and terrible creatures in the world. The Tudors, too, were determined to have their own way, but simply because it was their own way and pleased them; but Charles thought his way the most right way, the only right way, and this made him fatal. If he had succeeded, there is no telling what might have become of us all; but even in not succeeding he managed to do a great deal of harm. He put the big Atlantic between us and you, and he made England red with blood and war and murder, and he lost his own head—unhappy king—in the end, for which a great many excellent people forgive him everything that went before.

But there was little thought of all this when the bells rang for the young prince, the heir of the kingdom, who was more loved than his father as being more English, every time he came into Windsor. The Court were always coming and going, making "progresses" from London, sometimes by land, sometimes by water, hunting in the Forest and holding all kinds of stately revels, though the King was often as much in want of money as many of us are. There are huntings of stags in Berkshire still, when a poor innocent, half-tamed deer from the Forest is carried to a considerable distance, and then let loose to find its way back to cover if it can, with men and dogs in full cry after it; but in earlier days the stag-hunt was more natural, and the woods and forest paths rang with hunting-horns. Then Prince Charles and his favorite, Buckingham, would go to the river in the summer evenings, "into the Thames near Eton, where the best swimming is; but," says the worthy old chronicler, lest we should be alarmed for our Prince, "so attended with choice company and a boat or two, that there could be no danger." All the evil was brewing, but no one knew how bad it was to be in those tranquil days; and if the strong Thames, rushing then as it rushes now with a great



CHARLES I. (FROM A PICTURE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

swirl and foaming current under the elm-trees and drooping willows, had carried away Prince Charles one of those evenings when the sun was setting, and drowned him safe down the stream among the water-lilies, no doubt all the histories would have

said, as they say of his elder brother Henry, who died young, that if this gracious Prince had been spared he would have made one of England's noblest kings.

But what a change it made in Windsor when

King Charles's power fell, and the Roundheads, as they were called, took possession of the Castle. It is never pleasant to hear, even when a great and rich person may not happen to be good, of his poorer neighbors becoming unkind to him in his downfall; and this, I fear, is what the people of Windsor were when Charles began to sit unsafely on his throne. His neighbors in the little town, instead of being sorry for him, broke down the park palings, and began to hunt the deer and spoil the beautiful park; and they took down the King's arms from the church; and they rang the bells when the dark, serious Parliamentary soldiers, with their hair cut short and no long love-locks falling on their shoulders (which is what is meant by the name Roundhead) came in and took possession of the Castle. It did not much matter to the Mayor and the Corporation for whom they rang their bells. And this is not a pleasant thing to know. But it is astonishing how quietly people take great public events. I have a curious old MS. book, the diary of a clergyman at that time, written in the most beautiful old-fashioned handwriting, which you would almost want a microscope to see; and do you know, he seems to have been much more excited by the wind that blew down one of his apple-trees than by the execution of King Charles! The apple-tree has a much longer sentence than the king. Is not this strange? But instead of Triumphs and Tournaments and royal Progresses and glorious Knights of the Garter with fifty gentlemen in gold chains behind each of them, there was nothing but simple dresses and simple living and long preachings in the Castle when the army of the Parliament was there. One fast-day we are told of, was kept from nine in the morning till seven at night. Now there was very great occasion for prayer and serious thinking at such a time of national trouble; but ten hours, I am afraid, was longer than any one could fix their thoughts upon such solemn subjects. Oliver Cromwell was at Windsor that day. He was not like any of the splendid kings of whom I have told you, but he too was a great ruler and prince among men, doing a very hard and terrible work in the world, with mistakes like other people, but yet better than any other man of his time could have done it. He and some of his officers "prayed very fervently and pathetically" on that long fast-day; and if you can fancy this great man, a new world in his own person, moving about through the Castle, which was the very embodiment of the old world, and thinking sadly perhaps, as he looked across the sunshiny country, of all the miseries of that battle between the old and the new, which he had to lead and carry through, you will find him as interesting in his sad-colored suit, a plain Englishman,

as any of the gay princes that ever swaggered there. But you will understand this better when you grow older, and can enter into all the great changes that were involved, and learn how the salvation of a country is seldom managed easily without pain or bloodshed. It would be too serious and too long a story if I were to tell you about Cromwell; so instead I will tell how sad was the ending of King Charles. Had Charles I. got his way he would have ruined England as his sons afterward tried hard to do; but that is not to prevent us, when he failed and paid for all his falsehoods and his sins and mistakes with his life, from being sorry for him. For in himself he was not a bad man; but only the terrible misfortune had happened to him that he mistook wrong for right. There is no memory belonging to Windsor, and no scene in all its history so melancholy and tragical as that of his burial, which took place in the dark time of the year,—the "dead of winter," as we call it in Scotland,—in gloom and silence, as you shall hear.

Charles was brought to Windsor before his trial for a few melancholy days. There had been a plan made for his rescue on the way, but that failed like so many other of his enterprises. He reached the Castle where he had spent so much of his youth, and which he had entered so often in royal progresses, everything gay and bright around him, "placed in the middle of a hundred horse, every soldier having a pistol in one hand." The townspeople, though they were not partisans of the King, had their hearts touched by this melancholy sight. They went out upon the road to meet the gloomy procession. "A great influence of people resorted to the town's end, and upon his Majesty's passing by, a great echo arose from the voice of the people crying, 'God bless your Majesty, and grant you long to reign!'" Unhappy Charles! His face, which had been sad in its best days, had no doubt a tragical dignity in it now as he came out of the wintry park in that gray December afternoon, and heard the people shouting. His reign had been over for some time, though he was still the King's majesty, and some five weeks or so was all the time he had to live; but perhaps a little hope awoke in his forlorn bosom when he heard those shouts which meant so little. As soon as he had entered the gates, the Royalists in Windsor went off to drink his health at the public-houses; that was a great deal easier than standing up against those stern, strong Roundhead soldiers and setting the King free. As for Charles, he was the kind of man who shows best in trouble. The disposition which made him seem morose in his better days became him now. "Since the King came to Windsor he shows little altera-

tion of courage or gesture," says one of the people who were watching him, "and as he was formerly seldom seen to be very merry or much transported with any news, either with joy or sorrow, so now, although he expects a severe change and trial, yet doth he not show any great discontent." But he did remark the difference of the behavior of those about him from what he had been used to. No one now served the fallen monarch with the devout respect of former times, or knelt to him as of old. He asked about this, we are told, but hearing that it was by order of the Parliament, said with natural dignity that he "had never looked upon these as more than things ceremonious which were at the election of any whether they would use them or not." He had "three new suits" supplied to him, poor king, after all his wanderings and fightings, "two of them cloth, with rich gold and silver lace, the other of black satin, the cloak lined with plush," and put on one of them on the first Sunday in the year; and there he lived sorrowful in his old rooms all despoiled and bare, refusing to keep the Puritan fast-days, but "using his own private devotions when he pleaseth," and keeping a cheerful aspect, as cheerful as it was in his nature to look,—sometimes saying that he hoped in six months to see peace in England, sometimes that help from without would set him on his throne,—brave in his narrow, tenacious way, showing no signs of trouble. "He hears of the preparations to bring him to tryall and seems to be well satisfied for what follows; but is very reserved in his discourse thereupon, having not fully delivered his mind whether he intends to plead or not." Thus he lived for some three weeks through the dark short winter days, and those long tedious nights which hang so heavily over the unfortunate. Christmas-time! What feastings there had been in Windsor! What heavenly singing in the great chapel! What solemn services and joyful meetings! But all was silent now. No butterfly courtiers to make the old town look gay; no merry good wishes; no music in St. George's, which was all stripped and bare, the knights' stalls and banners, and the altar with its plate and candlesticks, all taken away, and nothing but a blank, silent, shivering space under the glorious roof. And rough soldiers snatching their hasty meals in the banquetting-hall, instead of all the fine company that used to assemble there; and in the royal rooms King Charles alone, only a sad friend or two with him, the people admitted to stare at him by times, and nothing before him but humiliation and downfall. But Vandyke's portrait of him on the walls was not more rigid, less unbending, than he.

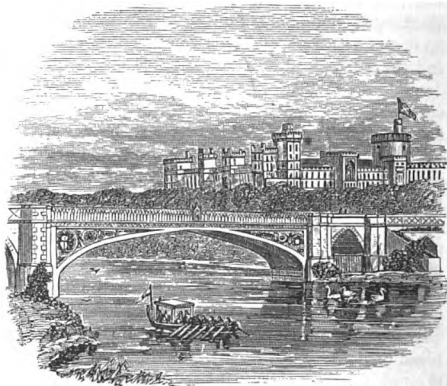
In the middle of January he was taken to London, and there was tried and beheaded, as you know. You and I have not the time to inquire

(and perhaps, between ourselves, are not clever enough to decide) how far this could have been helped, or what excuse they had who did it. The only thing we can be sure of was, that Charles was not a bad man, nor Cromwell an ambitious hypocrite, though I do not think the one was a martyr, nor the other a spotless hero. It was on the 30th of January, 1649, that this terrible event took place, and, after that, occurred the saddest scene that old Windsor ever saw. Four of the King's faithful servants (and he had faithful servants all through his career), the "Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey," requested leave to bury him, and carried the body back to the Castle. They took with them that Bishop Juxon who attended the King on the scaffold, to read the service over him now. But the Governor of the Castle, who was a certain Colonel Whitchcott, would not allow the Burial Service. He told them that "the Common Prayer-book had been put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison when he commanded." You will see from this that persecution was not all on one side, but that whoever was uppermost in these violent times did his best to crush his neighbor. You could not fancy anything more heartless than the Puritan's refusal to allow these heart-broken men to say holy prayers over their king's and their friend's grave—except, indeed, the refusal of that same king to let these Puritans live along with him in the native England which had room for them all. When the faithful lords found it impossible to change this decision, they went sadly to St. George's to find a place to lay him, but found the chapel so bare, so naked, so altered that it was only with hard ado that they found a vault in the middle of what had once been the choir, where they could lay the King. Here they found a little space for King Charles, close by the great leaden coffin where Henry VIII. lay peacefully, unwitting who was coming. The Duke of Richmond marked out roughly upon "a scarf of lead" the letters of his name and the date. Then, all in silence, at three o'clock in the January afternoon, when it was no more than twilight in the cold and naked chapel, they carried the coffin, then covered with a black pall, of which "the four lords" carried the corners, with a forlorn attempt at state. As they came down the Castle hill toward the chapel with their burden, it began suddenly to snow, and the snow fell so thickly and fast that soon "the black pall was all white." Was there ever a more mournful sight? In the dim chapel that snow-covered coffin would be the one spot of wintry lightness. "The Bishop of London stood weeping by to tender that his service, which might not be accepted." Thus they laid him in the dark

vault to molder with the other royal bones, dropping the whiteness of the snow-covered pall (an emblem, they said, of his innocence) into the black gulf with him—not a word said, not a prayer except in their hearts, the Puritan governor of the Castle standing by to see his orders executed. When all was over, he locked up the empty echoing chapel and took the keys away. Windsor has seen weeping and sorrow like every other old house where men for generations have lived and died, and more than most, for in the old days suffering and sorrow were apt to follow in the paths of kings; but never has our venerable Castle seen so melancholy a sight.

If the story of the Stuarts had been a drama, a great tragedy such as Shakspeare could have made, no doubt it would have ended here; but human creatures are dreadfully careless of dramatic completeness, and never know when to stop. If Napoleon, now, had been killed at Waterloo, what a much finer finish that would have made to his life than the miserable exile at St. Helena! But he was not killed, and the Stuarts did not come to an end. After a time, as you know, they were restored, and King Charles II. reigned in his father's stead; but he was not at all like his father. Charles I. was a good, perverse soul in his way, with a purpose for which he thought he was justified in lying as well as in dying—yet, if he did the one he could do the other also; but Charles II. was a man without any purpose at all except his own miserable pleasure, and his life was a thing too base, too unclean, too selfish to be worth talking about. When the great Italian poet, Dante (of whom, I have no doubt, you have heard), wrote his wonderful poem about heaven and hell, he described a place where there was a crowd of wretched spirits gibbering in an unintelligible language. When he asked who they were, his guide, who was leading him through that world of spirits, answered him: "Let us not talk of them—*non ragionam di lor*; look at them and pass by." These were the men who lived only for themselves. And Charles II. was one of these—he is not worth the trouble of telling you about. The country voted him £70,000 to build a tomb for his father; but he never did it, and, it is even said, never tried to find out the place, where the snow-covered pall was thrown down. But he kept the money all the same. However, he filled old Windsor once more with gayety and brightness, and lodged his wicked favorites in the gray towers, and made the walls ring with riot. And, if the truth must be told, the people, who were tired of fast-days and preachings, and of the severity of their Puritan rulers who would have liked to make them good by force, were glad of a little dancing and singing again, and forgave the

second Charles his wickedness on account of the brighter colors, and gayer customs, and careless ways which he brought into fashion. And he built a little and decorated a great deal. "Then was now the terrace brought almost round the old Castle; the grass made clean, even, and curiously turfed; the avenues to the new park and other walks planted with elms and limes, and a pretty canal and receptacle for fowl." And inside there were also great decorations; and if you ever come to Windsor, you will be obliged to crane your neck to look up at the roofs which Verrio painted, and where you will see fat goddesses swimming about among red and blue clouds, not much worth the trouble of looking at; but they were thought very fine in King Charles's time. But the Castle, no doubt, wanted a great deal of cleaning, for I must



NORTH FRONT OF WINDSOR CASTLE—PARTIALLY BUILT BY CHARLES II.

tell you one thing about those Puritans who were, as I have just said, so severe. When the King was killed and the royal family banished, they took in a great many poor people into the big Castle, and gave lodging there to the houseless. They might have done worse, don't you think? and this shows you that what they did was not done for their own advantage. The poor folk were all bundled out at the Restoration when the Stuarts came back, and I have no doubt there was a great deal of cleaning wanted. But I do not think it is one of the worst associations of our Castle that in that time of misery it opened its old towers and chambers to the desolate.

Charles II. was neither a good man nor a good king; but he was popular, and had those gracious manners which are of so much importance to a prince. But his brother, James II., who succeeded him, was not popular; and when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, which was the most honest

thing he did, and showed an inclination to carry out his father's tyrannical intentions, the country made short work with him, and sent him away, putting his daughter Mary and her husband, William of Orange, in his place. Indeed the bringing back of the Stuarts was evidently a mistake altogether. They had not learned anything by their misfortunes, and the country had learned that it could get on very well without them. There is not very much to say about this King James at Windsor.

There was one strange custom, however, of which I must tell you, though it did not belong exclusively to his reign. It would appear that a great many people suffered from scrofula in those days, and at certain fixed times all those who were ill of this complaint came to be "touched" by the King, which was supposed to be a certain cure. This strange superstition procured the name of "the king's evil" for one of the most penetrating and miserable of diseases. More than fifty people, according to the record, came to Windsor from Eton alone to be "touched for the evil" in one year. It was a strange prerogative, was it not, to give to a king?

James's daughter, Mary, accepted his throne in his life-time, while he went sadly to France to live the rest of his life and die in exile. But it was not she who reigned, but her husband, William of Orange, a powerful prince, though he was not a pleasant one.

And after them came Queen Anne, in whose days there was such a great revival both of letters and arms, and prosperity for the nation, that, though she did not count for very much in it, her time was like an echo of Queen Elizabeth's, and her name is associated as Elizabeth's was, with success and splendor of every kind. I told you of a little octagon room opening out of Queen Elizabeth's gallery, where this other royal lady was taking tea when she got the news of the battle of Blenheim. In a big hall close by there hangs a little flag worked with the French *fleur-de-lis*, which the Duke of Marlborough still presents every year, as a kind of quit-rent, the tenure by which he holds his splendid house of Blenheim, near Oxford, which the country gave him. Opposite to this flag is another little tri-colored flag, also renewed every year, which is the Duke of Wellington's homage for the estate of Strathfieldsaye, which he got in the same way after the battle of Waterloo.

It happened to me once to go over the Castle with a great French lady, when these flags, signs of victory over her nation, were quite fresh and bright. You may suppose it would have been very disagreeable to have explained to such a visitor

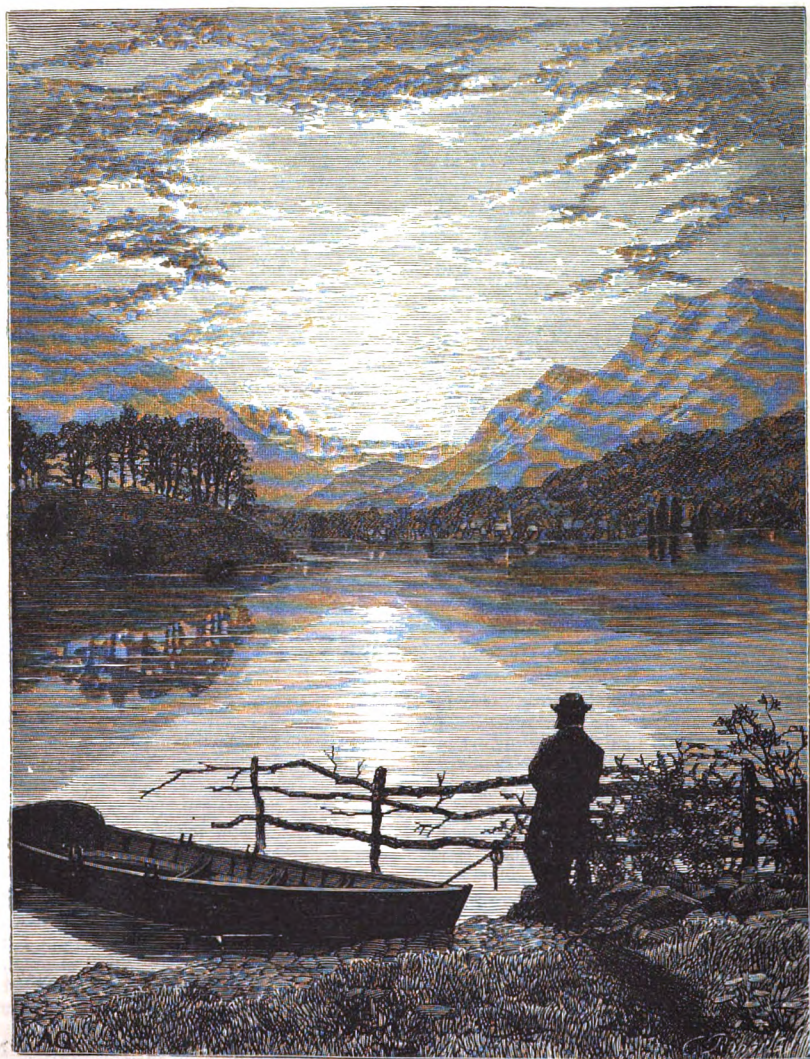
what they meant, and perhaps there was a little satisfaction in the smile with which we English looked at each other and agreed to say nothing about them. But there they hang, and there every year the two dukes send these proud offerings, signs of the services by which they got their lands, just as they might have done four or five hundred years ago. It is a curious little bit of the middle-ages amid all the less picturesque proceedings of to-day.

And so the Stuarts ended in Anne as the Tudors ended in Elizabeth. You may have heard the romantic stories of the two Pretenders, as they were called—James II.'s son and grandson, both of whom tried to recover the throne of which they were the legitimate heirs in succession. Prince Charles Edward, whom in Scotland we call Prince Charlie, with a lingering fondness, roused all the Highlands and made a dash at the crown, which for a moment looked as if it might be successful. But their day was past, and there was no more hope for this race. These two unfortunate princes died eating the bread of strangers—mock kings in melancholy exile—and the story of this family is written all the way through in blood and tears. The only comfortable, matter-of-fact sovereign among them was Queen Anne, and she was the most fortunate; yet she too, poor lady, saw all her children die, and knew that her successor to the crown would be a far-off German cousin, whom England accepted but did not love.

But these changes mattered little to the old Castle, which saw them come and saw them go, and gave shelter to all in their turn, inclosing their splendors and their sorrows impartially within its gray walls, preserving their names here and there in a gallery or a tower, serene and indifferent like the green earth herself, which takes no notice what kind of petty creatures we are who walk about her fields and woods. The kings and the queens pass on like a long procession, every one leaving some little trace, no one affecting much the royal old house which is hospitable to all. Some have built, and some have mended; some have planted the great trees and made the soft green glades of the park, which are so delightful to us now; others have hung the walls inside with carvings and tapestries, and thrown up those vaulted roofs, and smoothed those princely terraces. Queen Victoria goes on doing now what her predecessors began to do four hundred years ago. Apart altogether from the big imperial history with all its political changes, you might write a little peaceful history of all the English sovereigns without ever stirring out of Windsor.

And now that they are in their graves,—some under our feet in St. George's, with the music

pealing over them daily, like King Charles in his pall of snow; some in Westminster, some in other tombs less royal,—their old home stands as fair as ever, remembering them and making them remembered, stronger and richer and more beautiful for each of them, yet surviving all.



A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

THE LAND OF THE GRIGS.

BY ELIZA WOOD.

THE little boy Allen went to the "Land of the Grigs," one rainy night in the month of June. He says he was wide awake in his bed, and just stepped out of a window on to a roof, slid down the roof for a mile, and went through a blazing light-house, and landed on a rock in a meadow where a great many voices were singing and croaking and calling all around him.

Now we know this was all a dream; but he did go to Grigland, because he can tell you a great deal about it.

He found himself sitting on a warm stone by the edge of a pool of black water, little grasses waving in it, bushes shutting it in from the meadows, large trees not very far off, and in the sky were violet and golden clouds as if at sundown, and everywhere were little white violets. "Take me," whispered one dear little violet, that he could reach without getting off his stone. "Take me, and you will know what all the voices are, saying." The breath of the violet was so sweet that the little boy took it into his hand and looked into its fair face.

"Now what would you like to know?" asked a voice in the black water.

"Nothing," answered the little boy.

"Then you can come again," said the voice, and there was a loud splash.

"Why did n't you ask him something?" said the violet.

"Because I know things," said the boy.

"Then tell me what that small boat is in the water that comes later every night?"

"The moon, of course," said the boy.

"What is it for?" asked the violet.

"For shining when the sun goes down."

"What else did you say you could tell me?"

"Oh, everything, most,—how to whistle, and ring the school bell, and rattle bones, and spin tops, and fly kites, and you can't have a gun till you are big, and when something black chases you, it is your shadow, and 'thou shalt not steal'; but I forget the long one about gray images."

"Thank you," said the violet.

"Where is this?" asked the little boy.

"The Land of the Grigs, this is; you can hear them talking in the water down there with your—your moon."

"Do they tell nice stories?" he asked.

"Sometimes they do. I like to hear them talk to the cows when they come here to drink. Just

scratch a frog on the back, and they will begin talking to you in a minute."

The little boy stepped off his stone and scratched a green frog with a small stick.

"If you should ever want to swim," said the frog, "just do this in the water."

He did it so quickly that Allen could not see what he did; but he thanked the frog when he came back, hanging his fore-legs down, and slanting his hind-legs.

"I'd like to know how to lie in the water that way without touching bottom," he remarked.

"This! do you mean this?" asked the frog.

"This is just done by—doing it, you know. Hang your legs down, slant your legs out; don't think about it at all. Any baby frog can do this.

"I'd like to know," said the frog, in his turn, "how you get across the meadow with your fore-legs anywhere,—hanging down, or in the air; and sometimes you swing them around your head, with a piece of your head in one foot."

"Perhaps that's my cap," said the boy. "Why you just take it off and swing it round, or throw it in the air, if you like, and kick it; my little brother can do that."

"Mine can't," said the frog.

"I was a boy first," began a voice in the water, "but I did not like it."

Little boy Allen listened with both his ears. He liked to hear about "boys once." The Grig's voice was soft and pleasant, like a rustle in the reeds.

"No, I did not like to be a boy," he said. "I had to go to bed every night, and had a velvet cap tied under my chin to go to school, as soon as I had eaten my breakfast, and school was the worst place of all. You sat on a bench, and if you did n't know all there was in the books, somebody was whipped for it."

"Did you know then?" asked a crow.

"Not any more," answered the Grig, "and the teacher said what was worst was, 'you don't want to know, and you never will know, and you never will be a man, sir.'"

The Grig's breezy voice grew quite awful when he talked like his teacher.

"They would not let me alone to be a boy," he continued, "they kept poking me up to read like a man, and hold up my head like a man, to have my hat tied under my chin, and do sums and geog'fy like a man."

"You do know about the battle of Bunker's Hill, don't you?" asked Allen.

"Nö," shouted the Grig.

"Nor Putnam, and Adam and Eve, and Cornwallis and Cæsar, and Daniel Boone, and the Ionian Isles?"

"No—no—no!" roared the Grig.

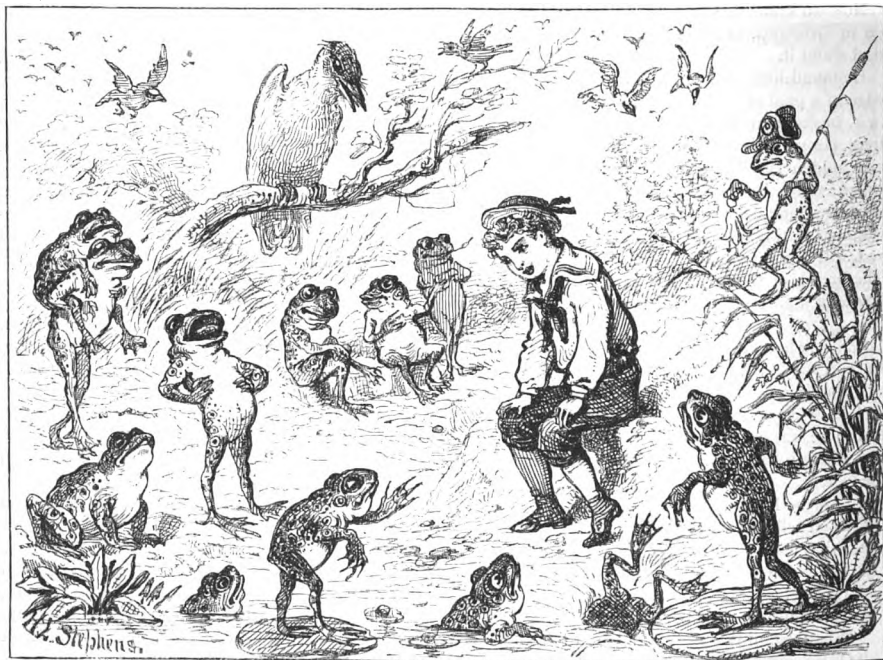
"Tell us some more things that you don't know about," said Allen.

"Oh, there's lot o' things! Five times six is sixty-six. If you put three eggs, and two pigs, and six dogs in one cart, and go five miles, how many carts will go one mile in an hour?"

"Stop him up there!" called out a Grig. "We always laugh when anybody knows anything, especially a boy," explained the Grig who had been talking. "We feel so sorry for him, for

We are merry, laughing Grigs!
We are shouting, chaffing Grigs!
And we don't know a thing,
And can only dance and sing,
With the Grigs, Grigs, Grigs,
With the Grigs."

All the Grigs in the black water joined in the chorus; some high, some low, and there was a sound of castanets and pipes and reeds.



ALLEN AND THE GRIGS.

"I don't know that, nor geog'fy!" continued the Grig. "They would turn over as soon as I had found out what was on one side of the world; slap over, and ask you what is on the other side."

"Eastern Hemisphere," said Allen, so promptly and gravely that all the Grigs laughed in chorus, and he thought that even the crow smiled. He was very much confused; but the white violets looked kindly at him and gave him courage to say: "Why do you laugh at me? It is the Eastern Hemisphere on the other side. Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia."

"But I like to know things," insisted the little boy. "My big brothers and father knows things," he added sadly and ungrammatically. "You must know 'em before you grow up to be a man."

"No, you need n't," called out a piping little voice on the farther edge of the pool.

"Yes, you need, too," said the boy, very stoutly, for he was beginning to doubt.

Just then it seemed as if it must be pleasant to be "A merry, laughing Grig," and not to know a thing. He was oppressed by the extent of his knowledge. "You do have to know things," he

asserted, daringly, "and I like it. I like to very much, I do."

"What do you like?" asked his friend the Grig with the pleasant voice.

"I like the things you did n't like when you were a boy—sums and geography and history. I am at the reign of George III., to find out why we had to break away from the mother country," he intended to say, but the Grigs laughed so immoderately that he had to join in with them, or sit still and look very foolish.

"Come down here and tell us all about it, old fellow," said a Grig, at last; but he could hardly speak for laughter. "It will be fun to have a little chap like you tell us why we br-broke away from the m-mother country. Excuse my smiling."

"I'll tell you up here as much as I know about," Allen answered, "if you don't laugh all the time, for that confuses me and makes me laugh too,—and it was a very sad time in our Colonial history, you know; but you don't know, I think you said?"

There was some stifled laughter, but one Grig remarked sternly: "No, we do not know. Crack your little whip, my hearty, and whoever laughs again during this very sad time of our co-colonial history, shall be immediately changed into a wise, studious, learned little boy."

Little boy Allen cleared his throat and blushed. He squeezed the white violet in his hand, and looked down at the moon that seemed a silver boat in the very black water.

The Grigs were suddenly as silent as the moon; the white violets seemed to listen, too; he thought he felt their fragrant breath against his cheek. The crow, with his head sidewise, fixed one eye upon him, and muttered unintelligibly.

"I can't speak it like the books," he said, apologetically, "because sometimes I forget the long words."

"Oh, no! Don't, don't, don't!" roared the Grigs.

"Dear me, I was afraid you had all gone away, you were so still. I am glad you have n't, though. I'll tell you as well as I can." His voice was very faint as he began.

"We had come over from England, the mother country; and this America was our home, and we loved it very much, as much as English people loved their home, and perhaps more, because we had, most of us, to work hard to keep warm in winter, and to get food and clothes. It was a struggling time for us, a hundred years ago, it was a struggling time. It —"

"Oh my, how many times are you going to repeat that fact?" asked a Grig.

"That's what we always have to do in our De-

bating Society, when we are not quite sure what will come out next. Where was I?"

"It was a struggling time for us.' There's where you are," said a Grig, "and you'll set us off roaring again, if you don't look out. What made it a struggling time for us, Little Gravity, if I may presume to ask your honor a question?"

"Certainly," said Allen, politely, "we always like questions in our Society. It was a struggling time, because it was. We were in our infancy, and infants always do struggle."

"Yes, they always do," shouted the Grigs, "tell us some more."

"The British nation had adopted measures that made matters so very alarming," continued the boy.

"Ha, ha! Excuse me," said the breezy Grig. "What had the dear old mother done? We want to be clear about this. It is so much more fun than dragging it out of books at school. But what had the British nation done? Five minutes for deliberation."

"Thank you," said little boy Allen. He tried hard to remember the long words of the history; but he could not help counting the stars in the water, till a voice said:

"Time is up."

"She had nagged us for a long time, and was so hard upon us, that even Lord Chatham said, we could n't be expected to make up, if they did n't ease off a little."

"But what had she done to us,—that is the point?" insisted the pleasant-voiced Grig.

"I'll have to look over it again, and come back and tell you," answered little boy Allen. "It seems to me that we were taxed very much more than we could pay, and badly used about a great many things; and when Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and other Americans, went to England to see about it, they were snubbed, and told they had n't any right to ask questions. Then Lord Chatham tried again to arrange our affairs, by asking that we might not be taxed any more unless we agreed to it ourselves at home, in our assemblies, and they just would not listen to him."

"A scrubby lot!" remarked a Grig.

"It was taxation without representation, that we objected to," said the little boy. He had thought very hard until he remembered the words of the book.

"Taxation without representation," repeated a deep-voiced Grig, who seemed to be near the surface, "and he's a fat little chap sitting on a stone, and if, you'll believe me, even those long words don't upset him."

"I learned them to-day," said the boy. "Whoever understands the subject best, when we debate

before the master next term, is to have a gold medal."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Grigs, and for a few moments there was such a clapping and clacking, and piping and bassooning, that Allen could not speak at all.

He was much encouraged, however, by their applause, and continued with great solemnity as soon as they were silent.

"We had no representatives in England, and yet we were taxed in the Colonies. When we found that the Tax Bill had really passed both houses of Parliament, and had become a law, our indignation was boundless. In Boston harbor the flags were hung at half-mast; the bells in the churches were muffled to ring a funeral peal; the Act was burned as soon as it came from the King's printing-house, and on the day upon which it was to be enforced, not a sheet of stamped paper was to be found anywhere, so they could not carry on any business that required stamps, and the courts of justice were closed."

"Good! very good!" said the deep-voiced Grig near the surface. "How did it end? How did it end?" called out a great many voices.

"It ended in the repeal of the Act in the British Parliament; but I have n't quite got to that."

"Enough! enough! enough!" piped up shrill voices in great numbers all around the edge of the pond.

"Don't you want to hear how they enforced the

Stamp Act again, and the heavy duty upon tea, and glass, and ——"

"Too much at a time, young un!" said a gruff voice.

"But we rebelled and fought about it, and declared our independence, Fourth of July, and ever so much more,—American Revolution!"

"Come again! come again!" shouted all the Grigs, in all their voices, high and low, clear and shrill, deep and sweet, breezy and strong.

"There's George Washington," said the little boy; "I have not brought him in yet. And 'Hail Columbia, happy land!' and 'Star-Spangled ——'"

"Oh, scratch my back!" said a frog.

"And all men free and equal."

"Come again! come again! Scratch my back, bully boy! Come again! Scratch my back." All the voices joining in to stop little boy Allen, and the crow still looking at him sidewise, and drawing a lead-colored shade over his eye. The little white violets hanging their heads, and no silver boat now in the black water.

He thinks he saw in the sedge near him just the very point of a red silk night-cap, that must have been on the head of the breezy-voiced Grig, and if so, he is sure he will know that voice again, and he is going back, he says, the first night that he hears all the voices calling at once:

"Come again! come again! Scratch my back! Come again, bully boy, come again!"

THE LEGEND OF ANTWERP.

BY M. R. H.

MORE than three thousand years ago,
Antigonus lived, the merchants' foe;
The grim old giant his castle held
On a bend of the lovely river Scheld.

Dark and gloomy against the sky,
The castle lifted its turret high;
While planted upon the rocky crag
Alone floated the battle flag.

Around and about those vine-decked shores
Flashed white-winged ships and gleaming oars;
And happy and lucky the sailor bold
Who passed unchallenged, for goods or gold.

For the giant claimed, as a tax and fee,
Half the treasure brought over the sea;
And far and wide as the eye could reach,
Bales and boxes bestrewed the beach.

From early morning to set of sun,
The task of robbing the ships was done;
All grimly clad in his coat of mail,
Antigonus watched for the coming sail.

This was the rule that the giant made,
Briskly plying his robber trade:
Failing to bring the gold to land,
He cut off the skipper's good right hand.

Then up rose the valiant knight Brabo,
To fight the giant, of course, you know;
And the good old legend tells, beside,
How by Brabo's weapon the giant died.

So the conquering hero's deed and fame
Is kept alive by the country's name;
Brabant they call the land this day,
For love of the knight, the legends say.

Many and many a winter night,
When hearths are cheery and faces bright,
The children will cease their noisy play,
To hear of the giant, passed away.

"Ah! he never lived!" laughs a gay fraulein;
"I know very well what the elders mean!
Why, the name is from *ae'ntwerf*,* I've been told,
And not from *hand-werpen*† of giant bold!"



THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

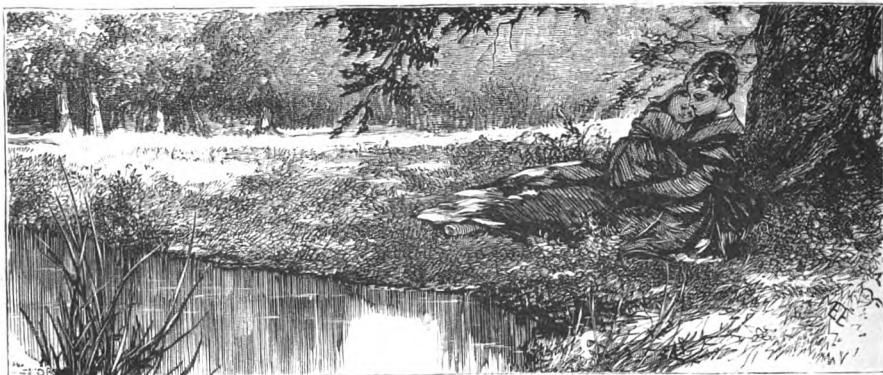
Still past the quaint old Belgian town
Of Antwerp the river runneth down;
And still on the city arms doth stand
A hand that's clasping another hand.

"Oh, scoffing fraulein!" the children plead,
"We believe the story—we do, indeed!"
And over and over they hear it told,
The legend that now is centuries old.

It will last, they say, to the end of time;
It is told in prose, it is told in rhyme;
But the little ones say, in whispers low,
"It is well that it happened so long ago!"

* On the wharf.

† Hand-throwing; because the hands, when cut off, were thrown into the sea.



BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

A TASTE FOR READING.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

MANY years ago an enthusiastic girl, whose name you never heard, deliberately set out to "improve her mind." Blindly and secretly groping about for the best way, she stumbled upon various maxims for the guidance of earnest young souls, and putting them all together, she adopted for herself a set of rules intended to correct all her faults and complete her education, and of which I will tell you only those which were to direct her reading. The first required her to rise at five o'clock, retire to a cold room in the third story, and read for two hours in some "solid" work; and the second, never to read a second sentence until she understood the first.

Dear me! I see her now, poor struggling soul! wrapped in a shawl, eyes half open, poring over "Finney's Theology," the most solid book in her father's library. No one can ever know the tough wrestles she had with the "Theory of Divine Government," and "Moral Obligation," nor the faithfulness with which she adhered to the second rule, of understanding each sentence; which often resulted, by the way, in limiting her reading to a single half-page in a morning.

Have you found out that you know very little?—that books are full of allusions totally dark to you? Have you learned that graduating, even at

a college, will not complete your education? Do you long for cultivation? Then to you I hold out my hands. Let us see if we cannot avoid the rocks that have wrecked so many honest endeavorers besides the girl of that far-off day with her Theology.

For the first, and greatest of these rocks—you will attempt too much. You will wake up to your needy condition suddenly, perhaps, and looking over the biography of Franklin, or some one else who lived by rule,—or at least made rules to live by,—you will, if you're an earnest soul, lay out for yourself such a code of laws, mental, moral and physical, as an aged philosopher would find hard to live by. Eagerly you will begin, and faithfully carry them out for a while; but human nature is weak, enthusiasm will die out, your lapses from rules will become more frequent, and you will fall back into the old careless life, discouraged; perhaps resume your novel-reading, and never advance beyond the shallow life you see about you and find so easy.

My dear girl! don't be so hard with yourself. Don't expect to jump from light novels to Carlyle, and to relish his bracing atmosphere. Do not begin with a book that requires the close attention of a student, and force yourself to read, yawning,

with wandering mind and closing eyes. Do not open a dry history, beginning at the first chapter, resolved to read it through anyway. Never stint your sleep, nor freeze nor starve yourself. All these are worse than useless; they discourage you. A taste for solid reading must be cultivated, and books that are tedious at fourteen may be lamps to your feet at forty.

There is an easier and better way. You need not despair of acquiring an interest in instructive reading, even if you have always read novels, have little time at your disposal, or have reached the age of gray hairs. It is never too late to begin to cultivate yourself.

Do not lay out in detail a "course of reading." Probably you would not follow it, and the moral effect of making a plan and giving it up is injurious. But there is another reason for my advice. When you become interested in a subject, *then* is the time to follow it up, and read everything you can get hold of about it. What you read when thus keenly interested you will remember and make your own, and that is the secret of acquiring knowledge: to study a thing when your mind is awake and eager to know more. No matter if it leads you away from the book with which you set out; and if it sends you to another subject, so that you never again open the original book, so much the better; you are eager, you are learning, and the object of reading is to learn, not to get through a certain number of books.

"What we read with inclination," said wise old Dr. Johnson, "makes a strong impression. What we read as a task, is of little use."

When you read a book that interests you, you naturally wish to know more of its author. That is the time to make his acquaintance. Read his life, or an account of him in an encyclopedia; look over his other writings, and become familiar with him. Then you have really added something to your knowledge. If you fettered yourself with a "course," you could not do this, and before you finished a book, you would have forgotten the special points which interested you as you went through.

You think that history is dull reading, perhaps. I'm afraid that is because you have a dull way of reading it, not realizing that it is a series of true and wonderful stories of men's lives, beyond comparison more marvelous and interesting than the fictitious lives we read in novels. The first pages are usually dry, I admit, and I advise you not to look at them till you feel a desire to do so; but select some person, and follow out the story of his life, or some event, and read about that, and I assure you, you will find a new life in the old books.

After getting, in this way, a fragmentary ac-

quaintance with a nation, its prominent men and striking events, you will doubtless feel anxious to know its whole story, and then, reading it with interest, you will remember what you read.

But there are other subjects in which you may be interested. You wish first to know about the few great books and authors generally regarded and referred to as the fountain-heads of the world's literature. It is impossible, in a little "talk" like this, to give definite directions for gaining a knowledge of these. Needs vary in almost every case, and a book that might wisely be selected for one girl, might be a very poor choice for another. Almost every one can turn to some judicious relative or friend who, at least, can start her in a good direction. Once started, the way is delightful and easy. There are many entrances into the great temples of literature—you need not go in by all of them.

There are many well known and often quoted authors, concerning whom you will wish to be informed, even if you never read their works. You want to know when they lived and what they wrote. The world of books is too large for any one to know thoroughly; you must select from the wide range what suits your taste, and be content to have an outside, or title-page, knowledge of the rest.

Above all, in your reading you want to avoid becoming narrow and one-sided. Read both sides of a question. If you read a eulogistic biography of a person, read also, if possible, one written from an opposite stand-point. You will find that no one is wholly bad, nor wholly good, and you will grow broad in your views.

But perhaps you don't know how to read by subjects. Let me tell you. Suppose you see an allusion to something that interests you—say Sir Walter Raleigh; look for his name in an encyclopedia or biographical dictionary (which you will find in every tolerable village library). Reading of him, you will become interested in Queen Elizabeth; look her up, in the same books, and in English history; observe the noted men of her reign, look them up, read their lives; read historical novels and poems of her times; look at the table of contents of magazines and reviews, and read essays on the subject. You see the way open before you. Once make a start, and there is scarcely an end to the paths you will wish to follow.

If you have no special subject of interest, take up an encyclopedia, slowly turn the leaves, and read any item that attracts you, not forcing yourself to read anything. If you have any life in you you will find something to interest you; then you have your subject. If it is some historical person

or event, proceed as I have already indicated; if scientific, overhaul the dictionaries of science, lives of scientific men, discussions of disputed points, etc.; if geographical, turn to a gazetteer, books of travels, etc. One book will lead to another.

Right here let me say, I hope you have access to these works of reference, either in your own house, or that of a friend, or at a public library. But if your case is the very worst—if you have none, cannot buy them, and have no public library in your neighborhood, let me advise you to drop everything else, and make it your sole and special mission to start one, either by influencing your parents and older friends, or by getting up a club of your mates. A strong will and earnest effort will accomplish wonders, and all older people are willing to help younger ones to useful tools.

To return to your reading. Your memory is bad, perhaps—every one complains of that; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One I mentioned above: to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory: One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflec-

tions, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh, and ready for use, as to have always on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case, you will not "forget your French" with the majority of your schoolmates.

A love of books, dear girls, is one of the greatest comforts in life. No one can be wholly unhappy or solitary who possesses it. From thoughtless youth to hoary age, books are a refreshment for the weary, society for the lonely, helpers for the weak. A taste for good reading is one of the best gifts in the world—better than beauty, almost better than health, and incalculably better than wealth. The pleasures of a comfortably filled mind can never be estimated.

In conclusion, let me beg that whatever you learn in books you will learn thoroughly. Content yourself with no smattering surface acquaintance, but endeavor to thoroughly know and understand your subject, step by step, as you go on. Master one subject, and you have taken a long step toward a broad and cultivated womanhood.

JOHN BOTTLEJOHN.

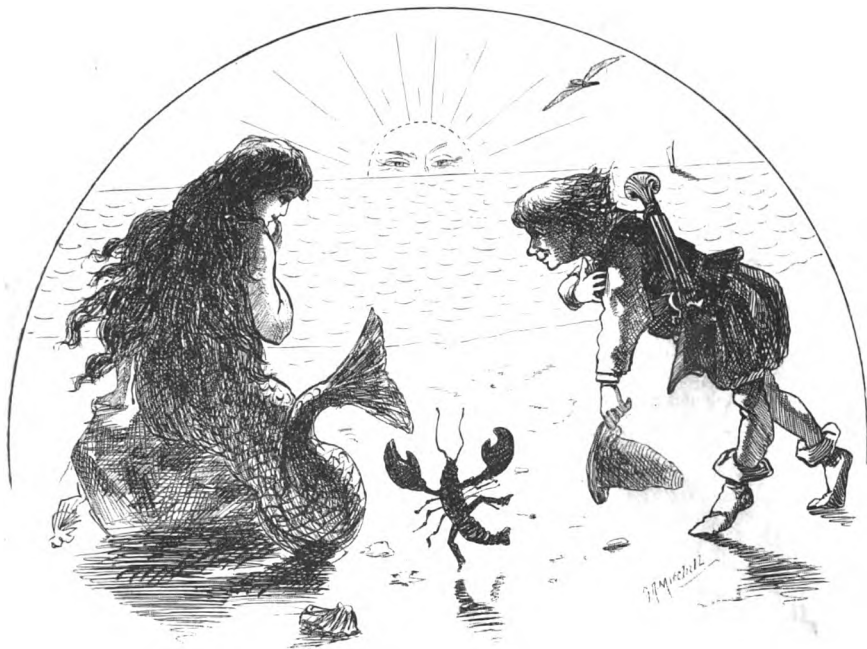
BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LITTLE John Bottlejohn lived on the hill,
And a blithe little man was he;
And he won the heart of a little mermaid
Who lived in the deep blue sea.
And every evening she used to sit
And sing on the rocks by the sea:
"Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
Wont you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn heard her song,
And he opened his little door;.
And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped
Until he came down to the shore.

And there on a rock sat the little mermaid,
 And still she was singing so free—
 “Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
 Wont you come out to me?”

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
 And the mermaid she made one, too,
 And she said: “Oh! I never saw anything half
 So perfectly sweet as you.



In my beautiful home, 'neath the ocean foam,
 How happy we both should be!
 Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
 Wont you come down with me?”

Little John Bottlejohn said: “Oh, yes,
 I'll willingly go with you;
 And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,
 For perhaps I may grow one too.”
 So he took her hand, and he left the land,
 And he plunged in the foaming main;
 And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
 Never was seen again.

OUR COLONIAL COINS.

BY G. D. MATHEWS.

PROBABLY very few of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS know anything of the coins of this land before it was a *country*, when it was merely a home



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.



REVERSE.

and a shelter for colonists from Europe. This Centennial year, therefore, will be a fitting season for saying something about those odd-looking pennies that one sometimes meets with, and which have so close a connection with our early history. Many of these coins were semi-national in their origin, being issued by State authorities, before as well as after the Declaration of Independence. Some were private ventures, struck here or in Great Britain; while others, again, were issued by France for her colonies in Louisiana. Of these pieces, many are now rare, but we shall describe a number of them, coming down to the period when

chusetts issued at Boston some silver pieces of the value of twelve and of six English pennies each. These coins were merely round, flat pieces of silver, with "N. E." (New England) on the one side, and the value, XII. or VI., on the other. The frugal authorities wasted no money on engraving, not even announcing the year in which the coins were issued.

This coinage was, however, so distasteful, because of the absence of any design, that another series was at once issued, on some of which is a scraggy oak-tree, inclosed in a circle of dots, outside of which are the words "Masathvets. in," while round the edge on the reverse is the remainder of the legend, "New England, An: Dom."



CONNECTICUT CENT.



REVERSE.

On this reverse is the date, 1652, in the center, with the numeral of value, XII., VI., III. or II., below it. On others of this design is a pine-tree; and while of both these designs occasional issues took place during nearly thirty years, yet the date 1652 is the only one used.

Charles the Second, it is said, regarded this coinage of the colony as an encroachment on his prerogative. We believe, however, that his dislike was overcome by the statement that the design was a memorial of the famous oak-tree hiding-place of his father!

In 1685 the Boston Mint was closed by royal



MASSACHUSETTS CENT.



REVERSE.

the United States Government exercised its prerogative as an independent power, of issuing its own money.

Wampum—that is, strings of shells ground down so that each piece was about the size of a grain of corn—was used by the Indians for ornament and for barter. The early colonists, through trading with the Indians, became accustomed to this article, and used it to some extent among themselves. But as it would not be taken by the merchants in Europe for goods ordered from them, a metallic currency was soon demanded.

In 1652, therefore, the General Court of Massa-



CONNECTICUT CENT.



REVERSE.

command, and remained so for more than a century. After the Revolution, Massachusetts issued

for local use copper cent and half-cent pieces. On these the device is that of an Indian chief with bow and arrow. To the left of his face there is a star,



CONNECTICUT CENT.



REVERSE.

while the legend is the word "Commonwealth." On the reverse is an eagle, with arrows in its left talon and an olive branch in its right, the breast being covered with a shield, on which is the word "Cent." The legend on this side is "Massachusetts," and the coins bear the date 1787 or 1788, the former being much the rarer piece. In 1788 the Federal Government prohibited all further coinages by the local States, intending to establish a national mint, and thus a second time the Boston Mint ceased operations.

While Massachusetts was the only State that ever issued silver coins, other States surpassed her in the amount of their issues of copper. In 1785, Connecticut issued a copper cent, stamped with a bust that passed for Washington, with the legend, "Auctori Conne." (By the authority of Connecti-



VERMONT CENT (REVERSE).



REVERSE, 1787.

cut). On the reverse is the Goddess of Liberty, with the words, "Inde. et Lib.," contracted for "Independentia et Libertas," with the date. Copper cents were also issued by this State in 1786, 1787, and in 1788.

To Vermont belongs the honor of having a coinage issued by her own authorities even before she was recognized by Congress as an independent State. In 1785, this State coined a cent with a device as poetical as it was patriotic. On the obverse is the All-seeing Eye; around this are thirteen radiating lines, alternately long and short, with a star between each; while the legend reads, "Quarta. Decima. Stella"—Vermont claiming to be the fourteenth star in the Federal galaxy. On the reverse is a portion of the sun's disk as he rises

over pine-crowned mountains; while between the date (1785) and the base of the mountains is a plow, the legend being, "Vermonts. (in some cases Vermontis) Res. Publica." In the following year on cents of this design we have "Vermontensium;" but on other cents, in place of this early design, there appears a conventional bust of Washington in armor, with the legend "Vermont Auctori," while on the reverse is the Goddess of Liberty, with the customary "Inde. et Lib.," and the date, 1786, 1787, or 1788.

New Jersey, or, as it was first called, Nova Cæsarea, had no State coinage till 1786; but in that year, as also in 1787 and 1788, cents were issued of a very distinctive device. On the obverse



NEW JERSEY CENT.



REVERSE.

is a plow, surmounted by a horse's head, with the legend, "Nova Cæsarea," and bearing the date 1786. On the reverse is a large heart-shaped shield, the legend being "E Pluribus Unum."

We have now described the designs on the State coinages of money previous to our national issues; but a second division of this early money may be made of the coins prepared abroad for use here. Of these the rarest, and, at the same time, the most interesting, is the silver shilling, or groat, struck in 1659 in England by Lord Baltimore for circulation in Maryland, of which territory he was governor and proprietor. These pieces, known as the Baltimore shillings, show considerable taste in their device.

Another of these foreign coined pieces is called the Carolina halfpenny. This has on the obverse



CAROLINA HALFPENNY.



REVERSE.

a large elephant, standing. On the reverse are the words, "God preserve Carolina and the Lords Proprietors, 1694." The date shows that this was

struck during the reign of William and Mary, while the device of the elephant connects it with some of the great firms that traded with the East Indies. This halfpenny was, therefore, probably issued by some persons who had an interest in American as well as in Asiatic commerce.

In 1722, an Englishman named Wood obtained leave to coin twopennies, pennies, and halfpennies for use in the colonies. Having to pay a large sum



ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY.



REVERSE.

for this privilege, Wood re-imbursed himself by making the coins worth intrinsically only half their legal value. From their legend, these are known as the "Rosa Americana" series.

The colony of Virginia could not be overlooked by the industrious money-makers across the Atlantic, and in 1773 the "Virginia halfpenny" made its appearance. On the obverse is a head of George the Third, and on the reverse the arms of Great Britain, a crown, and the word "Virginia."

Our Declaration of Independence, and the hostilities which followed it, did not prevent the engravers of Great Britain from still seeking to profit by the American market. An immense number



VIRGINIA HALFPENNY.



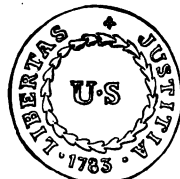
REVERSE.

of coins and tokens were now struck in England and sent here to be used as halfpennies or cents. Of these, we have the "Nova Constelatio" series, having on the obverse the All-seeing Eye, with radiating beams, between each of which is a star, the legend being "Nova Constelatio." On the reverse, a wreath incloses the letters "U. S." in Roman characters, while the legend is "Libertas + Justitia," the date being 1783. In 1785 there was another issue, the legend reading, "Libertas et Justitia," while the "U. S." is in script characters.

Another extensive issue was that of the "Washington cents," of which there were several varieties.



NOVA CONSTELATIO CENT.



REVERSE.

The earliest of these is called the "small-head cent," from the size of the bust of Washington, the legend being "Washington and Independence," with the date 1783. On the reverse is a figure of Liberty seated, with the legend "United States."

On a second type of this series we have the obverse and the reverse alike, the design being that of the obverse of the cent just described, the word Washington alone appearing, so that this is known as the "double-headed Washington cent." A third type has an entirely different head, and, from the



WASHINGTON CENT.

WASHINGTON "UNITY" CENT
(REVERSE).

error in the legend on the reverse, is known as the "unity cent."

New York State seems to have had no local mint, so that the coins called "New York cents" were all imported. On some of these there is a bust of Washington, with the boastful and un-Washingtonian legend, "Non vi sed virtute vici" (not by force, but by virtue, I conquered); with a reverse of Liberty seated, the legend being "Neo Eboracensis" (New York), and the date 1786.

To our very incomplete sketch we must yet add a brief description of the currency used in the

ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY
(ANOTHER ISSUE).SMALL-HEAD CENT
(REVERSE).

French colonies of Louisiana. In the beginning of the last century, Louis XV. issued a copper piece

having two L's crossed beneath a crown, with the usual French legend, "Sit nomen Domini Benedictum" (Blessed be the name of the Lord); while on the reverse there is simply, in three lines across the field, "Colonies Françaises, 1721," or 1722.

In 1767, there was another issue of copper money, but with a different device. On the obverse there is a wreath inclosing the French arms,



LOUISIANA CENT.



REVERSE.

with the legend and date. On the reverse are two scepters crossed with L., XV. in the angles, the letter A denoting the Paris Mint mark, while the



LOUISIANA CENT.



REVERSE.

words "Colonies Françaises" are in two curved lines.

A fuller description of the coins that go under the general name of American colonials is forbidden by our space. Should any of our readers be coin-collecting, we wish them, however, to remember that the most useful collection is that which contains good specimens of the different types or patterns of the various coins, and not merely "full sets" of the issues of any particular coin.

TWO OF THEM.

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.

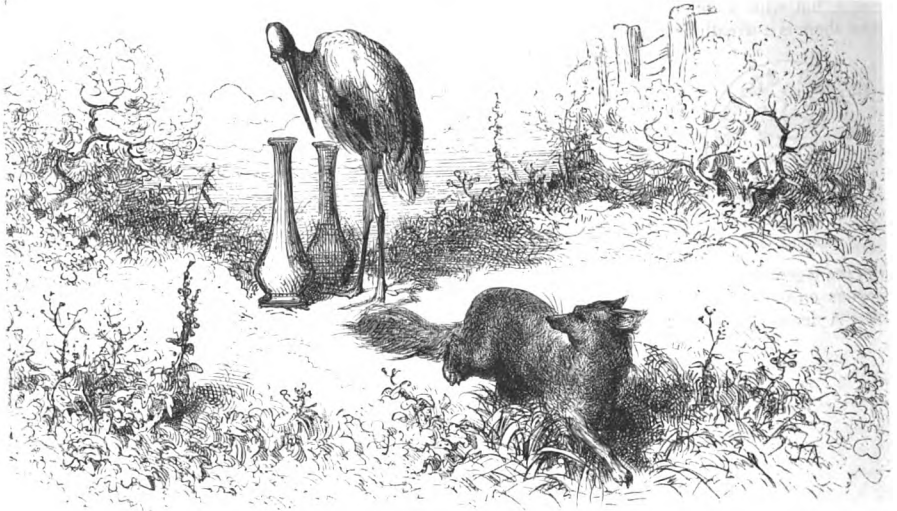
A BROOK and wee Elsie
Were playing together,
One frolicsome day
Of the sunshiny weather,
At "tag" and "bo-peep;"
Naughty creatures were they,
For the brook and wee Elsie
Had both run away.

One time, when they paused
In a lovely cool place,
Elsie saw in the water
Her round dimpled face;
And "How funny!" she said,
With a wondering look,—
"Now, how could my face
Get into the brook?"

A half-minute later,
A gypsy bee
Left Elsie in tears,
Sorry object to see.
"Here's another queer problem,"
The little brook cries;
"Now, how did I ever
Get into her eyes?"

THE RACES AT SHARK BAY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



THIS picture of the fox and stork always puts me in mind of the Great Races at Shark Bay. The true account of that affair is this:

It was Uncle Jeems that brought the boys down to the bay. Their fathers had gone out to sea for a day's trolling for mackerel, and, being afraid to leave a lot of city boys running loose over the farm, called the old man out of the stable, and put them under his care.

"Fuss-rate," said Uncle Jeems, coming up when the gentlemen were gone. "I'll gib yoh a day's spoht, young gemplems!"

"You'll attend to your own concerns," said Pugh, loftily. "Come, Potter. If we are to spend the day at Shark's Bay, we can provide amusement for ourselves, I imagine."—and they walked away arm in arm. Ted and Joe and little Polly clung to Uncle Jeems, and trotted after them.

Pugh and Potter were academy boys, and quite ten years old. They always "imagined" and "presumed" when Ted would have said he "thought it out." When they landed from the boat, the other day, they were quite sure all the boarders were looking at them, just as at home on Broadway they thought the crowd admired them passing by. Their only reason for expecting this public attention was that Pugh was studying Greek verbs and

Potter had a watch; and there are a great many persons of whom these things can be said.

Though we do meet people sometimes, who think everybody is admiring them, who do not even study Greek, and have not a watch.

Since they came to the country, Pugh wore his best clothes of gray cloth, and Potter a full suit of white linen, with magnificent neck-ties and scarf-rings. They were very much ashamed of the flannel shirts and old trousers in which their fathers would go fishing.

"What kind of sport shall we have?" Ted asked the old man when they came in sight of the bay.

"Dat's foh de young men to say, sah,"—and Uncle Jeems sat down on a log and began to pick the barnacles off it.

"Never you mind," said Potter, graciously. "We'll take care of you little fellows."

The bay was a very little bay, only two or three miles wide. It sparkled in the sun, and now and then a crab came to the top and made a ring of ripples on the tan-colored water. There was a strip of sandy beach all around it, and back of that, green and brown marshes, as far as you could see inland. The bay opened out into the sea, which, no doubt, was a very grand background; but Ted and Polly took very little account of it—it was so

big and uncomfortable. Sand-hills and the mud in the marsh were the things,—that is if you went in for enjoyment.

Pugh and Potter consulted awhile. Then Pugh said, as if he were making a speech :

"We are going to have races —"

"Oh, goody!" cried Polly.

"Hooray!" shrieked Ted and Joe. "Races!"

"The Grand Races of Shark Bay!—that's the name of them. Two heats. I'm to lay down the rules for the first heat, and Potter for the second. Now d'ye understand? Two heats?"

"Two heats! Hooray!" yelled Ted and Joe, while Polly swung her sun-bonnet by the strings and screamed louder than either.

"That will do. You'll make me deaf, child. Now I'll make the rules for the first race. The starting-point is this log—just here, and that boat drawn up on the beach is the goal. Every man entering the race must put down a quarter of a dollar —"

"Have n't got a quarter," sung out Ted.

"Hooray!" began Polly, but stopped short.

"Well, put in what you have got."

Potter and Pugh each took out their porte-monnaies, and flung down a quarter of a dollar on a mossy log. Ted and Joe whispered eagerly together.

"Is the one that wins to have *all* the money?" asked Joe.

"Yes, yes. Come, don't be all day about it."

"Now, I've got fifteen cents and Ted's got fifteen. If we put in ten each, we'll have five for the second heat. Will that do?"

"Don't yoh resk yoh money, chillen," growled Jeems. "You have n't got de ghost of a chance 'gainst dah long legs. Don't yoh see?"

But Ted and Joe were breathless with eagerness.

"Can we go in on that? Can Polly go in, too?"

"Oh yes, yes." Pugh and Potter laughed and exchanged significant glances. "Now," said Pugh, "fifteen minutes for preparation."

He disappeared suddenly in the marsh-grass. Potter took off his coat. Ted and Joe, anxiously watching him, did the same.

"Mine's a frock," said Polly, ready to cry. But when Potter unlaced his shoes, and Ted and Joe did likewise, she tore off both shoes and stockings and hopped about in her fat, bare feet.

"Take your places!" said Potter, throwing back his suspenders. His face was very red, and he looked now and then anxiously at the little heap of twenty-five and ten-cent notes.

They all stood in a row by the log, right foot out, looking impatiently about for Pugh.

"I think Polly ought to have a start. She's the littlest," said Ted.

"That's against Latin rules," said Potter, solemnly. "*Mensa, mensa, mensa, mensam.*"

"Oh!" said Ted, looking aghast. "I did n't know."

"Come along, Pugh!" shouted Potter, sharply. "I hear you back there. Time's up! I'll give the word. One—two—three! Go!"

They all dashed off, Potter ahead. But he stopped short when Pugh broke through the marsh-grass mounted on his velocipede, which he had brought down with him from town. It ran like lightning over the hard beach.

"Unfair! Foul! Back! back!" shouted Potter, and after him Ted and Joe.

"It is fair," said Pugh. "There was no agreement that it was to be a foot-race."

Potter was silent a moment. "Come on, then," he said, sullenly.

"We can beat him, anyhow, Potter," shouted Ted, wild with excitement.

They made a fresh start. Potter ran leisurely, not trying to win. Poor little Polly tumbled down after a yard or two, and came back crying to Uncle Jeems. Ted and Joe went tearing along only to see Pugh, seated on his crimson velvet cushion, run easily before them all the way and round the goal with a triumphant sweep of the wheels. He rode back laughing, gathered up the money, and put it in his pockets.

"Yoh gwine t' take dem chillen's money?" said Uncle Jeems.

"That's the rules of the race," said Pugh.

"Why, of course, that's the rules of the race!" cried Ted. "Come on! Second heat! Plank down your five cents, Joe."

Joe obeyed. Pugh and Potter put down their stakes.

"Starting-point and goal the same," said Potter. "Fifteen minutes for preparation." And he disappeared in the marsh-grass.

"I wont run this time, boys," said Polly, looking first at one red little sole and then the other.

But Ted and Joe were hot with eagerness to be off. They danced up and down in front of the log. Pugh sat, smiling, on his velocipede.

There was a stir presently in the grass.

"Time's up!" cried Joe. "One—two—three —"

"Go!" shouted Potter, dashing into the course on his pony. He had not had time to saddle him, and rode clinging to the mane. Pugh rushed forward for a few rods, but was left far behind.

Ted and Joe raced furiously along until they were out of breath. The flying heels of the pony left only a cloud of sand in their faces.

They came back red and perspiring, ready to cry, but swallowed down the sobs as they pulled on

their coats. Potter cantered up and stuffed his winnings into his pocket.

There was a miserable silence. The sun was hot and glared upon the sand.

"I don't think races is very good fun," said Polly.

Potter and Pugh chuckled.

"Is that all the sport you know?" asked Ted.

"That's all," said Pugh.

His velocipede would not run except on the narrow strip of hard beach; he gave it a kick and sat down. Potter's pony was minded to go to its stable; he abused it for an obstinate little beast, and, jumping off, let it gallop back. Then he sat down beside Pugh. Their full pockets did not seem to put the two boys into a good humor. Ted and Joe put their hands into their empty ones, tried to look indifferent, and yawned.

"Is dem dar races done run?" said Uncle Jeems, dryly.

"Yes," said Ted. Polly nodded two or three times. A tear ran down to the tip of her little red nose, and hung there.

"Wal!" (the old man got up slowly) "reckon it's our tuhn now, chillen!"—and he disappeared in the marsh-grass.

Pugh and Potter sneered, but Ted and Joe stared all about them with wide-open eyes.

In two minutes, on the water from behind a clump of cedars and bay bushes, appeared Uncle Jeems, aboard of the dirtiest, loveliest little boat you ever saw. A regular schooner, fully twenty feet long, with two masts and sails, and a red streamer fluttering at the peak!

"Dis yere's de full-rigged, fast-going ship Polly, bound foh Europe, Californy, and Japan!" cried Uncle Jeems, steering her up to the shore. "Ted, commander! Joe, fust captain! Polly, passenger! Uncle Jeems, crew! All aboard. Rig your maintopsail, my hearties!"

Ted and Joe had no breath to cheer. Their eyes were set with astonishment and delight. Polly gave a little cackle of a "Hooray!" and then jumped up and down, holding up her arms. "Me? me? Did you mean *me*, Uncle Jeems?"

"Yoh's de on'y lady ob de name ob Polly I know yereabouts," lifting her on deck with a jump. "All aboard, captain!"

Ted and Joe swarmed over the bow. Pugh and Potter came close as they could. They had quite forgotten their dignity in the excitement.

"Is n't she a beauty? Regular sea-going vessel, is n't she, Uncle Jeems? Something like a boat, to have two masts!"

"Look at the anchor!" shrieked Polly. "And the dear little house shut up by a lid!"

"That's the forecastle, you goose," said Ted.

"But just see the rudder! Why, you can turn it! Can I steer—oh, can I steer?"

"Ob course. And Mars Joe, he min' de sail. Miss Polly, she captain ob de center-board. You hold dat stick tight, honey. Now we's off. Rig yer jib-boom! Man yer topsail halyards, my hearties!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted Ted and Joe; and the little boat went plunging out into the flashing waves, the red streamer flapping overhead in the sunlight, and the masts, with Ted's steering, rocking topsily to and fro.

"We've got to take keer of shipwreck," said Uncle Jeems, gravely.

"Of course! of course!" cried Ted and Joe.

The water in the bay was not two feet deep, but they did not know that.

Pugh and Potter looked disconsolately at them and the boat, driven here and there before a free wind.

"Father would never let me go in a boat alone," said Pugh.

"Seems as if we'd lost our one chance," rejoined Potter. "Hang the old darkey! Look here, Uncle Jeems," he shouted, "are n't we to go aboard?"

"Ship's commanded by Cap'in Teddy, sah. I'se de crew."

"I say, fellows!" cried Pugh. "This is poor fun for us."

"That's so!" said Joe. "Put about, Ted. Take 'em aboard."

"Take 'em aboard!" cried Polly. "Hooray!"

"Let dem dar alone. Dat's my 'dvice," muttered Jeems. But he brought the boat ashore, and the boys jumped on deck.

No sooner did they find themselves safely there than they began to take command.

"Give me that rudder, Ted," said Potter. "Joe, let Pugh have that rope. Let that stick alone, Polly. What do such chubs as you know about sailing a vessel?"

He dropped the rudder in a minute, however, to rush with Pugh to the bow, to look at a fish jump out of the water. And then—how it came about nobody could say (Uncle Jeems had the sheet in hand, and surely he knew how to manage it)—the boom swung around, and over went Potter and Pugh headlong into the water.

"Dat ar bow's a dangerous place," said Uncle Jeems, quietly.

The children screamed. Potter and Pugh scrambled up and stood with the sea-weed and muddy water up to their knees, spitting it out of their mouths, wringing it out of their hair.

"Take us aboard!" they shouted, as the Polly sailed swiftly away. "We're drowning! Take us aboard!"

"Dis yer ship's under full headway," said Uncle Jeems. "It's onpossible to turn her. I reckon yoh wont drown dis day."

They waded ashore and looked back, dripping and soggy with mud, to see the crew in the boat unpacking a basket full of cold chicken, biscuits, and delicious fruit. The sun was warm overhead, and the wind filled the sails, and the bright ripples dashed against the sides of the boat.

"They 'll not come home until night," said Pugh. "They're having too good a time to think

of coming ashore before night. We may as well go to the house."

Polly's father went down to meet them that evening, for they did not come in until the moon was shining. He carried Polly in his arms.

"Uncle Jeems has given my girl a grand holiday!" he said. "It was a pity those lads fell overboard, Uncle!"

"Yes, sah," said the old man, gravely. "Dat was a most onfortunate—accident!"



"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

THE BUCK-SKIN BREECHES.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

GRANDPAPAS all were once little boys—
Is not that a remarkable poser?—

Devoted to toys,
Nonsense and noise,

Addicted to jack-stones and similar joys,
Crazy for races with Rover and Tozer,
Yet forced to sit still and say, "Yes, sir," and
"No, sir;"

And the boys of all time, experience teaches,
Have their first new balls and their first new
breeches.

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Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six!
That is the date—like a burr it sticks;
For grandpapa told it, many's the while,
As he spoke of the past with a sigh and a smile;

The wondrous year,
To memory dear,

Which of all his youth rose up most clear,
When his homespun suit was kicked to the
rear;

When his father took him o'er dale and down,
Three hundred miles to the Quaker town,

And in bliss that humanity rarely reaches,
He donned his first buff buck-skin breeches.

Grandpapa had a most notable sire—
Brave, the Old General, and stout and true :
Prompted by honor and duteous ire,
He pledged himself with the noble few,—
Look in the list,
It cannot be missed,
He wrote it himself with his resolute fist ;
Among the old Signers his name you will see.
Beginning with "William" and ending with "d" :
Strong to bear stress in Church and State,
He wanted his boy to be just as great.

"This lad of mine," said the fervid sire.
"I'd like him filled with a patriot's fire !"
So, to foster the feeling, what did he do
But buy him the suit of a patriot true ;
Waistcoat of buff,
Surcoat of blue,
Queer-cornered hat of a somber hue,
Buckles of silver, shining and new,
Stockings of silk, to the knee each reaches.
And a sumptuous pair of buck-skin breeches.

There was the happiest boy in creation !
What cared he for the great Declaration,
The throes of a kingdom, the birth of a nation ?
Matters of state,
Little or great,

Hearts of oak that compelled their fate,
Sacred vows and death-drawn speeches,—
He'd have sold them all for his buck-skin
breeches !

But, alas, for the bliss of the bounding heart !
A slip, and the cup and the lip must part :
A breath, and the sweet becomes a smart ;
A flash, and the smile has grown a tear ;
A space, and the boy is crying, "Oh dear !
The hour is near,
The breeches are here,
But I can't get into them, that's quite clear !
I can't get in, nor anywhere near !"

"Can't !" said the General, and frowning heard,
While the soldier's pride in his breast was
stirred.

"Never, again, sir, utter that word !
You're a free-born *man*.
That always *can*,
And *must*, and *shall* perfect his plan !
See that your aim be just and right,
Then cleave your way with a dauntless might !
Leave 'can'ts' to cowards that fear the fight !

"Come, Pomp and Cæsar !" he quickly cried,
"Catch hold here, both of you, one on a side ;
The suit-is right, but the boy is too wide ;
Now firmly take it,
And thoroughly shake it.
And if it wont bend, why then we'll break it ;
Many a pillow too plump for the case
Has to be shaken down into its place !"

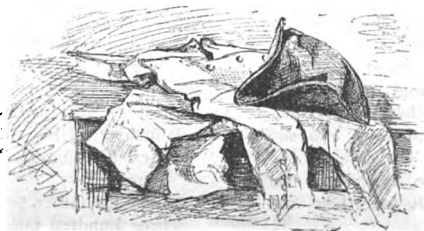
So the fat little boy was put in at the top,
While the breeches were shaken, flippety-flop ;
They tossed him up with a jump and a hop,
They settled him down with a sudden pop,
And with every jerk the deeper he'd drop,
Till, finally, word was given to stop.

The boy was in,
As snug as a pin ;
Pomp and Cæsar were all of a grin,
And the breeches fitted as tight as his skin.

Ah, that was the spirit of Seventy-Six !
It would n't confess itself caught in a fix ;
If there was a way, 't would find and take it ;
If there was n't a way, 't would speedily make
it ;

When laws were vexing, or breeches straight,
It rarely tarried to ruminate,
But couched its lance, and conquered Fate !

Yet happily, still
Its place we can fill, —
Can span the deep river, or breast the hill,
Or leap the abyss with a hero's thrill ;
For a golden heart and an iron will
Are the lords of every earthly ill.



THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WANDERING ONCE MORE.

WHEN the boys finally resolved to leave Crow-bait diggings, they found it easier to remove than they had thought. Little by little they had reduced their outfit. The cattle had been sold, their horse was dead, the tent had been used up in various ways, the box of their wagon made into trunks and benches, and the running gear traded off for flour to a man who had happened that way early in the spring. Nevertheless, as they loaded themselves with their mining tools and slender stock of provisions, and made ready to turn their backs on what had been home to them, they could not help feeling sad. Since they had left the States no place had so long been their camp.

But their preparations for a tramp were soon finished, and, one bright spring morning, they marched up the creek. The faithful Pete trotted along at Arty's heels, very much surprised, apparently, at this sudden desertion of the old home.

"Good-bye, old Boston!" said Arty, as they turned a bend in the river which would shut the log-cabin from view. "Good-bye! we've had a good time and some hard luck with you."

"Good riddance to old Boston, I say," grumbled Tom, who was staggering along under the weight of sundry pots and pans; "I'm glad to get shut of the place. Too much work, and too little gold."

"Oh, shut your mouth and come ahead!" scolded Hi. "It appears like you all wanted to make speeches on the old shebang." Nevertheless, Hi breathed a long sigh, and set his face with a hard look, as if he was determined that he would not regret leaving their first home in California.

They had heard of Table Mountain as being a very rich mining region, and thither the little company of gold-seekers now bent their steps. Their way was along the foot-hills, covered with verdure, and knee-deep in wild flowers. The slopes were splashed with great patches of blue, white, orange, and yellow, showing where the wild larkspur, heliotrope and poppy grew in prodigal luxuriance. The pines and spruces were spicy with balsamic odors, and the air was soft with the early summer heat swept up from the Sacramento Valley.

Now and then they encountered a party of miners—two, three, or half-a-dozen—laboriously climbing the steep trails which led among the hills; and, now and again, they stumbled on others who

were working at claims which they had taken up by streams and in gulches. But, for the most part, the young lads had the country to themselves, as they tramped steadily onward to the north. It was a vast solitude, almost untrodden by the foot of man. The few prospectors who came and went were soon lost in the well-nigh pathless wilderness. There were no houses to be seen, no roads, and even the trails which they crossed occasionally seemed to have been traced out since the snow had melted. Gray rabbits bounded out and in among the ferns. Ground-squirrels set up their tails like banners, and drifted on before the wayfarers, and the parti-colored magpies screamed angrily from the bushes, as if resenting this intrusion by human strangers.

On the second day, climbing up a sharp ridge, late in the afternoon, they beheld a little village on the summit of the next divide. Between the ridge and the divide was a wide ravine, through which ran a pretty stream, and all along its banks the fresh earth was tumbled and heaped. A few rough-hewn beams and puncheons showed where men had been working. But no miners were in sight.

"Those fellows knock off work pretty early in the afternoon," said Barney, as the party rested on the ridge.

"Good diggin's, and makin' lots of money, most likely," added Hi.

"From this distance their camp looks quite homelike," said Mont, "though I suppose we should find it mean enough when we get into it. But see how well that double row of cabins is set against the background of trees. If there was only a little paint on some of those shanties, it would look quite like a hamlet among the mountains of Vermont."

"Only you never see that nasty red earth among the Green Mountains," added Barnard, with disgust, for the natural scenery of the country never pleased him. It was "foreign," he said.

The boys wondered what the settlement was, and so, picking up their burdens, they scrambled down the hill-side, waded through the tall grass in the bottom, and crossed the creek on a rude little bridge, which had evidently been made to enable the miners to drag in their lumber from the woods near by.

"Pears like as if these fellows had n't been at work here lately," said Hi, curiously scanning the diggings. Water had settled in the holes where the miners had been digging. The only tools to

be seen were worthless and rust-covered, and a broken sluice-box lay warping in the hot sun. It looked as if the place had been left for a night, and that the workers had never waked again to their labors.

The boys climbed the divide and entered the settlement. It was traversed by a single street or alley, which ran through the middle. There were eight cabins on one side, and seven on the other. These were built of rough logs, hewn boards or puncheons, and one or two were pieced out with blue cloth, now faded and mildewed. Looking down the street, the lads saw that every door was open, and that most of these, swinging outward, had an unhinged and neglected look. Here and there, in the middle of the narrow street, was a scrap of cast-off clothing, an old hat, a broken tool, or a battered bit of tin-ware; and, thickly strewn the ground, were dozens and dozens of empty tins, in which meat, vegetables, or oysters had been preserved.

But nobody was in sight. Arty timidly peeped into the first cabin on the left. Nobody there. Tom blundered into the house on the right. Nobody there. So they went, almost holding their breath, half-suspecting a surprise, down through the little village. Every house was empty, silent and tenantless. All save one. In the last house on the left, where somebody had planted wild columbines about the door-step, and a few pink flowers were unfolding themselves, as if satisfied that the old solitude of the place had returned, little Johnny started back in affright. In the gloom of the interior, a pair of huge fiery eyes gleamed from one corner.

"Wha-what's that?" he stammered, and backed toward the door. Arty came and looked over his shoulder, and when the eyes of the boys had become a little accustomed to the darkness, they descried a solitary cat sitting on a table strewn with bones, broken pipes and bottles, the only surviving inhabitant of this deserted village.

"Poor puss!" said Arty, advancing toward her. Puss set up her tail, cried "Phit! phit!" darted through the door, and disappeared in the underbrush, pursued by Pete, who was apparently delighted at seeing an old acquaintance. It was the first cat he had met in California.

The boys stood still, with a sort of awe which even the comical flight of the cat could not quite dispel. They were in a deserted camp. A village of the dead. Where were its inhabitants? Had a plague carried them off? If so, who had buried the last man? The untenanted settlement bore no sign to show who had lived here or where they had gone. Some unmeaning letters, hacked in the door-ways in moments of idleness, probably

gave the initials of some of the vanished settlers; and a few rabbit-skins shriveling on the cabin-walls, where they had been nailed by the hunters, reminded the visitors that destructive men had lived here. But that was all. The red sunlight sifted down in an empty street, and partly glorified the silent, shabby and forlorn mining camp.

"These chaps have heard of some rich diggings somewhere. They have been easily discouraged here. And they have packed up their traps in a hurry and vamosed the ranch." This was Barney's deliberate opinion, after he had surveyed the ground with some care.

It was the most reasonable explanation possible. Mont said that if the entire community of Swell-head diggings had vanished in a single day, bound for Gold Lake, as the boys knew, why should not a bigger settlement leave in a hurry, and make a rush for some other such folly?

"Anyhow, here's a house apiece for to-night," added Mont, "and a plenty left for storage. We may as well camp here."

The young adventurers examined the habitations with a critical air, but finally agreed to keep together in one of the largest of the cabins. Arty declared that it was "too poky" to sleep alone in any one of these deserted mansions. Somehow the others were of the same opinion.

When they straggled out into the early daylight, in answer to Mont's cheerful call, next morning, Barney crossly said:

"I thought you said this was a deserted village, Mont?"

"So I did."

"'T is n't so, there's plenty of tenants."

"I know what he means," said Arty, with a comical look.

"What then?" demanded Mont.

"Fleas!"

Everybody laughed. They had been long enough in California to find out that these were tenants which never caught the gold fever, and never vacated any premises whatever.

That day brought them, after frequent stoppages for prospecting, to Table Mountain. It was a long flat-topped eminence, almost perpendicular as to its sides, and shelving rapidly down into a well-wooded and broken country, cut up by small streams. All along these streams were good diggings, it was said, and the chances were promising for gold-mining almost anywhere.

In a broad open space, through which a shallow creek poured over bars of sand and gravel, was Hoosiertown. Miners' cabins, tents and booths, were dotted over the rocky interval, and all along the creeks were men working like beavers. There were sluices, long-toms, cradles, and all sorts of

contrivances for mining. At one place on the stream, the miners had run a dam out into the current from one bank, and then, curving it down stream, had turned it back again to a point a little below the side from which it had started. This was a "wingdam." By making it tolerably tight, the place thus inclosed was partially free of water. Rude pumps were also put in to pump out the water, and these were worked by means of "flutter-wheels," which were moved by the flowing stream outside of the dam very like the wheel of a water-mill. In this wingdam men worked with the water up to their middle. They dug up the bottom of the stream—sand, gravel and stone. As the water sunk away and the bottom was cleaned, they found gold—gold in lumps and fine scales—which had been washed there in the far-off times.

This was going on all along the stream, and everywhere men were busy with all sorts of wooden machines, rude and clumsy, to be sure, but good enough for the present purpose.

The boys looked on with silent amazement. This was a real mining settlement. Here were more than one hundred men at work, and using contrivances that had cost much labor and money. They seemed to be determined to get every scrap of gold, even though they had to wipe up the river, scrape down the mountain, and root out the forest. They were very much in earnest, anxious, without comfort, and, for the most part, haggard and ragged.

The borders of the once pleasant stream were gashed with diggings, and disfigured with timber-like mining apparatus. Even upon the hill-sides the surface was dotted with heaps of red and yellow earth, where greedy prospectors had burrowed in for gold. In the valley, on either side of the stream, the cabins, with gaping seams open to storm or wind, weltered in the sun; and the barren and comfortless place wore a homesick look to the young gold-hunters.

Arty's quick eye detected a woman's frock hanging on the thorny branches of a manzanita-bush near a cabin which looked less untidy than the others.

"Hooray! there's a woman in this camp, anyhow," said Hi, with enthusiasm, when Arty had pointed out the purple calico on the manzanita. "Let's go and take a look at her."

Rather shamefacedly, as if afraid of womankind, the lads straggled up to the cabin and dropped their packs on the ground. A comely young woman, brown in face and bare of arms, but wearing a smart ribbon in her hair, came to the door with a sharp, "Are you here again?"

"Nance, with hoops on, as sure as I'm alive!" exclaimed Hi; and his under jaw dropped clean

down to express his utter amazement. Nance blushed to the roots of her hair, and said:

"Why, I thought it was that ornery feller, Missouri Joe; he's a-sparkin' round here just continual."

"Howdy? boys, howdy?" broke in the good Mrs. Dobbs, who now came forward and looked over her daughter's shoulder. "We're powerful glad



NANCE COMES TO THE DOOR.

to see ye. 'Pears like old time to see you, boys. My old man war a-speaking about you no more'n yesterday."

Nance, recovering herself after her first surprise, welcomed the lads, and the whole party, seated on the door-step and about the cabin, exchanged all the news they had to tell. The Dobbs family had been here since the snow left, which was early, for not much snow fell in these parts. They had done well. They were doing well. Philo Dobbs had a "pardner," and the two had a wingdam, from which great things were expected. Yes, there were plenty of chances here. Why, even tunneling had been tried, and from some of these holes

men had got out gold, as Mrs. Dobbs expressed it, "hand over fist."

"Yes," she said, when Mont had remarked Nance's rapid growth,—"yes, Nance has got to be right peart of a gal. If she had a little more age onto her, and did n't kick up her heels now and then, she 'd be quite a young woman."

"La, ma, how you run on," pouted Nancy, the warm blood glowing through her brown cheeks.

"You see we've put her into long gowns. Clothes is powerful dear in these parts, to be sure; but she's the only young lady in Hoosiertown, and I tell my old man, says I, something must be sacrificed to appearances, says I."

What with a hoop skirt, a long calico dress, shoes on her feet, and a ribbon in her hair, Nance was really quite a changed person. Arty and Tom regarded her with an unwonted respect, and Hi blushed every time he looked at her.

The boys set up their camp in a deserted cabin which Philo Dobbs had once occupied, and which he gave them full use of for the present. At last they were in a considerable community again. They felt almost as if they had got back into civilization. At night, the notes of a violin and a flute from one of the cabins, showed that the tired miners were solacing themselves with music, and sounds of talk and laughter floated on the evening air. After all, "it was homelike to be among folks again."

So said honest Hi, as the boys contentedly sat about the door of their new home. Then, clasping his hands over his knees, Hi looked absently at Pete, who was winking and blinking at him, and added: "And she's the only young lady in this yere town!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A SEPARATION AND A CALAMITY.

A GREAT variety of mining was carried on in the vicinity of Hoosiertown. As we have seen, the stream was lined with works for extracting gold in several different ways. And, back from the valley, in the low hills of the region, were some of the operations known as "dry diggings;" here the earth was pierced to a great depth by perpendicular holes, or shafts. Sinking through the dirt which had no gold in it, the miner finally reached a layer of earth far under the non-paying mass, where coarse gold was found; then, striking this "pay-streak" underneath the ground, dug it out carefully and hoisted it up to the surface, where the gold was washed out.

They burrowed in all directions as long as the pay-streak led them on; and the holes thus made were so much like the dens of coyotes, or little

prairie wolves, that this sort of mining was called "coyoting." As the "coyoting" miner advanced with his burrow far below the surface, crawling on his hands and knees, and laboriously dragging his basket of dirt to the shaft, where his partner hoisted it up, he was nothing more or less than a burrower. "Dirty work brings clean money," he thought; or his mind went back to wife, mother, children, and friends at home, as he dug in the gloom and silence underground.

The earth thus undermined was propped up as the "coyoters" burrowed in all directions, to keep it from caving in upon them. Usually, the overhanging roof of the burrow was so tough that it needed no support. But it often happened that the mass settled and quietly shut down forever upon the workers below.

Prospecting over the hills with Philo Dobbs one day, Hi and Mont came upon a flat place where a considerable patch of the ground had settled a foot or two, leaving a ragged brown edge to show how far the surface had dropped.

"This yere," said Dobbs, striding into the middle of the depression, "is where the Redman boys was caved in on last fall. That there hole is where their shaft was."

"Caved in upon?" asked Mont, with a shiver. "How many of them were there?"

"There was the three Redman boys; they were from Maine, they was; two brothers and a cousin. Then there was a chap from Illinoy; name was Eph Mullet. They were the chaps that was caved on."

"Eph Mullet!" exclaimed Mont. "Why, Hi, that was Bill Bunce's partner. Don't you remember?"

"Sure enough," said Philo Dobbs. "I mind me now that that Bunce had a pardner, but I did n't know his name was Mullet. He and Bunce must have fallen out, for he was surely in the Redman party, and is buried under this very spot." And, as if to give emphasis to his words, Dobbs rose on his toes and came down heavily on his heels in the middle of this strange grave.

"And where was the man at the mouth of the shaft all this time?" asked Hi, indignantly. "Why did n't he run down to the camp at Hoosiertown and give the alarm, and have these poor fellows dug out?"

"Oh, he got off safe. But as for Hoosiertown, that was n't built then. This was last fall, and nothing had been done at Hoosiertown except a little prospecting on the creek by some stragglers, who had scratched about a bit and had lit out again for better diggin's. Here you can see where the survivin' pardner, as it were, started in to dig for his mates. But, lor! he had to go down twenty

odd feet. No wonder he gave it up as a bad job, and put out by himself."

"What a horrible story!" said Mont, looking at the sunken tract of earth, which covered so much sorrow.

"Yas, yas," replied Dobbs, "there's any number of poor fellers huntin' for gold, and leavin' their bones among these yere hills, in pits, ravines, and gulches; and their folks at home a-wonderin' why they don't never turn up. Turn up! Why, they'll never show a hand till the Day of Judgment." And Philo Dobbs thoughtfully picked up a bit of pay-dirt, and rubbed it out in the palm of his hand.

Coyote-mining had a gloomy outlook to the boys, but Hi was very much taken with the hill-diggings in which we saw some of the miners at work. Some of these were nothing more than coyote holes run horizontally into the side of a hill, until the pay-dirt was reached. As these rude tunnels were easily dug, and the gold so found was coarse, the temptation to carry on that sort of mining was great. Hi declared in favor of hill-diggings.

But Mont and Barnard had found a place nearer the camp, which promised better. Besides, it was the only kind of mining which they knew anything about, and they were afraid of any new experiments. Hi was obstinate, and, moreover, he was tired, he said, of the old way, which had not been profitable enough. He wanted to get his money—lots of it—and leave. Miners were already going back to the States with their "piles." Poor Hi thought he must make his "pile" right away, and leave for home.

Mont and Barnard shook their heads, sorrowfully. Mont kindly argued the matter with their obstinate comrade. But Barney indignantly blurted out, "Why you would n't burst up the partnership, would you?"

"Yes," said Hi, doggedly. "I'll go into the hill-diggin's myself, if you don't. That is, Tom and I."

"Tom and I, indeed!" broke in that young person. "I'd like to know what makes you think I'd go along with you. I'm goin' to stay with the rest of the crowd. If you want to git, git!"

"See yere, youngster," said Hiram, red with anger, "you are to go where I go. I'm yer gardeen; if you don't go with me, where's yer pardner? Who'll ye work with? The chances are all taken."

"I allow I'll work for myself," said the boy, sullenly, but somewhat in doubt.

"We're very sorry to have you think of going," said Mont, "but if you must go, Tom may as well go with you. Is n't that so, boys?"

The rest of the party took this view of the case, and, after much consultation, it was agreed that Hi

should draw out of the partnership, take his and Tom's share of the profits, and strike out for himself. The boys were all sorry over this first break in their company.

They sat uneasily about their cabin, in an embarrassed way, as if there was to be a ceremony of some sort which they dreaded to meet.

"Hang it all!" said Hi, with a sheepish look.

"I allow it is powerful mean for me to quit and go off by myself. D'ye s'pose it'll pay, after all?"

"You're the best judge of that," said Barney, coldly. "It's your own proposition."

"No, no," broke in Arty, eagerly, and leaning over the table toward Hi; "share and share alike is always better than going it alone, you know. It's more sociable, anyhow."

Hi's eyes softened a little as he looked in the bright face of the lad; but just then his hand struck the heavy canvas pouch in which his and Tom's portion of the company's savings had been put. He drew a long, hard breath, and said, "I allow I'll try the hill-diggin's."

At Arty's suggestion, Hi and Tom decided to mess with the boys for the present. The spot which Hi had fixed upon for his trial at tunneling was not so far from the cabin that he could not come back at night, get his supper, and sleep.

Hi was secretly glad to make this arrangement. He would be willing to endure some additional fatigue rather than lodge elsewhere than with his old comrades. Besides, he craftily argued with himself, it would be more economical.

Hi took possession of a hole, or tunnel, which somebody had begun to drive into a hill just above Table Mountain to the north. Near this were two or three good claims in which men were busily at work and taking out gold. Hi's tunnel had been begun by two or three men from Poverty Hill, the deserted village on the divide. When the rush from Poverty Hill to Rattlesnake Bar was made early in the spring, said a friendly Hoosiertown settler, these miners had tried their luck at river mining on Hoosier Creek. A week's work disgusted them, when they essayed hill diggings; put in a few feet of tunneling, and then were off to Trinity River, away up in the northern part of the State.

Hi now entered into their labors, accompanied with much grumbling by Tom. As for Barnard, Mont, Arthur and Johnny, after prospecting about the flat near Hoosiertown, they took up and worked in a claim, not much unlike that which they had held at Crowbait. They met with fair success at once, and, within a week, they "cleaned up" eight hundred dollars. This was encouraging. Hi, whose first question when, weary and fagged, he reached the cabin at night was always, "What luck to-day, boys?" heard the good news with ill-con-

cealed chagrin, though he tried hard to rejoice heartily in the good fortune of his late comrades.

Nevertheless, Hi soon struck the pay streak and begun to bring home every night a goodly harvest from his day's work. Three ounces, four ounces, five ounces, and even ten ounces, did he turn out of his buckskin bag, at the end of some days of labor. He spread the golden grains on the surface of their rude table, caressing the heap with real joy. Sixteen dollars to the ounce was the rate of reckoning gold in those days, and at this rate, Hi had done well, for he had only just begun to work into the pay dirt. He was very much elated by his good luck, and if everybody else had not been too busy with his own concerns to bother about those of others, he would have had the reputation of being a highly successful miner. As it was, his wealth was chiefly in the future.

The whole company, meanwhile, got on very harmoniously in their cabin. They all went to work in the morning, taking their ready-cooked dinner with them. At night they met around their supper, told over the events of the day, and speculated on the possibilities of to-morrow. It was a simple sort of life. They enjoyed it, and Nance, commonly known in the camp as "Dobbs's gal," was kind enough to receive a call from them once in a while, or drop in and give Arthur and Johnny a hint about cooking bacon and bread, which articles yet remained the staple of their fare.

Hi regarded Nance with bashful aversion. She made him blush in spite of himself; and once, when she reproved him for using slang, he grew very angry and said she was "putting on airs." It must be confessed that the girl grew womanly, sedate and almost dignified. She never seemed to forget that she was "the only young lady in the camp."

"Cut for home, boys," said Barney, cheerily, one afternoon. "The sun is down behind the lone pine, and its time you were getting supper ready."

Arty and Johnny very gladly dropped their tools and climbed the hill which lay between the claim and Hoosiertown. The sun was sinking low, and as the lads passed over the brow of the hill and began to descend the slope on the other side, they could see the broken, perpendicular walls of Table Mountain gilded with yellow light.

The edge of the mountain nearest them was low in places, with benches or ledges running along just above the road which wound through the valley at the foot of the mountain. As the hurrying boys paused for an instant and looked off over the landscape, bathed in the setting sun, Arty saw the figure of a man stooping and running along the precipitous edge of the opposite cliff, and occasionally stopping as if to watch something moving along the

road beneath, which was not in sight from where the boy stood on the distant hill. Like a bird of prey, the man swiftly ran and watched, then stooped and ran, and watched again. Now and then he made a motion as if to drop something from his hand into the road beneath his feet. Then he seemed to think better of it, and he ran on, watching and waiting.

"Curious critter that," muttered Arty.

"Pshaw! it looks like Bill Bunce," answered Johnny, with a little start of disgust. "Let's run," and with that he trotted toward home as fast as his tired legs could carry him.

Just then the strange figure across the valley, now near the angle which Table Mountain makes where the valley opens out toward Hoosiertown, let fall something which seemed to be a heavy stone. Then he quickly pitched down another and another. Then he jumped over the edge of the cliff and scrambled down out of sight toward the road below.

"Queer boy Johnny is; always thinking of Bill Bunce!" So said Arty to himself, as he bounded along light-heartedly and overtook his comrade.

When they reached the cabin, Tom was there before them and was already chopping the fire-wood for their evening cooking.

"Yes," he said, "Hi's always higgling and haggling. He's afraid to leave the leastest speck of gold anywhere about that confounded old tunnel overnight. There's no thieves about. Honest country, I say. But Hi, he's dreffle suspicious. Sly folks always is."

Arty remonstrated with Tom for holding such a mean opinion of his brother, and Barney and Mont, who soon came over the hill, rebuked the lad for not staying with Hi to help him clear up his day's work.

"Hi is a good brother, anyhow," said Barnard, heartily, as he blew the water off his red face, and began to polish it with a coarse towel. "And, my little man, it stands you in hand to hold up your end of the yoke, as Arty says. Still, Hi is late to-night."

Just then, four or five red-shirted miners, bearing some strange burden, came out from the mouth of the valley above and made straight for the cabin where our boys were making ready for supper.

They seemed to be carrying a wounded man; and as they drew nearer, the tender-hearted Barney burst out with, "My grief! its poor old Hi!" And so it was. The miners, coming home from work, had encountered a figure sitting up in the dust and feebly trying to rise. There was a ghastly wound on the top of his head. His hair was clotted, and dark red stains were on his face. Groping about in the dazzling light of the sun, then level

with the valley, Hi, for the miners recognized Hi Fender, had murmured something indistinctly and had become unconscious.

The poor fellow was laid upon his bunk. Mont said at once, "We must have a doctor."

steed in the camp, a fiery mustang, rode to Smith's Bar, four miles away, and brought back the doctor.

Meanwhile, Mont and Arthur bathed poor Hi's head, cleansed his face, and tried to relieve his suf-



THE BOYS WATCH THE STRANGE FIGURE.

"Thar's nary doctor round yere," said one of the miners, roughly but kindly. "Yer pard's hurt powerful bad. He may as well pass in his checks."

"Perhaps doctorin' will do him no good. But there's a young chap down to Smith's Bar who does something in that line," said another.

It seemed an age to the sorrowful, anxious group in the cabin while Barney, mounted on the only

ferings. He only groaned and made no sign of intelligence.

Tom, heavy-hearted and remorseful, went on with the cooking of supper, in an absent-minded way. The men who had brought Hi home, said, "Just send word over to yon blue tent, if there's anything we can do for you—whisky, camphire, watchers, or anything the like of that." Then they went their way.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STRANGE CASE.

MONT scrutinized with some sharpness and anxiety the doctor from Smith's Bar. He was a tall, lithe, sinewy young fellow, with a long, full beard, like a tangle of flax, a brown face, and cold gray eyes. He wore a slouch hat and a blue flannel shirt; his trousers were tucked into his boots, and a belt at his waist carried a little wallet, where less peaceable people usually wore a pistol.

Arty was immediately disgusted with the cold, hard way with which the young doctor asked a few questions about the accident, and with the business-like and unsympathetic manner with which he studied the wounds of the unconscious Hi, who still lay breathing heavily and unable to speak.

"A queer looking doctor, I must say," muttered Mont to himself, very much dissatisfied with his general appearance. And his thoughts went back to the white-haired, dignified physician of his New England home, a man whose presence seemed to shed a balm of healing wherever he went. But when Dr. Carson lifted Hi's wounded head, dressed the poor mangled scalp with light swiftness, and cleansed, with all of a woman's skillfulness of touch, the parts that the boys had not dared to handle, Mont changed his mind, and Barney and Arty looked on with grateful admiration.

"I will stay with you until he recovers consciousness," said the doctor. "He will rally presently."

It was now late into the night, but nobody cared to sleep until they knew whether life or death was before their comrade. Dr. Carson had spoken cheerily, but he had given no opinion; none had been asked, and the boys dropped wearily about, while the doctor, with his chin resting on his hand, sat steadfastly and thoughtfully regarding Hi.

Presently the young fellow stirred out of his long trance, and, moving his right hand, heavily whispered: "The other pocket! the other pocket!"

The doctor started forward to catch the words, when Hi, calmly opening his eyes, looked up at him with surprise and said, "Well, what of it?"

Dr. Carson smiled and said, pleasantly: "So it was the other pocket, was it?"

Hi looked at him with a queer, puzzled air, and feebly replied: "I don't know about that. Was I hurt much?"

"Not much to speak of, my man. But I would n't talk about it now. In the morning you can tell us all about it."

But Hi persisted. "I always allowed that there tunnel would cave. I meant to have timbered it to-morrow or next day." And here Hi painfully raised his hand to his head, shuddered, and, as if

shocked at the discovery of his wounds, relapsed into unconsciousness again.

The gray dawn was struggling into the cabin, when Arty, sick and faint with waiting and watching, awoke from an uneasy sleep on the floor. The young doctor still sat, alert and vigilant, by the side of Hi's bunk; Mont was near at hand with all his usual freshness and helpfulness. Barney slept with his head leaning forward on the table; while Tom and Johnny were yet sound asleep in their own places.

Hi had asked for water once or twice during the night, but beyond that he had made no sign of coming back to life. So they sat and watched and waited. The bright morning sun rose up, fresh and clear, over Table Mountain, flooding the valley with its redness. Sounds of early labor came from the scattered cabins in the flat. The creaking of the flutter-wheels which had kept on through the night was now confused with other noises, as the miners began another day's work. Smoke rose from the rude chimneys of Hoosiertown; faint odors of frying meat floated on the tranquil air, and two or three red-shirted citizens, groping their way out into the light, stretched themselves heavily and yawned with a tremendous yawn, the echoes of which reached Arty where he sat against the wall of the cabin looking out, sad-eyed and dejected, through the open door.

Mrs. Dobbs, who had been early by the sick man's side the night before, now put her head in at the door and whispered: "How is he by this time?"

The doctor said: "He's looking better."

Then Hi suddenly awoke and said: "You allow it's a pretty bad hurt, do you, mister?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "but you will come out all right. Don't worry about it. You are feeling pretty well now?"

"Right peart, 'cept about the head. My head is as light as a feather. Oh, yes, I remember it all now. The tunnel caved in on me. When I felt the rock coming down on me, and heard 'em patterin' on my head and shoulders, I made for the mouth of the tunnel. I just remember how the sun blazed into my eyes when I staggered out on the side hill. It seemed as if the world was all afire, comin' out of that there dark hole and facin' the glare of the sun."

"Well, well, I would n't go on no more about it now, Hi," said Mrs. Dobbs. "The doctor says you must be kept quiet."

But, though Dr. Carson urged him to keep still, Hi continued: "I allow I must have put for home. I saw the road. It was all, red dust, and the sun poured down over it. But I disremember how I got over it. It appears like I was carried."

"Yes," said Mont, "the fellows over to the blue tent were coming up from their claim. They saw you sitting in the road, wounded, and they brought you home."

"Good fellows, those blue tent chaps. Whereabouts was I then?"

"Just at the angle of the road, where it breaks around the Mountain."

"What! away down there!" exclaimed Hi. "Why, I must have staggered along right smart

as bright and impertinent as ever, at times; but usually she seemed so dignified and reserved that Arty quite agreed with Tom, who pronounced her "stuck up."

Dr. Carson came and went every day, and looked on Hi's frequent lapses of mind with some anxiety. On one of these occasions, Hi, as if struggling with some imaginary foe, painfully muttered: "Don't strike again. Don't! don't! It's in the other pocket!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Tom. "he's always saying that when he has those spells."

"Always saying that?" asked the doctor, sharply. He had been watching Hiram; but he could make nothing satisfactory out of the case.

"Yes," replied Tom, "two or three times, when he has had these wandering spells, he talks like that. But he talks all sorts of ridiculous things. Drivin' cattle, and so on."

Dr. Carson was puzzled. When Hi grew better, he asked him all about the accident. Hi was very clear in his story. He perfectly remembered the caving in of the tunnel. He felt the rocks fall on his head and shoulders; but most completely he recalled to mind how the bright sunshine dazzled his eyes when he came out to the mouth of the tunnel, and how red the dusty road under the bluff looked, as he caught a glimpse of it and fell. It was a clear case to him. "I allow I know what happened," he said, with some impatience.

Hiram murmured and fretted over this loss of time. "It was just his luck," he said, "to be laid up when he was on the edge of a good streak of dirt." But he consoled himself with the reflection that his last day's work was a good one.

"Must have had ten or twelve ounces," he chuckled. "By the way, where is that there bag?"

Nobody had seen it. Hi had been in the habit of bringing home the result of his day's work in a buckskin bag, which had been a company affair. Arty had printed "Bostons" on it with pen and ink; and a scorched mark near the mouth of it gave it another feature. But that particular bag was nowhere to be found. Nobody had seen it since the day when Hi put it in his pocket, and had gone to work on that unfortunate day. Hi was sure that he had his gold in it when he left the tunnel. He had crammed it into the left-hand pocket of his jacket, for he was just ready to leave the tunnel when the crash came. But it was not in the garments which he wore on that day.

"I must have dropped it when I staggered down the hill. Some of you boys go look for it, wont you? You'll find it in the grass along the trail, may be, or at the mouth of the tunnel."

Tom and Johnny darted off to look. They



DR. CARSON.

Certainly I disremember anything that happened after I got out into the sun-light."

The doctor here put in his emphatic protest against Hi's having any more talk. So the wounded man lay quite still, muttering to himself: "Cur'ous! cur'ous!"

Although Hoosiertown was a busy place, the good-hearted miners found time to call at the cabin and inquire how Hi was getting on, and to bring little gifts to the invalid.

In a day or two he grew weaker and more infirm in his mind, and sometimes he seemed wandering and "luny," as Nance expressed it. The girl was very helpful to the distressed family, but Arty was quite out of patience with her shyness. She was

were gone an hour or two, but found no pouch. Hi fretted and worried.

"Did you go into the tunnel?" he demanded.

"Of course not," replied Tom, sharply. "We just looked in a little ways. You must have dropped it on the trail and somebody picked it up."

"Oh, you shiftless!" scolded Hi. "I'll look myself as soon as I get out."

But the poor fellow did not get out as soon as he expected. He recovered slowly, and his spells of mental wandering returned frequently, to the great distress of his comrades.

They made no account of his queer mutterings. He was continually talking in a vague way, and about all sorts of things, when his mind was thus unsettled. He seemed to be in a kind of nightmare at such times. He raved incessantly about gold. Gold was the burden of his talk, and if he was not picking it up in his dreams, he was defending his treasure against the assaults of imaginary robbers, with whom he often pleaded: "Don't strike me again! It's in the other pocket!"

Dr. Carson questioned Hi about his accident, when he was in full possession of senses. He weighed his words and vigilantly watched him while he was awake or asleep, and when he was

wandering in his mind. There was no clue to his wild talk. But the doctor was sure that the wounds on Hi's head were not made by a caving wall.

One day, having ascertained the shortest way to the tunnel, Dr. Carson rode up to that long-neglected work. Dismounting, he lighted a candle, which he found laid in a rift of rock, just where Hi had left it, and stepped carefully into the tunnel. It had been run in about twenty feet. Groping along almost on his knees, he soon reached the face wall at the end where Hi's pick and shovel lay as he left them, weeks ago. The roof was as solid and firm as ever. The few rough props put in to support it were all there. There had been no cave.

Amazed, yet partly relieved, the doctor felt his way back to the light, blew out his taper, and sat down to think. There was the flood of sunlight, just as Hi saw it; and the red road, which met his eye as he staggered out, still wound down to the camp.

When Dr. Carson returned and gravely said there was no cave in the tunnel, everybody echoed, "No cave!"

Hi said: "I'll have to take your word for it, Doctor. But I'll give you my word that that there tunnel did cave and bust my crust, so now!"

(To be continued.)

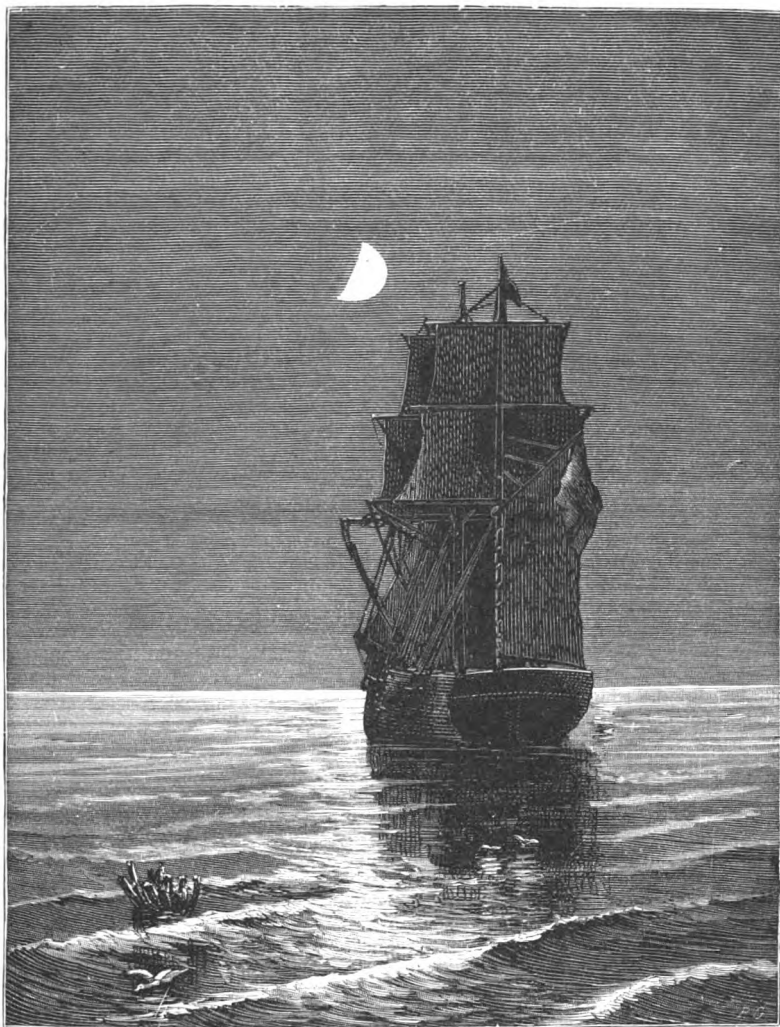
MY SHIP ON THE OCEAN.

BY BESSIE HILL.

YES, somewhere far off on the ocean,
A lover is sailing to me—
A beautiful lover—Nurse found him
One night in my cup after tea.

I laughed when she said it—who would n't?—
Yet often a thought comes to me
Of the ship that is bringing my lover,—
My lover across the blue sea.

Whenever the cruel wind whistles,
I think of that ship on the sea,
And tremble with terror lest something
May happen quite dreadful to me.



And then, when the moon rises softly,
I hardly can sleep in my glee,
For I know that its beautiful splendor
Is lighting my lover to me.

But oh, if he *should* come! Why, Nursey,
I'd hide like a mouse. Deary me,
What nonsense it is! But you should n't
Be finding such things in my tea.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

BY L. W. J.



o not all children like parties? Some enjoy the games, some the dancing, and some, sad to say, only the eating. At least, a fat boy was heard to remark, the other day, that parties were "no good, except for the supper." And two little girls, who were playing at having a party last year, said that "all the party they could get was three cents' worth of gum-drops."

"All out-doors" is the best place for a party, and a summer's day is the time, when children can have grand games of hide-and-seek among the bushes, with no late hours or unwholesome food to give them headaches, no silk dresses to spoil, or jewelry to lose in the grass. How pretty their white dresses and bright sashes look in sunshine and shadow, how the curls and braids toss about, how gayly their shrieks and shouts ring through the country stillness! Some are playing at croquet, some at "tag" or "kick-stick," some wander off to pick wild flowers, some are resting quite out of breath—all are happy. Then, after a good play, how refreshing are the strawberries and ice-cream that are spread upon the table under the elms! A children's party is a pretty sight at all times, but far more so out-of-doors. Even in the city, a party is far better in the day-time, and a luncheon party on Saturday is delightful; don't you think so?

But you shall hear of a better one still, such an one as few of you have ever seen, perhaps. On one of the loveliest days of last June, I was invited to be present at a party given by a lady in memory of some one whom she loved, who was dead. Every year, on the day of his death, she invited about fifty of the poorest children of New York, from one of the schools of the Children's Aid Society, to her country place, to enjoy themselves in the fresh air and the free sunshine.

Poor little things! they came in the best clothes they had or could borrow, and it was touching to see the girls' attempts at finery. Most of them were clean and neat, some had hardly clothes to cover them, but all wore a faded ribbon or cravat, a crumpled artificial flower, or a shabby feather—all made some endeavor to dress for the occasion.

As soon as the little procession, headed by their teacher, entered the gate, they gave themselves up

to the wildest enjoyment; they rolled and turned somersaults on the grass, they shouted, they rushed to the "scupp," as they called the swing, or to the croquet ground. They filled their hands with daisies, with buttercups, and all sorts of weeds; they blew the dandelion balls, and made chains of the stems; but not one bit of mischief did they do, nor did they meddle with the flower-beds or the green fruit.

One poor boy, who had been for a while in the penitentiary for some petty theft, lay half the day at the foot of a big tulip-tree, full of blossoms, looking up into the sky. What do you suppose he was thinking of? These children played at wild games of their own, with little refrains and rhymes of the street, such as you probably never heard. Even their "counting out" was different from yours. They wandered about, never weary of looking at everything; for many of them had never been in the country before, and all was new and wonderful to them.

The teacher said that in the cars they had been delighted with a sight quite strange to them,—a field of growing grain, with the wind rippling over it in lovely waves,—and that every green thing, such as turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables in the gardens, seemed to interest them, and they wanted to know their names. Some colts, standing with their mothers in a field, seemed wonderful to them. But the things that pleased them most were the toads. "There's a frog! there's a frog!" they cried. "No; it's a hop-tud! Catch him! catch him!" And they were never tired of chasing the odd little speckled fellows, and trying to keep them in their pockets.

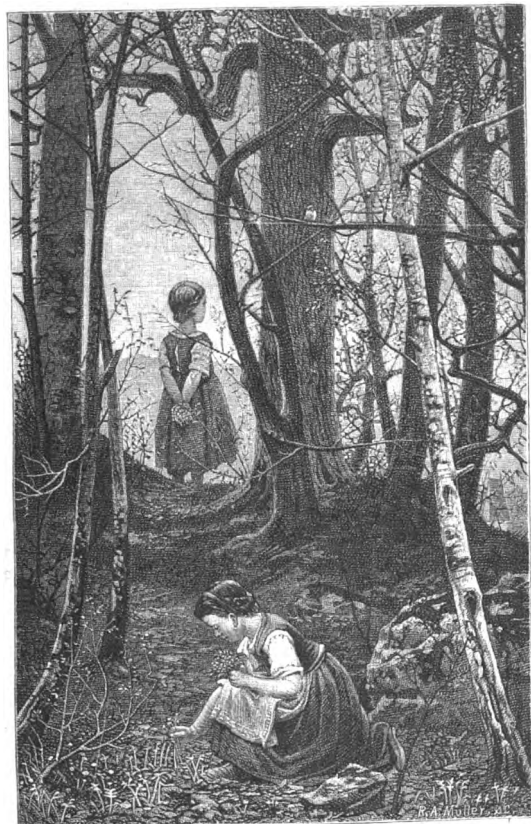
One child said to my friend: "Mis' Blank, does all this grove belong to you?" and others asked where they could find a candy-stall—taking the place for a picnic grove, their only idea of the country.

After awhile they all stood in a ring and sung some very pretty hymns, about "The sweet story of old," which you have often heard, and "The land bright and fair," that must have seemed a more possible dream to them on this lovely June day than when they wandered among the hot, dirty streets of the city.

By and by a table was spread for them under the tall trees, whose boughs formed a dense shade, and they had just as much as they wanted of strawberries, ice-cream, sandwiches, cookies, and lemonade.

One poor little girl had to go away alone, and before the feast, because if she were not at her newspaper stand at a certain hour she would lose her place, and, perhaps, be beaten. She could not even have one whole holiday. Another child had not been able to come at all, because her mother had sold her only dress for drink!

At last the time came when they all had to go.



"SOME WANDER OFF TO PICK WILD FLOWERS."

They formed their little procession, and bade good-bye, very unwillingly. Almost every one said, "May n't we come again next year?"

My friend told me that they began to count the time for the next party almost immediately, and that one of them said to her once: "Mis' Blank, it's only nine months and three days before we are going to your house."

Think of that! This was the only day of pleasure, perhaps, that those children had in a whole

year! Think of that, all you happy children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, who are often taken to parties and picnics, and entertainments of minstrels and magicians and ventriloquists, and who have little journeys and excursions every summer!

As the party went out of the gate, one boy called out, "Good-bye, Mis' Blank! good-bye, trees! good-bye, old 'scupp!'" And they all chorused, "Good-bye, trees! Good-bye, Mis' Blank!" and gave a shrill cheer.

Now are there not some children who would be glad to have such little folks as these have a good time rather oftener? Would it not be nice if they could have several such feasts as this in the year, instead of only one; if their hard lives, in which there is so little pleasure, and often suffering from cold and hunger, might be oftener cheered in this way?

Mrs. Blank told me that the whole festival cost her but fifty cents for each child, including their fares, their luncheon, and all their expenses. How cheap a way of giving so much delight! Many families who are well off, and living out-of-town, could afford such an outlay once a year, or several families could club together, and, with very little money and very little trouble, give a great deal of happiness. People must give up one day to it, and get a little tired, that is all.

It is not what we give, but how we give, that counts. We should all try to leave the world better than we found it, if it is only by planting a tree. When we give pennies to street-beggars, we do more harm than good. But if we *share* with others our pretty gardens, our sweet air, our green trees, we do real good to them and to ourselves.

You remember Lowell says it is

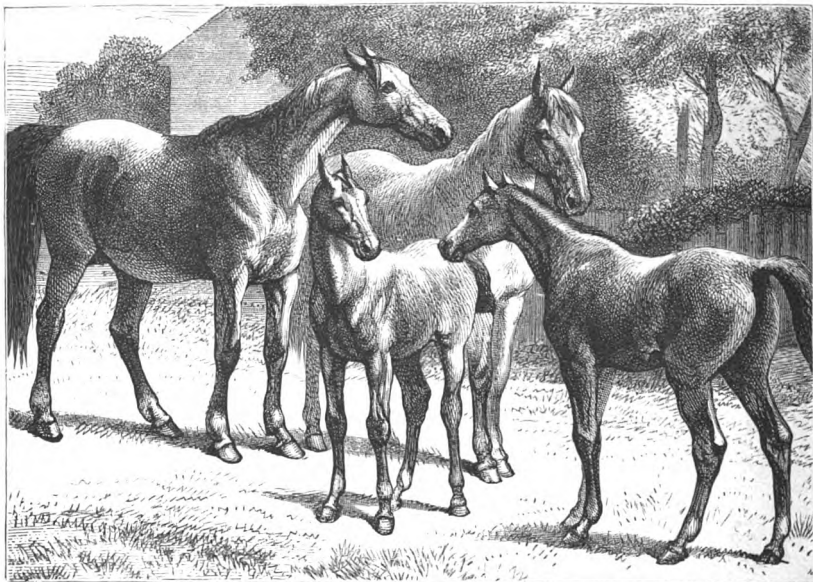
"Not that which we give, but that which we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

And Christ tells us that when we have a feast we need not invite our rich neighbors, who may ask us in return. "But thou, when thou makest a feast, call thither the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed."

Not that we should never ask the rich. Many of them are poor in some way—are lonely, or weary, or ignorant, or tasteless—and might be better for sharing with us, at least our good-will, if we have nothing more. Rich people do not always know how to enjoy simple things, and may learn this

secret from a poorer neighbor, and be happier for it always. It is something only to know how much better everything tastes out-of-doors. "Fine folk oft scorn shoals o' blessin'," says a Scotch song.

enjoy in the country; who never see a bird except in a cage, or hear the pine-boughs murmuring, or the running of water; who never chase butterflies, or know the meaning of that best of things, "a



"SOME COLTS, STANDING WITH THEIR MOTHERS IN A FIELD." [PAGE 726.]

But do not forget the poor children, many of them born blind, with the blindness of ignorance; whose lives are empty of all the pleasant things we

long summer's day." Perhaps you may have the power, during this very September, to help some of them to keep one happy holiday with you.

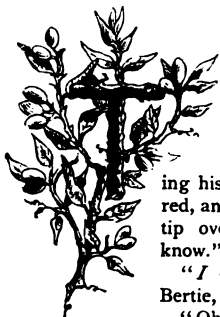
THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THE bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.

ROSY.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.



HE very color I wanted, and just the kind I wanted!" said Louis, as he stood on the steps surveying his new velocipede. "Fire-red, and three wheels; you can't tip over on three wheels, you know."

"I could," said his brother Bertie, confidently.

"Oh, well, *you*! That's another thing. Here, Bert, help me buckle on my sword, and give me my soldier-cap. I'm a cavalry officer to-day, and I shall charge up and down the street exactly twenty times before I go to school."

Kitty and Willy boy watched from the window, and Bertie, book-strap in hand, waited on the steps, to see Louis' grand charge.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he exclaimed, the first time he dashed by. "On, boys, and at them! Hurrah!"

A second and a third time he went swiftly and safely the whole length of the sidewalk, but the fourth time, just as he was shouting "Hurrah!" with a backward glance at Bertie, some one suddenly turned the corner ahead. There was a cry, a collision, and the next instant Louis and his velocipede lay flat on the ground, while a little girl of about ten sat near by, holding her ankle and crying bitterly.

Louis was on his feet in a moment, very sorry and very much ashamed; Kittie and Bertie flew to help the little girl, but could not reach her so soon as did a strong, broad-shouldered man who had been only a few steps behind her when she fell.

"Poor little lass!" he said, gathering her up in his arms. "Don't cry, for there's an orange in my pocket."

"My ankle hurts me," sobbed the child.

"I'm very, very sorry," said Louis, ruefully. "Please bring her into our house, sir, and my mother will put on something to cure her ankle right away."

"Oh, do please bring her in," joined in Bertie and Kitty, full of anxiety, and just then mamma herself appeared at the door, having been summoned in great haste by Willy boy. That decided it, for no one ever could resist mamma, and as soon as they were all in the house, she took the stranger child tenderly in her lap, and drew off the shoe from the little aching foot.

"There, move your foot now, dearie," she said,

"That's right, move it again. It is n't sprained—only bruised a little. Run, Kitty, and bring my arnica bottle."

The little foot was bathed, the tears were dried, and then they all began to notice what blue eyes, and what pretty golden hair the stranger had.

"Is she your little girl?" asked Mrs. Neal of the broad-shouldered man.

"I guess I shall have to claim her," he said, good-naturedly, "though I never set eyes on her till yesterday. Her name's Rosy. She's the daughter of an old messmate of mine who died off the Ivory Coast, and I promised him I'd keep a lookout for her. So when the 'Laughing Sally' dropped anchor yesterday, I made for head-quarters straight off. We thought we'd have a walk this morning, but the little craft kept sailing ahead, and first thing I knew, she ran among breakers."

At this point Kitty, who had disappeared for a moment, returned with a rather dingy-looking little pie in her hands, which she insisted on giving to Rosy.

"I made it myself," she said, radiantly. "Bridget let me. I was saving it for my dolls, but now I would rather give it to you."

Rosy received it in the same spirit in which it was given, and regarded it with great admiration.

Meanwhile Louis and Bertie reluctantly gathered up their books and started for school, while Mrs. Neal pursued her conversation with the kind-hearted sailor. She found he had neither kith nor kin in the world, and had decided to adopt Rosy as his own little girl. He had found her not quite happy in the rough boarding-house which was all her home, and what do you think he was going to do about it? Kitty fairly lost her breath when she heard him say:

"I shall take her along next voyage; she'll be happier aboard the 'Laughing Sally.'"

Mrs. Neal involuntarily pressed the little waif closer, thinking of her own Kitty as she did so. What would become of a little, motherless ten-year-old girl, on a three years' whaling voyage?

"Do you want to go, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Rosy, brightly. "Papa was going to take me next voyage himself; he wrote me a letter that said so, after mamma died. Papa always lived on the sea, and it will seem nearer to him if I live there too."

Mrs. Neal considered. It comes so natural to us to shelter our children, to want them safely

housed and guarded at every point. And the sea seemed to her so strong and terrible. But then her family had always been lands-people. She recalled a verse of Rossetti's:

"Three little children
On the wide, wide sea,—
Motherless children,—
Safe as safe can be
With guardian angels."

"The captain's wife promised Uncle Ben she'd

"Let Rosy stay here to-day," said Mrs. Neal to Uncle Ben. "Her ankle will pain her a little, and she should let it rest. Let her remain to-day and to-night with Kitty, and to-morrow you may come for her again."

"Well, ma'am, I will," said the good-natured sailor, glad to leave the little lass in so snug a harbor. And he went, but not before he took the orange out of his pocket.

Was n't that a great day for Rosy! To sit in an



"SHE TOOK THE STRANGER CHILD TENDERLY IN HER LAP."

take care of me," continued Rosy, "and I'm going to have a little hammock put up for me down in her cabin!"

"Oh, mamma, I wish I could go too!" exclaimed Kitty.

easy-chair in Kitty's room, and be made much of; to have picture-books heaped around her, and toys, and bits of fancy-work; to have white grapes brought to her on a lovely china plate; and for dinner such delicious chicken pie. Then not only did she have

Kitty for company, but all Kitty's dolls sat in order before her, dressed in their best. She said she wished her own dolly was there; and when Kitty inquired and found that the absent dolly had only one dress, what a hunting there was through mamma's piece-bags, until silk and lace had been found for Rosy to take home, to make a party-costume for her, fully equal to that worn by Kitty's own Florietta.

"I like dolls better than any other playthings," said Rosy, "because they seem just like folks. I should be real lonesome without mine."

So the two little girls played and talked all day long together, and liked each other better and better.

"If you were not going to sea, we could be friends all the time," said Kitty, regretfully.

"We'll be friends when I come back," replied Rosy, "and I'll bring you pink corals and shells."

Louis and Bertie were very much impressed when they found out the destiny that lay before Rosy; and hearing the children talk it over with so much enthusiasm, Mrs. Neal grew reconciled. After all it would make life broader and richer. Just think what it would be to any of us who have led quiet, uneventful lives, if we had three years to look back upon, of life on the broad blue ocean, under other skies, with strange stars overhead at night, sailing from zone to zone, stopping at tropical islands, catching the spicy breezes, seeing fruit-laden palms, seeing birds of bright rare plumage, and gathering wonderful shells on coral strands. Louis brought out his atlas, and all the children bending over it, marked out a voyage for Rosy, in which no sea was unvisited, no coast untouched, no island unexplored.

When Uncle Ben came for his little girl the next day, he found her bright and eager, quite willing to go with him at once, and begin to make ready for her ship-life. Mrs. Neal made some sensible suggestions in Rosy's behalf, which the bluff sailor gratefully accepted.

Louis and Kitty went once to visit Rosy at the boarding-house before she left it, and brought home a vivid account of its dreary discomfort.

"Not one bright thing about it, mamma," said Kitty, "only Rosy and her doll; and oh, mamma, she has made a dress for her dolly out of that blue silk I gave her, a great, *great* deal prettier than Florietta's!"

At last the "Laughing Sally" sailed out of port, with a little smiling figure on deck, waving a farewell to the group of friends who stood on the shore to see her depart. It was to be a three years' voyage. When they could no longer distinguish Rosy, the Neals went home, and from day to day tried to

imagine how her new life must seem to her, and what was happening.

The months slipped by, and season followed season. The children talked often of Rosy, and wondered how she fared. Sometimes, on the very coldest, stormiest nights they would picture her walking at that moment on some sunlit shore, gathering curious shells for them. But their mother was haunted by the thought of a little shrinking, trembling creature, with only a few boards between her and the raging, cruel waters.

A year went by, two years, and the third was almost gone. Louis was now a tall boy of sixteen, and Kitty was growing a great girl. They wondered if Rosy would know them when she came back; she must be growing a great girl now herself. When the third twelvemonth had quite passed, they began to study the shipping list in the paper, expecting every time to see the "Laughing Sally" reported. But she was never even named. Month after month rolled by, and still no news. No "Laughing Sally" came sailing into port, with a little smiling figure at the bow waving a glad salute. No one seemed to know anything about Rosy's ship. The owners lived in some far-off city, so there was no one who could answer their inquiries. The Neals only knew that the ship never was hailed, never was sighted, never came to shore. So many ships went down each year, could it be that Rosy's was among the doomed?

At last it was five years since she sailed away. The Neals no longer spoke merrily and gayly of Rosy, but always gently and gravely. They had moved now from the house which had so long been their home, to another even pleasanter in the distant suburbs. Louis was almost ready for college, and Kitty was almost a young lady. Even Bertie had grown past belief, and Willy was the only one who now cared for velocipedes.

Still another year was slipping away, time goes so fast, and Mrs. Neal's birthday, which the family always celebrated, was close at hand. Louis and Kitty, in search of something lovely enough for a present, came into the city one day together, and went among all the stores. Louis complained that they should not get through before night, Kitty kept stopping so before all the show-windows.

"I can't help it, when everything looks so pretty," she said, laughing; "now just see that windowful of lovely dolls. If I live to be sixty, I shall always stop to look at dolls. If you feel too big and grand, Louis, you can be looking at that other window of books while you wait for me."

So Louis stood before the window of books, and Kitty grew absorbed in the charming groups of gayly dressed dolls. She said afterward she felt impressed that she must look at them all. There

was a bridal party, and a group at a ball, a cunning little tea-party, and a comical sewing society. In a corner of the window was a family group, at which finally Kitty found herself gazing with intense interest. She could not make out its meaning at first. There was a sweet-faced lady-doll, holding

"I see them," said Louis, casting an indifferent glance that way.

"But you don't notice. Oh, Louis, don't you remember the day your velocipede knocked Rosy down, and how we children all stood around while mother took her shoe off, and Uncle Ben? There



"THERE SHE SAT AT WORK."

a little girl-doll in her lap while other doll-children stood around. Then there was a great, good-natured man-doll, with a big coat and long beard, looking on. Suddenly it all flashed over Kitty.

"Louis! Louis! come over here quick!" she cried excitedly. "See, only see those dolls!"

we all are, there you are yourself, with a sword at your side! I am going right in to find out who dressed those dolls."

And impulsive Kitty, followed by her bewildered brother, rushed into the store at once, and made her inquiries.

"We have two girls who dress dolls at work now in the back room," said the forewoman of the establishment. Kitty went eagerly to the glass door and peeped through. Alas! both were brunettes—no Rosy there.

"Who arranged the groups in the window?" she asked, pertinaciously.

"Ah, that," said the forewoman, "was done by our most skillful worker. She does the most of her work at home, then brings the dolls here and groups them. Her name is Ferguson."

"Her address?" demanded Kitty, breathlessly.

"No. 16 Weir Street," said the woman, referring to the books.

Louis was now interested too, and ordering a carriage, he and Kitty in a moment more were on their way to the place designated.

"Oh, Louis, Louis! can it be Rose?" said Kitty, as they alighted, and began to ascend the narrow stairs. A little boy showed them the door, Louis rapped, and a pleasant voice said, "Come in."

There she sat at work. It was she—dear, sweet Rose! Six years older, of course, and paler than when they saw her last, but it was Rose. Kitty threw her arms about her, with a storm of questions and tender reproaches, while Louis, much moved, made his way to the bed where poor Uncle Ben lay, evidently ill, and grasped his hand.

Then it all came out, the story of the delay and

the long silence. The "Laughing Sally" had made out her cargo of oil in good time, and had started on the return, when she was met at Tahiti by another ship of the same owners, commissioned to take the oil, and to order the "Sally" back for another cruise. Uncle Ben's health had even then began to fail, he was becoming subject to rheumatism, and after five years' absence from his native land, he exchanged ships, took one homeward bound, and he and Rosy had now been back in the city for five months. Of course his little funds were soon exhausted, but Rosy luckily had been able to find work, and so they had lived.

"But why didn't you come to us? Why *didn't* you come straight to us?" Kitty asked again and again as the story was told.

"I did go," said Rose, "but there was another family in the house, and no one could tell me where you lived. It was not in the directory either."

"Because we had moved out of town," exclaimed Kitty, "and there we were lost to each other, though less than five miles apart!"

"And did you reach the Fortunate Islands and find the coral strands, and the palm groves, Rose?" asked Louis.

Rose laughed merrily.

"I have kept a log," she said, "and you and Bertie shall read it. But whatever I found, there was nothing fairer than my native land!"



HORRIFIED ELDER BROTHER: "BEEN A-WHITewashin' BABY, HAS YER? WHAT DOES YER S'POSE DE S'JETV FUR DE INVENTION, OB ANIMALS 'LL DO TO YER WHEN HE HEARS OB IT?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE DEACON sends you a verse this month, my beloved, with his compliments. He says there is comfort in it for scores of ambitious young folk who sent him letters, during the "Declaration" competition, complaining that they felt themselves to be so useless, in this great busy world. It was written by Mrs. Browning, who wrote "The Cry of the Children," and the Deacon says that in this verse, which somehow answers the cry of the boys and girls, she hits the pin exactly on the head:

"Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. "I will employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point agrees to miss the head;
And if a man should cry: 'I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway head and point,'
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants."

AN ARMY SLIDING DOWN HILL.

I SHOULD really have liked to see the sight. An army of many thousands of great, grown men all sliding down hill for the fun of the thing.

It seems that when one of the barbarous tribes called the Cimbri came from their homes in northern Europe to attack ancient Rome, they were obliged to cross the Alps. They, however, did not object to that. They rather liked it in fact, for they were strong, and hardy. So it was a favorite amusement of theirs to climb to the tops of the snow and ice-covered peaks, carrying with them their great broad shields, and, arrived at the summits, to cast themselves down on the shields, very much as boys now do upon their sleds, and with great rough shouts of laughter to swiftly glide down the vast and dangerous descents.

How do I know all this? Why from hearing somebody reading aloud from a book called "Mallet's Northern Antiquities."

HOME-MADE BEAUTY.

THE more they use their muscles, the stronger, and consequently the more beautiful, my girls and boys will grow. They are something like trees and plants. The more these are stirred by the wind the more rapidly the sap flows through their trunks and branches, and the stronger and more beautiful they become. Boys and girls have this advantage: they can exercise just when they wish, and need never wait for the wind to come and blow them.

A HORSE THAT KNEW IT WAS SUNDAY.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you a true horse story. The horse was raised on Long Island by my father, who used her for many years,—on week days for farm-work, and on Sundays to take the family to meeting. She was not a beauty, but she was strong and trusty. She always went by the name of "Miss Finley." When the faithful creature had grown old in long service, father took her, one summer morning, across the bay to Robin's Island, that lay over half a mile off, and left her there to rest, and to crop the good grass at will. In other words, she was placed on the "retired veteran list," with all the honors. This was on a Monday. Well, all that week the old mare stayed there and enjoyed herself to her heart's content; but when Sunday came, and the first ringing of the Church bell began, the knowing animal pricked up her ears and listened. Then she trotted along the sand-bar as far as it went, and, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water, swam over to the main land, and went straight to the stable. She knew it was Sunday, and that she should be needed to take the family to meeting! Dear old Miss Finley! But the hardest part of it was that father, not thinking of ever using her again, had already purchased a new horse. Miss Finley found her own empty stall. But something was wrong. All was silent. There was no familiar voice; no familiar touch, and the harness did not fall clanking about her as usual. Could it be that the folks were not going to meeting, after all? No one knows what Miss Finley thought, nor how she felt, when, after a while, the new horse came trotting briskly home with the family. But you may believe she was patted and praised when we found her. We gave her water; called her a good old girl; hugged her neck; pulled handfuls of fresh clover for her; gave her lumps of sugar, and did all we could to do her honor. One and all agreed that nothing was too good for the faithful old horse who knew it was Sunday.—Yours truly,
New Suffolk, L. I. J. G. T.

A KIND O' GARDEN.

"POOH! your sister is too little to go to school. She's almost a baby."

"But she *does* go to school, any way."

"It is n't a real school."

"Yes it is, too. It's a German school —"

The big boy who had been speaking so ungallantly to the rosy-faced little girl fairly jumped.

"What! that little bit of a thing go to a *German* school! Can she speak German?"

"Oh no," laughed the other, "she don't have to speak German. It's a *Kind-er-Garten*."

"A kind o' garden? Oh! That's a great school! Who could n't go to a kind o' garden. Oho!"

The rosy girl laughed, but she had caught the boy's saucy way: "It is n't a kind o' garden, neither; it's a *Kinder-garten*."

Just then the Little Schoolma'am, who chanced to be near by, called out pleasantly:

"Not so fast, Lizzie! You both are right, and both wrong. It is a school, and it also is a kind of garden, dear. *Kinder-garten* (pronounced, *Kinder*, not *Kind-er*, Lizzie!) means, literally, a children's garden. In fact, many of the German *Kinder-gartens* do have bright little greeneries, where the children may play. But whether it be indoors or out, a true *Kinder-garten* always should

be as sunny and fresh with heart-shine as an out-of-door garden is with sunshine."

(If Lizzie had seen the word "heart-shine" in a book it might have puzzled her, but the pretty Schoolma'am's bright eyes and kind voice were so full of it that Lizzie understood right away just what heart-shine meant.)

Then Lizzie and the saucy boy went off together in the most friendly manner, and the pretty Schoolma'am was quite pleased as she saw the boy's rough straw hat and Lizzie's pink sun-bonnet bobbing in close conversation.

Dear soul! Jack would n't for anything have had her hear what that conversation was:

Straw-hat: "Humph. Great school! I told you so! It is n't nothin' but a garden, after all. The Schoolma'am said so."

Sun-bonnet: "Aint you smart! It is a school, too. The schoolma'am said it was."

BERNARD, THE HERMIT.

A GOOD friend sends, in care of your Jack, a bit of writing, which she says she translated on purpose for you, "from one of *Merimée's Lettres à une Inconnue*, published not very long ago":

Cannes, January 22, 1859.

You should know that I have given myself up wholly to the study of nature, and shall have a pretty account of a kid for you when we meet. Have you ever happened to see an odd little animal called here "Bernard, the hermit"?

It is a little creature of the lobster species, no larger than a grasshopper. Nature has omitted to provide any covering for his tail. So when the hermit would go about upon the shore, he picks up some shell large enough to admit his unsheltered tail, crams it in, and promenades entirely at his ease.

Yesterday, happening to come across one thus equipped, I picked it up, carefully broke the shell, without injury to the contents, and put my captive into a plate of sea-water. After a time, I placed an empty shell of suitable size in his dish, when the little fellow quickly approached and surveyed the object on all sides; then, raising one claw, he evidently took a measurement of its dimensions, and ended by thrusting his pincers inside, to make sure the former occupant had vacated the dwelling. All being satisfactory, he finally seized the shell with his front claws, and, turning some sort of somersault, he managed to thrust his tail into its extemporized shelter; and finding it fairly in, he strutted about on his plate, with the air of a man emerging from a fashionable tailor's dressed in a brand-new suit of clothes.

READY-MADE CLOTHING—GROWN ON A TREE.

VERY singular, I must say, but one can't doubt the word of Humboldt, and the Little Schoolma'am read about it in his works. The garment grows on the trunk of the tree; it is, in fact, a very wide ring of the bark, cut around as you boys cut a willow twig to make a whistle of it, and taken off the beheaded trunk in one piece. Two holes are cut for the arms. The South American native slips it over his head and considers himself in full dress. Now, if you boys would dress in that style, what a saving of trouble for mothers it would be!

A COLD-COUNTRY DRESS.

THAT last was a hot-country dress. Now you shall hear how the natives of Siberia array themselves.

It's cold up there, I understand, and that is why they dress so warmly. Two complete suits of fur from neck to heels—one suit with the hair side

in, the other with the hair side out. A hood, tied under the chin, is made of the fur from a reindeer's head, and besides the holes for eyes and mouth, it has often the ears of the departed deer sticking up on top of the man's head. He's an object to behold; but he is comfortable, and he does n't care if he does look like 'some wild animal. His wife dresses in almost exactly the same style, so do his children; in fact, everybody does. It's the fashion.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND TO OUR ROBIN.

HERE is a letter from the pretty Blue Jay of Scotland, to our dear American Robin. It has come a long way, and a little bird tells me that Robin will enjoy it all the more if he reads it over your shoulders. So gather close, and with Robin's help we'll all spell it out together:

Ayr, on the Firth o' Clyde, Scotland.

DEAR MR. ROBIN: I hae been tauld that certain flogers o' Sco't's Lan' an' America hae been holdin' converse thro' the pages o' ane New York buik belongin' to the wee bit bonnie bairns o' a' lan's, an' luv'd by a' alike. Du ye ken any reason why you an' I should na hae a bit o' talk efter the same manner o' correspondence? Surely we are luv'd by lads an' lassies een amais, as dearlie as the flogers are, an' they'll nae be loath to let us hae a word wi' them.

Hae they not great armies o' bird-defenders, wha's names are writ in the same child's buik? An' thing, dear Maister Robin, wad seem befin' an' that is, that we singers o' bird songs should aye strive to mak' oor sangs far bonnier an' stranger than iver before, oot o' pure gratitude to a' the kin' herted weans who hae laen a pledge o' bird-defense. Think ye sae? Nae doubt ye'll teach a sweeter chirp to yer ain wee birdies in the spring o' the year, an' that'll be a fine kind o' handin' doon yer thankfu'ness o' hert frae ane generation to another. An' cannae wonder at the o'erflow o' hert an' voice in praise-fu' sang frae birdie throats, when ane considers a' the "gifties God has gien," in showin' them hames an' families o' their verra ain, aside frae a' the sunlight an' leaf shelter.

Hae ye larches in America an' Scotch pine-trees? Do ye ken that they are leal o' hert in their aye-green coats? Nae tree o' ony clime boasts o' mair o' nature's true nobility. And hae ye the wee wrinkled willow, a dwarfie wha grows but ane oot frae each fall upon oor great an' sma' "Bens"? [Do ye name your Bens "Mountains?"] I wish ye kenn'd the lark o' oor lan'. His voice is mony measures bonnier than my ain, an' nae melody o' wind among the tops o' spruce or fir, or e'en among the fields o' ripenin' grain is sae sweet an' heaven-like as his. It isna strange that a' folk, o' human family, or o' oor ain, aye luv the dear brown birdie.

Hae ye wren, an' bobolink, an' swallow cousins in yer lan', an' du ye claim kinship wi' ilka wee bit warbler? My kin' regards to Mistress Robin, in which I am joined by my wife. Ken ye the couplet: "It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name?" It weel applies to a bird's ain feelin', altho' it was writ by a human singer o' Scotia.—Farewell.

BLUE JAY.

To Robin-Red-Breast, in care of Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

I HEARD the Little Schoolma'am, one day, telling some girls that Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," was rejected three times by London editors before it found any one willing to accept it. She said this should be a comfort to all young contributors whose articles are declined by ST. NICHOLAS. I don't quite understand this myself, but if the pretty Schoolma'am says so it must be right. The Deacon remarked that three rejections must be rather discouraging, but that all the children had to do was to produce something better than the "Song of the Shirt," and then it would n't be rejected but once or twice. But my birds don't believe a word of the story. They say shirts can't sing a note. Nonsense! Just as if the pretty Schoolma'am could make a mistake!



TOMMY.

HOW TOMMY CAME HOME.

TOMMY was a tame bird. You see him in the picture, sitting on the back of a chair. Sometimes he was shut up in his cage ; but he was so tame, and knew the family so well, that he was often allowed to fly about the room. One day, a window happened to be open when Tommy was out of his cage, and he thought it would be a good thing for him to go out of doors for a little while. So he went out. He flew up into a tree, and it was so nice and cool there that he soon flew into another tree, and so he kept on flying about until it was night, and he was a long way from home. Tommy now began to get hungry, and to wish himself back in his cage, where he knew there was plenty of nice seed. But he did not know exactly which way to go, for it was quite dark, and he was not used to being out-of-doors at night. So he went to sleep on a limb of a tree ; but before he shut his eyes, he made up his mind that he would wake up very early and try to catch a worm. But when he awoke it was not very early, and the country birds, who live out-of-doors all the time, had caught all the worms. So poor Tommy felt so badly that he did not even try to find his way home.

When his kind master missed Tommy, he was very sorry, and he went looking all about for him, whistling a little tune that Tommy liked. But no Tommy answered him. After breakfast, the next day, a gentleman came to Tommy's master's house and said, "I saw a bird like your Tommy in a tree back of Mr. Scott's barn. He whistled just like Tommy." So Tommy's master took the bird-cage and ran all the way to Mr. Scott's barn. And there in a tree was Tommy ! So his master began to whistle the little tune Tommy liked, and Tommy was glad enough to hear that tune, and he whistled it too. His master put the cage on the ground and opened the door, and then he stepped to one side and whistled again. In a few minutes Tommy flew down on the ground and hopped along to the cage. When he saw that it was really his own cage, he went in and began to eat seed as fast as he could. Then his master shut the door and took him home, and he was very glad indeed to get Tommy again.

Now you see that if Tommy's master had not been kind to him, the poor lost bird would have been afraid to come down from the tree and go into his cage. But Tommy had been so kindly treated that he was not afraid, and so his master got him again.

If you have a bird or any other pet, you ought to remember this story and be kind to your pet, and then, if it should get lost, it may be as glad to see you as Tommy was to see his master.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE DIAMOND AND THE LOADSTONE.

ONCE a Diamond and a Loadstone on a shelf together lay,
While with looks of mutual wonder, each the other did survey.
Quoth the Diamond, in her scorning: "Will you please to kindly
state
Why we're treated so like equals when our difference is so great?
Why does stupid man consider an unpolished stone like you
Fit to be the near companion of a gem so bright to view?
Mine are bright and shining virtues—I am sought alike by all;
The haughty great, the humble little, by my light are held in thrall.
I appear with equal splendor when a vesture rich I clasp;
Or, with glow and sparkle, hold a slender finger in my grasp.
I am chosen by the beauty, with my charms her own to grace,
In the glittering crowns of monarchs do I also find a place!
But for you, a simple pebble—I confess 'tis not quite clear
On what merit rests your title to the station you hold here."

Then the Loadstone humbly answered, "It is true I've been denied
All those bright, external beauties which so justly swell your pride.
I am conscious of my plainness—my slight value too, I fear,
To those who, like you, wish worth on the surface to appear.
'Tis your province to adorn—but 'mid the graver cares of life
Men have found that you but please them, while I help them in their
strife.

By my aid their ships hold commerce with the ports of distant lands,
By my aid the world's great circle comes to their industrious hands.
I bring from France her silks and laces; carry back as rich a store,
Bear to England what she values, gather fabrics from her shore.
I skim along the perfumed tropics, seek the wealth of every clime:
I lead the traveler's eager footsteps to the mold'ring halls of Time.

I spread the fame of noble deeds and bear love's message sweet,
Unite hearts by distance severed in a living band complete.
I explore the earth: I conquer nations; men owe their wealth to me.
For my magic guides their passage o'er the boundless, pathless sea.
You're indeed a pretty bauble, I am pleased to hear you tell,
Since to shine is all you can do, you succeed in that so well.
But in future, pray remember, when to scorn you feel inclined,
'Twas I who brought, with other blessings, even *you* to grace man-
kind!"

Thus we learn a useful lesson—one that people often need,
And among the gay and thoughtless, I would have them heed:
Though the outside seem attractive, and its beauties please the eye,
Yet beneath a plain exterior, great virtues sometimes lie. G. H.

IN THE DARK.

"Oh, mother, it is so hard to have nothing one wants, it seems
just like living in the dark!"

"Hush, Mary! There, take this work home and bring me some
more, and think of your blessings child, think of your blessings."

Mary shut the creaking door behind her, and set off at a brisk pace
for Mrs. Holt's, really trying to think of her blessings.

"First, there's mother. But she always looks so tired, and the
sewing machine makes her back ache: why can't she rest, and be
comfortable somehow? Then the boys,—they are strong and well,
and they can go to school while I have to stay at home to help with
the sewing. Oh, if I could go to school, I would study hard!
And if I could learn French like Ada Holt, and take music lessons,
and live in a pretty house instead of that draughty little brown one"—
and Mary found herself, almost crying, at Mrs. Holt's door. The
housemaid let her in, saying,

"Sit in the parlor and get warm, while I take this work up to Mrs.
Holt."

Mary would usually have been glad of such an invitation, but to-
day she felt too unhappy to care, and seated herself, thinking,
"They live in the sunshine, and I in the dark."

What did she hear? Not an echo, surely, but the words were very
like her own.

"It is so sad to be here in the dark."

Where did that thin, silver voice come from? Ah! the closet
door was half-open, and on the shelf stood a whole row of hyacinth
bulbs in glasses. One of them was certainly speaking.

"See those other plants by the window. How they put forth new
leaves and blossoms and enjoy the sunshine while we are shut up
here. How can our tops grow without light?"

"You don't understand," said another bulb, "if we were put in the
sun our tops would grow, but we should have no roots, and soon die.
I heard our mistress say that our roots need darkness, and when they
are long enough she will put us on the shelf by the window."

"Really?" said all the other bulbs in chorus.

"Really," said the speaker.

Mary had listened with interest.

"Hyacinths," she said, "why do I have to live in the dark? I
can't have anything I want, like other girls, but I am not a plant
like you."

"Perhaps patience and energy in people are like roots in flowers,"
said the wisest bulb. "Anyway, you had better learn patience."

"Yes," sang the rest, "learn patience."

"I will," said Mary.

At that moment Mrs. Holt entered the room with some work for
Mary's mother, and the little girl went home.

That happened weeks ago, and now the hyacinths stand in full
bloom on the shelf by the window. Whenever Mary comes to the
house, she thinks they nod to her and say,

"Patience! your good times are coming!"

H. N. G.

ANNA'S PIG.

ONCE a little dark-eyed girl, whose name was Anna, was made a
present of a little white pig. A pig was something unusual to Anna,
because she did not live in the country, but in the limits of a flourish-
ing little town on the Lake Erie shore, where pigs and cattle could
not be very conveniently kept. But this little pig was a present, and
of course must have the greatest care and attention. Accordingly a
little sty was made for it, and not of the common order either. An
inclosure was made of boards, nice and smooth. Boards were laid at
the bottom: but that was not all. A little house was made of boards
and shingles. Hay was put inside for piggy to sleep on. Every
thing seemed to be quite flourishing and pleasant for piggy. But
Anna soon discovered that piggy was not contented in his new home.
Anna concluded that he must be very lonesome in there, all alone,
from the way he squealed, and kept on squealing, from morning until
night; but Anna could not very well see how she could help it, and it
sorely troubled her, and finally concluded to let piggy squeal; per-
haps he would get used to his new home in time. As piggy was fed
by the man of the house, he very soon and naturally slipped out of
Anna's mind, until one day Anna desisted piggy's tail and hind parts
just disappearing through the front door-yard fence.

Anna was thoroughly aroused, and decided that piggy must be
caught at once. Away she flew after piggy, her little sister following
after her at her heels. But such a tiresome chase from street to
street; with steady determination piggy dodged, and Anna and her
little sister dodged. They tried their best to head piggy, but could
not, until some little boy came to their assistance, and then it was all
up with piggy. He was cornered and hopelessly caught. Anna
held him by the fore feet and head as firmly as she could, and her
little sister held him by the hind feet and tail. Piggy squealed louder
than ever, and nearly succeeded in kicking himself loose, but the
three arrived home safely, all panting and out of breath. Although
it took all of Anna's strength, and left her weak and trembling, yet
such was her determination to conquer that she would not give up.

Piggy was taken good care of until it began to be cold weather,
and great fears were entertained that piggy would not stand the cold.
And, alas, such was only too true. Poor piggy was brought in the
house, one bitter frosty morning, frozen stiff. Anna felt very sorry,
and did all she could to revive him by the heat of the stove, but it was
of no use, piggy was frozen too stiff and hard.

A. E. F.

THE RAIN.

RAIN, rain! what do you mean?

By raining so hard all this day.

Quoth the rain, "That remains to be seen,

I was not born for mere play.

"What you do, do with all your might;

So I rain, rain, rain."

And as I consider that right,

Please do not complain.

"This rain will bring forth tiny buds,

To blossom into larger flowers;

It will help the washing-tub

To wash out ladies' dowers.

"By and by the sun will burst out laughing,

And you will forget I stayed so long.

So after this, please, away see that your chaffing,

For, I hope, now you see that is wrong."

BARS.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

The sky was gray and dark o'erhead.
 "We shall have snow at last," they said.
 Truly they spake. The earth, ere night,
 Was robed in a mantle pure and white.
 And still the flakes came floating down,
 Into the country and into the town:
 Floating and flying, in groups and rings,
 Like flocks of birds with snow-white wings,
 Till the air was white with the whirling clouds,
 And still came the rollicking, frolicking crowds.
 And wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,
 They were hailed by all with joy and delight.

Folks said the spring had come at last;

The winter cold was over and past.

The sun shone warmly, brightly down,

Into the country and into the town.

Then came a night that was chilly and cold,

And lo! a shower of snow-flakes bold.

But wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,

They met with scorn, reproach, and slight.

"For surely 't is not the time for snow:

The winter is past, 't is spring-time now.

Ah! poor little flakes, so dainty and white,

You should not have left your home to-night.

You thought, because once you were loved so well,

You would always be welcome whenever you fell.

There's a time for sunshine, a time for showers;

There's a time for snow, little flakes, and for flowers."

So the snow-flakes all unheeded lay,

Till the sun came shining, warm and gay—

And, weeping, then they vanished away.

But from each spot their tears had wet,

There sprang a blue-eyed violet.

M. J.

A FINE YACHT-RACE.

I THINK ST. NICHOLAS would like to print something about the races which have occurred between the *Resolute*, *Dreadnought*, and *Vesta*, and so I will write some account of one of them.

The *Resolute* is a center-board schooner 113 feet long, and is enrolled in the papers of the New York and Atlantic Yacht Club.

The *Dreadnought* is a famous keel schooner, and is of the New York and Brooklyn Yacht Clubs.

The *Vesta* is a center-board schooner, and was a partaker of the famous ocean race won by the *Henrietta*.

Suppose we go on board of the *Dreadnought* for this race.

The wind was a strong north-west, and the waves now were crested with foam, and we had promise from a grayish cloud to windward of plenty of wind during the night.

We had picked crews, and the yachts were in splendid trim. We were to be taken down to the light-ship by the steamer *Cyclops*, but, as there was plenty of wind, we preferred to sail.

We were all to be in the vicinity of the light-ship at 3 o'clock, and so we were.

But it had been agreed that we should not start till 4, so we had to sail, or lie about till that time.

The *Resolute* fired two guns as a signal at six minutes before 4 o'clock.

As soon as the signal was given we ran up our topsails, and soon we had our canvas full.

The *Vesta* got past the light-ship one-sixth of a second before us, and we a few seconds before the *Resolute*.

The start was a superb one, and we had (we thought) the wind fair both ways for the 112 miles of race.

For the first minutes of the race neither seemed to gain, but the *Resolute* began to get to windward of us.

But our yacht would not have this, so we ran up so as to leave the *Vesta* a good deal to leeward.

As the breeze freshened, both of us began to leave the *Vesta*.

We could not gain on the *Resolute*, for she kept to windward.

About this time we looked back to see the *Vesta* haul up her jib topsail; but that was only to be hauled up and then pulled down again.

We then held our own well, and once in a while our main boom would go into the waves and throw up showers of spray.

The *Vesta* then hauled up closer to the wind, and then was farthest to windward, but farthest from the next turning-point, which was the Five Fathom light-ship of Cape May.

About 6 o'clock the *Resolute* passed and kept passing us, until she cleared us entirely by half a mile.

We then cast our log, which showed that we made $11\frac{3}{4}$ knots an hour.

The wind now veered round north-east, and we concluded that we would have a rough time tacking back to New York.

When we rounded the light-ship about midnight, we were very much astern of the *Resolute*, while the *Vesta* had bettered her situation toward us a good deal.

During the night the *Vesta* split her foresail, which spoilt her entirely for finishing the race with anything but a good record, for she came in very late.

We laid upon the wind so close that the sails sometimes shook.

When the *Resolute* tacked the second time, she passed under our stern, and was now to chase us, but we got past the goal first. This was at a quarter past 8.

The *Vesta* did not get in till a quarter of nine.

You immediately sling down this magazine, and inform your friend, who is waiting to play chess, that the *Dreadnought* has beaten the *Resolute*; but hold on a few minutes, there is a time allowance.

Time allowance? you say, incredulously.

Yes. For instance, take this very race. The *Dreadnought* started say one minute ahead of the *Resolute*, and came in 59 seconds ahead. You can easily see what they call a time allowance, can you not? H.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON DISCOVERING GRAVITATION.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are my favorite reading-book. I do not subscribe for you, but papa buys you every month. I will tell you about the first time I ever tried to make bread, which was last Saturday. I am twelve years old, and mamma thinks I ought to begin to learn something about cooking. So she mixed the yeast-gave me directions how to make the bread, and went off to visit the Centennial Buildings. As soon as the yeast was light, I poured it into a bread-pan of flour, and mixed it with lukewarm water, put it on the bread-board and began to knead it. It was so stiff that I did not know what to do. I remembered mamma's telling me about the first time she made bread; so I made holes in the dough, put water in them, and kneaded it until it was about right. I then set it by to rise again, and when it looked like it was light I kneaded it, put it in the bake-pans to rise, and then in the oven to bake. You may be sure I felt very much worried, and watched it very close, for fear it would not bake right.

When the bread was cut and brought to the table, they all declared it was splendid. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.—Your friend,
STELLA.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we do not know the address of H. H., the author of the article in the June number called "The Expression of Rooms," and as we wish to know what H. H. means in that article by Japanese fans being put on the walls of a room, from the cornice to the book-case, we write to you for information.—Respectfully,
MARY ARMSTRONG AND NORA ABBOTT.

New York, June 25th, 1876.

DEAR GIRLS: I ought to have said, "Pin the fans on the wall." I was very stupid. The fans are very light, and two pins will hold one firm. You can pin them across the corners also. Try it. They are very pretty. I happened to be in the ST. NICHOLAS office this hot afternoon, and Mrs. Dodge showed me your note.

Your friend,
H. H.

Great Eastern Mine, Guerneville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen other letters printed in the Letter-Box, so I thought I would like to see mine there. I am living for the summer at the quicksilver mines, and there is some vermilion color in the rock that they call cinnabar, and they crush it and put it into furnaces and roast it, and get the mercury or quicksilver out.

We are surrounded by mountains here, and the redwood trees are just a little way from the house, and they are from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and most are two hundred feet high. I will not say any more, or there will not be room for my letter.—Yours respectfully,
EDITH EAMES.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like all the stories of St. Nicholas, but my favorite ones are "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Story of Jon of Iceland." I wish your book could come out oftener. I would be pleased to have you print this. Last summer, when I was in the country, I took a walk in the apple orchard. I noticed a snake crawling off one of the trees. Full of curiosity, like most boys, I climbed the tree; but what a sight met my eyes! There were five little dead birds in a nest. Being certain the snake had killed them, I hurried down from the tree to kill the snake, but was too late; it had disappeared.—One of your true friends,
NORMAN LESLIE ARCHER.

"POOR CHUNEE!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" brings out of his well-filled store-house every month such a charming variety of wisdom and wit, fact and fancy, for his large family of boys and girls, that I, for one, have often wondered where in the world he gets it from—perhaps from that wonderful leaf—no, *pulpit*, I guess, in which he stands; anyway, he is about as eloquent a preacher as I ever heard, and when, in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, he told us of poor Chunee, and that horrid toothache that drove him crazy, I felt as if I must write and tell "Jack" that dear Chunee was an old friend of mine.

You see, many years ago, when I was a little girl in my teens, I used to spend weeks at a time with a dear friend, "Aunt Anna." I called her, who had a shop for the sale of fine perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, in Exeter Change, the lower floor of which was,—for I believe it is not standing now—a splendid arcade or bazaar, on each side of which were arranged beautiful compartments, fitted up with counters, show cases, etc., for the sale of the kind of light goods, such as jewelry, stationery, "Tunbridge Wells" toys, and

fancy articles, each compartment divided by light screens. Aunt Anna's pretty, cory, little place was just opposite the wide and massive stairs that led to Mr. Cross's "Royal Menagerie," on the floor above; and a pretty substantial floor it was, to bear the weight of such a big fellow as Chunee, besides lions, tigers, camels, bears, and lots of monkeys.

As the young friend of "Aunt Anna," I received a free invitation from Mr. Cross to visit Chunee and his friends whenever I chose, and stay as long as I liked. And what nice times I had in seeing the lions and tigers fed, and in feeding Chunee and the monkeys myself. The former so intelligent, so gentle, and so grateful for the "goodies" I used to take him, while the monkeys seemed leagued together to tease me; thrusting their long arms through the bars of their cages, they would catch the straw hat from my head, fill it with saw dust, and then pelt me with it; they seemed to think me fair game for their antics.

The docile elephant had never been tortured into unnatural performances by his kind owner, or keeper, but there was one trick that I used to delight in seeing him do. I would lay a small silver coin on the palm of my hand which he would pick up very gently, and then ring a bell for his keeper to come, when he would deposit the money in his pocket, always trumpeting his "thank you" for favors received.

Poor, dear Chunee! How badly I felt when, several years after, and when I was far away from London, I heard of his sad death. I did not then know the cause of his sudden madness, but as "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" says: "What an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been."
ANNIE F. STUART.

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your magazine this morning, and was very glad. I saw that Gussie wanted to know how to make candy. I have a receipt, although I do not know whether Gussie will like it. It is this:

1. Take a sheet of foolscap paper and make a box by bending and pinning the corners.
2. Take a little butter and rub the bottom of the box.
3. Take three table-spoonfuls of granulated white sugar.
4. Put in two table-spoonfuls of hot water, and then put the paper box on the stove, not having it too hot, and be careful not to let any water touch the bottom of the box. Then let it boil for ten minutes.

You would think the paper would burn, but it will not. If you try it, Gussie, I hope you will succeed.—Yours truly,
JOHN F. H.

Who will try this experiment?

JOHN L.—Captain Ericsson is not an American, but a Swede. Mr. Rideing, in his "Turret-Ships and Torpedoes" (July ST. NICHOLAS), called him an American engineer because he has so thoroughly identified himself with American engineering that it is almost impossible for us to consider him as anything but an American engineer.

Monroe, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a few lines. I am twelve years old, and go to school in the grammar-room at Monroe Public Schools. I live about a mile from the school-house. I feed the chickens and three cows. Some way, I cannot think of so much as the other boys to write. Oh yes, if you hear of any boys who want to buy a scroll-saw, I will sell one cheap. I like the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS very much.—Your reader,
WALTER T. ANDERSON.

Garrison, May, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the midst of the grand old mountains of the Highlands of the Hudson; the surrounding scenery is sublimely beautiful. I will tell you about some of the wild flowers that I find in my rambles over the mountains. The trailing arbutus is the most beautiful, and you always find it in great abundance where the laurel grows. There are so many violets they give the fields a purple tint. In the marshes I find the delicate anemone, or as some people call it, the wind-flower, and that is a very appropriate name, for it looks as though a very small breeze would shake all its snowy petals off.

In midsummer the flowers are so very abundant that one cannot step without crushing some of the little darlings; but in autumn, when the birds have flown, the flowers all gone, and you hear the sad sound of the leaves dropping one by one, then the fringed gentian lifts its blue eye to cheer the lonely wood.

I am a great lover of nature, and am very fond of walking in the

woods and watching the little squirrels gather nuts, and the birds building their nests.

I think the story of "The Boy Emigrants" is splendid, and "The Eight Cousins" was delightful.

I watch for you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as a friend, and indeed you are a very dear friend to me.

Long live the ST. NICHOLAS and the dear little schoolma'am.

I remain your constant friend, MATTIE A. GARRISON.

Tyre, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I submit a question which I wish the readers of ST. NICHOLAS or yourself to decide. If a person is born on the 29th of February, does their birthday occur only once in four years? If every year, does it occur in February or March, when it is not leap-year?

RUEL L. S.

In reply to Stella M. Kenyon's request for the answer to the riddle beginning "There was a man of Adam's race," the following persons send the answer—"Jonah in the whale's belly."

Edward W. Robinson, Wm. C. Bowden, Charlie Goodrich, Maggie Harbison, Gordon Buchanan, Julia P. Ballard, Anne A. Butts, "Lillian," Vanie H. Cobb, Nellie L. Tate, Ada M. Duchar, E. D. J. Hennessy, Mrs. G. C. W., "Charlie and Belle," "The Briton," Gertrude Vickery, M. W. C., D. B. McLean, Alice E. Clark, "Minnie," K. M. S., Hattie L. Hamilton, Libbie Montross, Katie, Mr. C. B. Stent, Ida Belsham, Euphemia F. Secor, and "Violet."

"Launcelot" sends his answer in the form of an ingenious rhyme:

There's a strange and wonderful story
In the Holy Scriptures told
Of one, of the race of Adam,
Who lived in the days of old,
And who by the will of Heaven,
And by reason of his sin,
Was doomed to live in a dwelling,
All "curiously wrought within;"
It was not built of timbers,
Nor yet of wood or stone,
No hand had part in its building
Save the hand of God alone:
It was not in hell, nor in Heaven,
Nor on land, where a house *should* be,
'Twas a restless, roving dwelling,
And roamed about in the sea;
The tenant was not the owner,
The house was not his "to keep,"
So **JONAH** made brief sojourn
In this monster of the deep.

And "Maggie May," with her answer, sends another riddle with the same answer:

There was a creature formed of God,
That showed His mighty power!
That ne'er in path of sinners trod,
Nor name of Christian bore.
It had no hope of future bliss,
Nor feared its Master's rod,
Yet did a living soul possess
That panted after God.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine ever since it was first published, and I think it improves with every number. I liked "Eight Cousins" better than any story that has appeared in ST. NICHOLAS; it is perfectly splendid, as all of Miss Alcott's books are.

Perhaps some of the readers of your magazine will be interested in the following information, which I found in an old English book. The phrase "He's a brick" seems to be of classic origin, as follows: King Agesilaus being asked by an ambassador from Epirus why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have," pointing to his marshaled army, "There are the walls of Sparta, and every man you see is a brick."

NELLIE.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to put my name in the Bird-defenders. I have a little story here which, if you think worth putting in the Letter-Box, I wish you would do so. When I lived in Wilmington I had a black and white cat, which I thought very smart. She could not endure music. One day mamma was sitting in an arm-chair and began to sing. The cat (who was asleep on the floor) got up and climbed on the back of the chair, and would keep putting her paw on mamma's mouth in order to keep her from singing. She did

a good many other things, one of which was ringing the door-bell when she wanted to go out-of-doors, and pulling the wire from the other side when she wished to come in. I must tell you the name of this cat,—we called her "Lady from Philadelphia," because she was born there.—Yours truly,

MAY LOBDELL.

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We've got a bird. Thank you for the books that you sent me. We've had a good time out on Pacific Street. A sweet little girl lives around here, named Margie. Another sweet little girl lives down town, named Meta. I've got a little bell and some cologne, and a lot of shells that Margie gave me in a little red bag. She made a necklace for me. We've got a greenhouse. We've got a new, big ST. NICHOLAS; the pictures in it are very nice. I send you some kisses.

LULU.

Boston, June 8, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very well. I have just come home from the Centennial, and it is perfectly splendid. I liked the Main Building best, and next to that Memorial Hall or Art Gallery. We used the rolling chairs a great deal, so we did not get very tired.

The Japanese and Chinese Departments were very interesting, and the furnished rooms in the English Department are lovely; there was one room, a drawing-room, furnished in beautiful shades of green and blue, that I liked particularly; the curtains had yellow fringe on them, and the carpet was blue with pink rosebuds on it. Just think of all these colors in one room; but it was selected with such care that it has a charming effect. There are many, many other beautiful things there. I am afraid this is getting too long, but I hope you will put it in the Letter-Box.

A. H. R.

A CHEAP MICROSCOPE.

ALLEN T. MOORE sends the following directions for making a cheap microscope. His experiment is a novel one, and is at least worthy of a trial by all those who desire such an instrument:

First, take an oblong slip of glass (a microscope slide, such as microscopic objects are mounted upon, is the thing), and, after cleaning the glass slip, pour a drop of Canada balsam upon the center of it. If the drop fall properly, it will form a lens. If it does not assume a circular form, push the edges into as true a circle as possible by means of a pin or pointed stick. If you should fail in this effort and spoil the drop, scrape off as much of the balsam as possible, and dissolve the remainder in turpentine until the glass is once more entirely clean. Keep trying until you get a circular drop, or lens, free from dirt or air-bubbles (by looking through it at some small object, you can easily make sure that it is perfectly clear), and set it away to harden. The more convex the lens is, the higher will be its power. After leaving it in a horizontal position for a week or more, take a piece of cork, a little thicker than the lens, and cut a hole in it, with a diameter a little greater than that of the lens. Blacken the glass around the lens, and also blacken the cork. Fasten the cork to the glass, so as to have the lens in the center of the hole, and fasten a piece of thin glass (called by microscopists a thin glass cover) over the lens, which will prevent dust from settling upon it.

The edges of the glass slip may be ground, or some narrow strips of paper may be gummed around them, in order to prevent cutting or scratching.

Schenectady.

DEACON GREEN: I send you the Declaration of Independence written out, and I hope it will prove satisfactory. It was written by Thomas Jefferson, and was proclaimed on the 4th of July, 1776. There are 46 signers, and the number of States is 13. Will you please ask the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, when Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the American colonies? I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I am very much pleased with it. I hope I will take it all the time. I must now close.—I remain one of your most interested readers,

H. E. B.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS have ever seen this strange and far-away country, or can tell how old Santa Fé, the capital, is? This country was settled by the Spaniards several hundreds of years ago, and their descendants are very dark-skinned, and all speak the Spanish language. The little children nearly all go without any clothes in the summer-time, and they can make mud-pies without being afraid of soiling their clothes.

There are a great many strange things in this country. The houses are built of *adobe*. The adobes are very large unburned bricks—just square chunks of mud dried in the sun. They build the houses of these bricks, and build them like a hollow square, and the windows nearly all look into this square, or *pachita*, as it is called. At home in the States we have the yard all round the house; but here in New

Mexico they build the house all round the yard. Then they have not many wagons here, but carry everything on the backs of *burros*. These burros are very small donkeys, with very large ears, and are only to be found in mountainous countries. The little baby burros are the most cunning little things you ever saw; they are so little, about as large as a small Newfoundland dog, and their ears are so very large, they look very funny. But they are very intelligent and very comical in their actions.

Then the horned toads are a great curiosity, and a very large black spider, that lives in the ground, is to be found here. These spiders are called tarantulas, and their bite is poisonous.

The coyotes, or prairie wolves, are found in this country also, and one of my neighbors caught a little one and made a pet of it. It grew to be a large wolf, and was as tame as a dog. He and I were great friends, and he would follow me home whenever he had a chance. He would run and scamper through the alfalfa, and roll and have great fun. He would eat ice-cream and cake; but he got to be a great thief. He went into a lady's house one day and found a nice pound-cake, which she had baked for tea, and he ate it every bit; and a few days afterward he went into another lady's house and found three pounds of fresh butter, and he ate that too. Was n't he a very naughty wolf?

L. W.

Brooklyn, May 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have not any sisters or brothers, yet I am not lonely. I do not go to school, but mamma teaches me. I learn geography, spelling, grammar and arithmetic, but I like grammar best. I like your magazine ever so much, and think it is perfectly splendid, and wish it would come every week. I read every line in it, and could read the "Eight Cousins," also "The Boy Emigrants" over and over again and not tire of them. I will not write you any more now, so good-bye.—I remain your little friend,

HELEN.

Bunker Hill, Feb. 25th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a little piece cut from a paper, as I liked it, and thought if your readers had n't seen it they might like it too.—Your delighted reader,

ALLIE BERTRAM.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, B benevolent, willing to learn;
B punctual, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

Newburyport, Mass., May 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter calls my attention to the acting-ballad of "Queer People," in your April number, and thinks the statement about the Esquimaux, that "Never a doll the children see," must be a poetic license, as she still cherishes the mortal remains of what was once quite a respectable rag-baby, or rather fur-baby, which I brought home years ago from the British side of Baffin's Bay. To be sure, dolls are rare there even among the children of the aristocracy, though I have seen quite artistic specimens, which in figure, features, and dress were perfect counterparts of the adult natives, even to the hood-cape, with a tiny pappoose in it, which must be a peculiarly Esquimaux conception, as I never saw a Christian doll carrying an infant.

W. S. S.

A CURIOUS CALENDAR.

1	2	3	4	5	6
At Dover	dwelt	George	Brown,	Esquire,	
7	8	9	10	11	12
Good	Caleb	French,	and	David	Frize.

THE words, in their order, represent the twelve calendar months; and the initial letters—to wit, A, B, C, D, E, F and G—represent the seven days of the week.

Knowing the day of the week on which falls the first day of January, in any year, you can tell on what day of the week the first day of each month in that year falls. When it is leap-year, you must add one day to the count for the months after February.

Example: The first of January, 1876, falls on Saturday.—A. To

find on what day of the week falls the first day of November, 1876, you first find the initial letter of November, which is D (David), the eleventh word in the above couplet. Now commence and count on your fingers: A (1), B (2), C (3), D (4). So the first of November falls on the fourth day after the day on which falls January 1st. Now count again: Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), Tuesday (4); but 1876 being leap-year, and November following February, you add one, and thus find Wednesday, the first of November, 1876. Now take August, initial letter C (aleb): Count A (1), B (2), C (3); then count again, Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), and add one for leap-year, and we have Tuesday, August 1. And so on for all the months. But not being affected by leap-year, the first day of February is also D (over), but not being affected by the succeeding month, March, initial letter D (welt), being affected by leap-year, makes the first day Wednesday. X.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you know this sentence, which reads the same backward and forward. If not, here it is: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."—Yours,

LULL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how much I like your last continued story, called "The Boy Emigrants." I like it very much, and am in a great hurry to get the rest of it to read. I like all the stories in the magazine very much, and hope you will keep on having such nice ones.—Yours affectionately,

AMY W. HERBERT.

Kingston, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a regular visitor at our house for a year, and you are always welcomed with delight. I think "The Boy Emigrants" is very amusing. I tried for the "prize puzzle," but did not succeed. Two years ago, just two days after my birthday, I had the second and third fingers of my right hand taken off. They were crushed and torn terribly in a reaping-machine, and had to be amputated.—Yours truly,

HENRY HAMILTON.

Rose Hill, Mahaska County, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a tortoise-shell cat, and she is a good one too. She had three little kittens; the Tommy cat killed two, and would have killed a third one, I had not put it in the sitting-room on the lounge. My doll is at the head, and the kitten goes up and plays with its blue shoes. Our hired man found two little squirrels, and gave them to me. I fed them with milk at first, and then gave them to the old cat and watched her, to see if she would hurt them; but she fondled them as much as she did her kitten, and nurses them. The squirrels have got their eyes open now. They will hold bread in their paws and eat it; and will run all over my arms and into my sleeves.—Yours truly,

FANNIE M. JARVIS (aged 9).

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago you described how to make a boat; but it was a flat-bottomed one. Now, can you not describe how to make a round-bottomed one; also a small yacht?—and oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

ST. NICHOLAS thinks that there are few boys who could make a serviceable or safe round-bottomed boat.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 23d, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I only began to take you this year, and I think you are splendid; but I wish you came oftener.

My brother has a little donkey and carriage, and we enjoy riding in it very much. A great many little girls and myself are getting up a fair. It is to be held on the 25th of this month, and I think we shall enjoy it very much. Will you please make me a Bird-defender?

—Yours truly,

SUSIE B. WARING.

Yonkers, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I think the "Boy Emigrants" is the nicest story. I have a goat, and I am going to sell it, if I can, for \$20. We have a pond. Yesterday I found a duck's egg in the water. I am eleven years old. I have a donkey, and a cart, and I drive my sister to school and back.—Good by, from

JAMES A. WARING.

Boys and girls who write to St. NICHOLAS and sign only their initials, must not expect their letters to receive attention. When we print letters, we often use only the initials of the writer, but the full name should be sent to the editor with the letter.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. THE witch was accused of — cattle through her — influence.
 2. Can you find a — orange on one of the —? 3. I think the Mexican's — was of —. 4. My horse appears to have a pain in his —. 5. Those figures in colored — will — deeply into your —. 6. Was her — correct with regard to his —? 7. You cannot — the fact that he — all that is needful. 8. He perfectly — me about sending him some Egyptian —. 9. The — used was, that she sang like a —. 10. As he — the ancient —, the — danced in the sunlight. 11. He returns by one who — him now the — cup and the — I sent him, which, of course, — our former ties. 12. I cannot — the name on this —. RUTH.

REBUS.



ENIGMA.

HERE combine
 Letters nine,
 To name a city of our land,
 By Eastern breezes fanned,
 8, 7, 6, 9 has a wider fame,
 A higher and more ancient name,
 And boasts the 4, 5, 6, 8 river,
 Which through it pours its waters ever.
 3, 5, 6, 2 a wider view
 May boast, and harder earthquakes too;
 But our good city, fair and bright
 In its own and strangers' sight,
 Where, in 6, 2, 8, 1, 3, 9,
 Tall, grateful piles uprising shine,
 Need envy none
 Beneath the sun.
 'T is a bustling, great 6, 2, 8, 4,
 Where many a 1, 2, 3, 9 goes,
 And as a river flows,
 Hastening by 1, 7, 2, 4,
 Or 8, 2, 5, 3, with loud roar,
 To find an entrance or an exit door.
 And now, without 6, 7, 8, 9,
 Declare by name this city fine.

OSWY.

REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail three times words having the following significations, and leave one of the United States.
 1. Things of little importance. 2. Shaped or modeled. 3. From end to end. 4. Attics. 5. One of the subdivisions of mute letters. 6. The scepter of the God of the Sea. 7. More renowned or important. IVANHOE.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in truth, but not in lie:
 My second is in heath, but not in sky:
 My third is in even, but not in night:
 My fourth is in clear, but not in white:
 My fifth is in eight, but not in two:
 My sixth is in toad, but not in gnu:
 My seventh is in stand, but not in lie:
 My eighth is in sell, but not in buy:
 My ninth is in Charles, but not in Bill:
 My tenth is in Bob, but not in Will:
 My eleventh is in goose, but not in whales:
 My twelfth is in Xerxes, but not in Phales.
 Read this right, and you will view
 Two things that are liked by you. CYRIL DEANE.

WORD-SQUARE.

My first is a kind of solemn music. My second is to revere. My third is a girl's name. My fourth is sound. My fifth are both useful and ornamental. L. B. H.

RIDDLE.

COLOR green am I, and lie
 Quiet in my garden-bed;
 Let me hit you as I fly,
 And I stain you color red.

Wood or iron, black or blue;
 I am musical or dumb;
 Many shapes; of every hue:
 But as hollow as a drum.

SOPHIE MAY.

EXCEPTIONS.

1. From the name of a certain kind of book except the middle letter and leave a mineral. 2. From a word of three letters except the second and leave a preposition. 3. Except the third letter from a garland and leave rage. 4. Except the middle letter from a native of a certain city in Europe and leave a color. 5. Except the third letter from the name of an animal and leave a pipe. 6. From the name of a favorite flower except the third letter and leave a female animal. 7. From an article of furniture except the middle letter and leave a story. M. S.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THREE merry boys, they built a —
 That looked a little like a —
 They manned it well, both fore and —
 Then started for a sail.

There came just then an evil —
 Near and more near the boat, when —
 He, splashing round their little —
 Upset it with his tail!

So he these merry boys did —
 Which was to them a bitter —
 Indeed they took it very —
 And thus at him did rail:

"O wicked one, who gave the —
 That laid our hopes and pleasures —
 A grudge to you we surely —
 But 'tis of no avail;

"For spread around you is a —
 That holds you safe from every —
 You have no fear of mortal —
 And so we make our wail."

A. M.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



ANAGRAMS.

1. MAD traitors sin. 2. Green meats. 3. Nip nose. 4. Spice parent. 5. On, Snipe! 6. Re-gag Tom. CYRIL DEANE.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Good Advice.)



DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

SWEET songs my first bring every year,
My second will two-celled appear;
My third is in the court-room found,
And sometimes does my fourth all around.
'T were well if but my fifth might fall
With justice on the heads of all;
My sixth a trait to shun we hold,
My next in value is untold;
My eighth a workman is of skill,
My ninth will wait upon your will.

Diagonals from left to right,
A home for birds, secure and light.
When read from right to left, you'll find
An enviable state of mind.

J. P. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. AN adjective whereby our relish is expressed.
2. Another, meaning graceful, stylish or well dressed.
3. A stately tree, of which the leaves are broad, the wood is white.
4. Deceitful phantom, fitful lights, oft followed in the night.
5. A term sometimes applied to Frenchy customs, words or deeds.
6. A poison slow on which the Oriental dreamer feeds.
7. A city of a government, close neighbor to our own.
8. A name connected with a cave formed of basaltic stone.
9. A very grateful shield from rain or from the sultry sun.
10. A word which means light-giving; now guess it every one.

In terminals you'll read the name
Of one, an ever-welcome guest.

In primals, too, with loud acclaim,
He's hailed by those who love him best.

HERVEY DARNEAL

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

To be read in four directions. 1. From left to right, downward and across, relating to the tides. 2. From right to left, downward and across, a dipper. 3. Centrals, downward, a command. 4. First line across, to sing; second line across, a man's name; third line across, a consonant; fourth line across, a meadow; fifth line across, a town in New Hampshire.

CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A vowel. 2. A large Australian bird. 3. The proclamation in a church of an intended marriage. 4. Ridiculed or treated with contempt. 5. First attempt or appearance. 6. Owed. 7. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. The channel of a river. 3. Having ears. 4. A conveyance. 5. Out of place, improper. 6. To place. 7. A consonant.

IVANHOE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Croquet, Boating.

C—o—B
R—ome—O
O—meg—A
Q—u—T
U—t—I
E—ar—N
T—a—G

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Grace, race. 2. Price, rice. 3. Sold, old. 4. Easter, aster. 5. Bride, ride. 6. Table, able. 7. Where, here.

SQUARE-WORD.—

A R R O W
R E A C H
F A T H E R
O C H E R
W H E R E

METAGRAM.—Bake, cake, hake, lake, make, rake, sake, take.
A LITTLE STORY.—Augusta, Salem, Fall River, Norfolk, Hartford, Washington, New Haven, Dover, Richmond, Toledo, Lowell, Little Rock, Brooklyn, Bangor, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Madison, Raleigh, Omaha, Mobile, Oswego, Portland, Cleveland, Frankfort, Springfield.

CHARADE.—Penitent.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The Bird-defenders.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Washington.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
H E R
R O B I N
R O M U L U S
B E S E T
R E D
S

BEHEADED SYLLABLES.—1. Director, rector. 2. Accurate, curate. 3. Administer, minister.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

C O T T O N
G I N G E R
N U T M E G
C H E R R Y
M A N I O C
B A N Y A N

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Ivanhoe, Marmion.

I—nor—M
V—ictori—A
A—R
N—y—M
H—ayt—I
O—li—O
E—nsig—N

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Desolation: Sea!, one, Don, slate, sled, net, onset, lane, old, sea, sale, nest, stone, oats, lion, ten.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 15, from Willie Dibbles, J. D. Early, "Jupiter, Juno and Apollo," Arthur B., Howard Steele Rogers, Gertrude Weller, Ernest W. Ford, Elsie Thalheimer, Isabelle B. E. Nichols, Fred Wright, Nettie A. Ives, Frieda E. Lippert, Helen Green and Bessie McLaren, Arthur W. Osborn, Nessie E. Stevens, Lizzie L. Green, "Flora," David P. Arnold, Jr., Nellie Emerson, Arthur Rogers, Minnie D. B. Eddie H. Eckel, "Roderick," Robert L. Groendycke, Amy Hodges, Narragansett, "Aline H. Merriam, Iras and Bertha Wolfe, Lester Woodbridge, Brainerd P. Emery, Alice B. Moore, "Alex," Arnold Guyot, Mamie Baldwin, Katie T. Hughes, "Brazilian and Cuban Danse." H. B. Lathrop, Belle Evans, John R. Eldridge, Edith Lowry, Belle Gibson.



PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From a Painting by Sir George Hayter. (See "Windsor Castle," page 759.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1876.

No. 12.

AT FIESOLE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

FIESOLE is a quaint old town which perches on a hill-top above the valley of the Arno and the city of Florence. You must not pronounce it as it is spelt, but like this—Fu-es-o-lee. From the Florence streets people catch glimpses of its bell-towers and roofs shining above the olive orchards and vineyards of the hill-side. A white road winds upward toward it in long, easy zigzags, and seems to say, "Come with me and I will show you something pretty."

Not long ago there were two girls in Florence to whom, plainly as road could speak, the white road seemed to utter these very words. Pauline and Molly Hale were the names of these girls. It was six months since they had left America with their father and mother, and it seemed much longer, because so much had happened in the time. First, the sea voyage, not pleasant, and yet not exactly unpleasant, because papa got better all the way, and that made mamma happy. Now papa would be quite well at once, they thought. His people (for papa was a clergyman) had sent him away for that purpose. They were not a rich people, but each gave a little, and altogether it made enough to carry the pastor and his family across the sea and keep them there one year, with very prudent management. The Hales, therefore, did not travel about as most people do, but went straight to Italy, where they hoped to find that sun and warm air which are an invalid's best medicines.

"Going straight to Italy" means, however, a great many pleasant things by the way. Molly was always reminding Maria Matilda, her doll, of the sights she had seen and the superior advantages she enjoyed over the dolls at home.

After this mention of a doll, what will you say when I tell you that Molly was almost thirteen? Most girls of thirteen scorn to play with dolls, but Molly was not of their number. She was childish for her years, and possessed a faithful little heart, which clung to Maria Matilda as to an old friend whom it would be unkind to lay aside.

"First, there was Paris," Molly would say to her. "No, first there was *Deep*, where the people all talked so queerly that we could n't understand a word. That was funny, Matilda, was n't it? Then don't you recollect that beautiful church which we saw when we went past *Ruin*?" (Molly meant Rouen, but I am sorry to say her pronunciation of French names was apt to be bad.) "And Paris too, where I took you to walk in the gardens, and papa let us both ride in a whirligig. None of the home dollies have ever ridden in whirligigs, have they? They wont understand what you mean unless I draw them a picture on my slate. Then we got into the cars and went and went till we came to that great dark tunnel. Were n't we frightened? and you cried, Matilda—I heard you. You need n't look so ashamed, though, for it *was* horrid. But we got out of it at last, though I thought we never should; and here we are at the padrona's, and it's ever so nice, only I wish papa would come back."

For Florence had proved too cold, and papa had joined a party and gone off to Egypt, leaving mamma and the children to live quietly and cheaply at Signora Goldi's boarding-house. It was a dingy house in the old part of Florence, but for all that it was a very interesting place to live in. The street in which the house stood was extremely narrow. High buildings on either side shut out the sun, the

cobble-stone pavement was always dirty, but all day long a stream of people poured through it wearing all sorts of curious clothes, talking all sorts of languages, and selling all sorts of things. Men with orange-baskets on their heads strolled along crying, "Oranges, sweet oranges!" Others, with panniers of flowers, chanted, "Fiori, belli fiori!" Peddlars displayed their wares, or waved gay stuffs; boys held up candied fruits, wood-carvings, and toys; women went to and fro bearing trays full of a chocolate-colored mixture dotted with the white kernels of pine-cones. This looked very rich and nice, and the poor people bought great slices of it. Pauline once invested a penny therein, but a single taste proved enough; it was sour and oily at once, and she gave the rest to a small Italian girl, who looked delighted and gobbled it up in huge mouthfuls. Whenever they went out to walk, there were fresh pleasures. The narrow street led directly to a shining sunlit river, which streamed through the heart of the city like a silver ribbon. Beautiful bridges spanned this river, some reared on graceful arches, some with statues at either end, one set all along its course by quaint stalls filled with gold and silver filagree, chains of amber, and turquoises blue as the sky. All over the city were delightful pictures, churches, and gardens, open and free to all who chose to come. Every day mamma and the children went somewhere and saw something, and, in spite of papa's absence, the winter was a happy one.

Going to and fro in the city, the children had often looked up the Fiesole hill, which is visible from many parts of Florence, and Pauline had conceived a strong wish to go there. Molly did not care so much, but as she always wanted to do what Pauline did, she joined her older sister in begging to go. Mamma, however, thought it too far for a walk, and carriage hire cost something; so she said no, and the girls were forced to content themselves with "making believe" what they would do if ever they went there, a sort of play in which they both delighted. None of the things they imagined proved true when they did go there, as you shall hear.

It was just as they were expecting papa back, that, coming in one day from a walk with Signora Goldi, Pauline and Molly found mamma hard at work packing a traveling-bag. She looked very pale and had been crying. No wonder, for the mail had brought a letter to say that papa, traveling alone from Egypt, had landed at Brindisi very ill with Syrian fever. The kind strangers who wrote the letter would stay with and take care of him till mamma could get there, but she must come at once.

"What *shall* I do?" cried poor Mrs. Hale, ap-

pealing in her distress to Signora Goldi. "I cannot take the children into a fever-room, and even if that were safe, the journey costs so much that it would be out of the question. Mr. Hale left me only money enough to last till his return. After settling with you and buying my ticket, I shall have very little remaining. Help me, padrona! Advise me what to do."

Signora Goldi's advertisement said, "English spoken," but the English was of a kind which English people found it hard to understand. Her kind heart, however, stood her instead of language, and helped her to guess the meaning of Mrs. Hale's words.

"Such peety!" she said. "Had I know, I not have let rooms for week after. The signora said 'let,' and she sure to go, so I let, else the *piccoli* should stay wiss me. Now what?" and she rubbed her nose hard, and wrinkled her forehead in a puzzled way. "I have!" she cried at last, her face beaming. "How the *piccolini* like go to Fiesole for a little? My brother who dead, he leave Engleis wife. She lady-maid once, speak Engleis well as me!—better! She have *pensione*—very small, but good—ah, so good, and it cost little, with air *si buono, si fresco*!"

The signora was drifting into Italian without knowing it, but was stopped by the joyous exclamations of the two girls.

"Fiesole! Oh, mamma! just what we wanted so much!" cried Pauline. "Do let us go there!"

"Do, do!" chimed in Molly. "I saw the padrona's sister once, and she's so nice. Say yes, please mamma."

The "yes" was not quite a happy one, but what could poor Mrs. Hale do? No better plan offered, time pressed, she hoped not to be obliged to stay long away from the children, and, as the signora said, the Fiesole hill-top must be airy and wholesome. So the arrangement was made, the terms settled, a carriage was called, and in what seemed to the girls a single moment, mamma had rattled away, with the signora to buy her ticket and see her off at the station. They looked at each other disconsolately, and their faces grew very long.

"We're just like orphans in a book," sobbed Pauline at last, while Molly watered Matilda's best frock with salt tears. The signora had a specially nice supper that night, and petted them a great deal, but they were very homesick for mamma and cried themselves to sleep.

Matters seemed brighter when they woke up next morning to find a lovely day, such a day as only Italy knows, with sunshine like gold, sky of clearest blue, and the river valley shining through soft mists like finest filtered rainbows. By a happy chance, the Fiesole sister-in-law came to Florence that

morning, and drove up to the door in a droll little cart drawn by a mouse-colored mule, with a green carrot-top stuck over his left ear and a bell round

in the afternoon they set out, perched on the narrow bench in front, one on each side of their new friend, and holding each other's hands tightly behind her ample back. Signora Bianchi was the sister-in-law's name, but "padrona" was easier to say, and they called her so from the beginning.

The hill-road was nowhere steep, but each winding turn took them higher and higher above Florence. They could see the curvings of the river, the bridges, the cathedral dome, and the tall, beautiful bell-tower, which they had been told was the work of the great artist Giotto. Further on, the road was shut in between stone walls. Over the tops of these hung rose-vines, full of fresh pink roses, though it was early March. Pauline and Molly screamed with pleasure, and the padrona, driving her mule close under the wall, dragged down a branch and let them gather the flowers for themselves, which was delightful. She would not stop however when, a little later, they came to fields gay with red and purple anemones, yellow tulips, and oddly-colored wild lilies so dark as to be almost black; there were plenty of such on top of the hill, she said, and they must not be too late in getting home. The black lilies were *giglios*—the emblem or badge of the city of Florence; the children had not seen them before, but they remembered the form of the flower in the carved shields over the door of some of the old buildings.

The road ended in a small paved *piazza*, which is the Italian name for an open square. All about it stood old buildings, houses and churches, and a very ancient cathedral with a dirty leather curtain hanging before its door. Passing these, the mule clattered down a narrow side-street, or rather lane. The streets in Florence had seemed dark and dirty, but what were they compared with this alley, in which the wheels of the little cart grazed the walls on either side as it passed along? Ricketty flights of outside stairs led to the upper stories of the buildings; overhead, lines of linen, hung out to dry, were flapping in the wind. An ill-smelling stream of water trickled over the rough cobble-stone pavement. Jolt, jolt, jolt!—then the mule turned suddenly into a dark place which looked like a shabby stable-yard. It was the ground-floor of the

padrona's house, and this was the place where Pauline and Molly were to stay! They looked at each other with dismayed faces.

But the padrona called them to follow, and led



THE SIDE-STREET IN FIESOLE.

his neck. She gladly agreed to lodge the children, and her pleasant old face and English voice made them at once at home with her. There was just room in the cart for their trunk, and about five

the way up one stone stair-case after another till they came to the third story. Here things were pleasant. It was plain and bare; the floors were of brick, there were no carpets, and the furniture was scanty and old. But the rooms were large and airy, and through the open casement bright rays of sunshine streamed in. Pauline ran to the window, and behold, instead of the dirty lane, she saw the open piazza, and beyond, a glimpse of the blue hills and the Florence valley! She called Molly, and, perched on the broad sill, they watched the sunset and chattered like happy birds, while the padrona bustled to and fro, preparing supper and spreading coarse clean linen on the beds of a little chamber which opened from the sitting-room. The padrona's kitchen was about the size of an American closet. The stove was a stone shelf with two holes in it, just big enough to contain a couple of quarts of charcoal. It was like a doll's kitchen, Molly thought; and Pauline stared when she saw the padrona produce a palm-leaf fan and begin to fan the fire, as if it were faint and needed to be revived. But as she gazed, the charcoal was coaxled into a glow, the little pots and pans bubbled, and hey, presto! supper was ready, with half the trouble and a quarter the fuel which would have been needed to set one of our big home ranges going. It was a queer supper, but very good, the children thought; their long drive had made them hungry, and the omelette, salad, and *polenta*, or fried mush, tasted delicious. Everything was nice but the bread, which was dark in color and had an unpleasant sour taste. The padrona smiled when she saw them put aside their untasted slices, and said that she too used to dislike Italian bread, but that now she preferred it to any other.

The padrona was delighted with her young visitors. She had long been a widow. One of her sons was in the army, and seldom at home; the other helped her about the house and tilled a little meadow which belonged to them. She had no daughter to keep her company, and the sweet, bright-faced American girls pleased her greatly. She helped the sisters to undress, and tucked them into their beds as kindly as any old nurse, and they fell asleep with her pleasant voice in their ears. "Good-night and good dreams, little miss."

The morrow brought another fine day, and the girls improved it for a ramble about the quaint town. It seemed to them the very *oldest* place they had ever seen—and, in fact, Fiesole is older far than Florence, of which it was first the cradle and afterward the foe. They stood a long time before the windows of the straw-shop, choosing the things they would like to buy if they had any money! Pauline fell in love with a straw parasol, and Molly hankered after a work-basket for mamma.

Both of them felt that it was dreadful to be poor, but there was no help for it. Then they climbed to an upper terrace and sat a long time looking on the fine view it commanded, and talking in gestures to some brown little children who came up to beg from them. After that, they lifted the curtain over the cathedral door, and stole quietly about the ancient church. It was dark and shabby and worm-eaten; but as they wandered to and fro, they came upon beautiful things—tombs of sculptured marble with figures of saints and madonnas, wreaths of marble flowers, bits of old carved wood as black as ebony. It was strange to find such treasures hidden away in the dust and gloom, and to think that there they were, dusty and gloomy and old, before Columbus discovered the very new continent which we call America! A queer smell breathed about the place, a smell of must and age and dried-up incense. Pauline and Molly were glad to get away from it and feel the fresh air and the sunshine again. They rambled on to the western slope of the hill, and a little way down, where the land descends in terraces to the wooded valley below, they came upon the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. They had never seen an amphitheater before, but they guessed what it was from a picture which mamma had shown them. On the ledges which once were seats, where spectators seated in rows had watched the lions and the gladiators fight, crowds of purple violets now lifted their sweet faces to the sky.

After that the amphitheater became their favorite walk, and they went back every day. The padrona warned them against sitting long on the ground or staying out till the sunset dews fell, but they heeded what she said very little; it seemed impossible that so pleasant a spot could have any harm about it. But at last came a morning when Pauline recollected the padrona's warnings, with a great frightened heart-jump, for Molly waked up hot and thirsty, and, when she lifted her head from the pillow, let it fall back again and complained of being dizzy. The padrona made her some tea, and after awhile she felt better and got up. But all that day and the next she looked pale and dragged one foot after the other as she went about, and the third day fever came upon her in good earnest. Tea did no good this time, and she lay still and heavy, with burning hands and flushed cheeks. The padrona tried various simple medicines, and Pauline sat all day bathing Molly's head and fanning her, but neither medicine nor fanning was of use; and as night came on, and the fever grew higher, Molly began to toss and call for mamma, and to cry out about her pillow, which was stuffed with wool and very hard.

"I don't like this pillow, Pauline—indeed I

don't. It makes my neck ache so! Why don't you take it away, Pauline, and give me a nice soft pillow, such as we used to have at home? And I want some ice, and some good American water to drink. This water is bad. I can't drink it. Make the ice clink in the tumbler, please—because if I hear it clink I sha' n't be thirsty any more. And call mamma. I must see mamma. Mamma!"

And Molly tried to get up, and then tumbled back and fell into a doze for awhile, while poor Pauline sat beside her with a lump in her throat which seemed to grow worse every moment, and to bid fair to choke her entirely if it did n't stop. She did not dare to sob aloud, for fear of rousing Molly,

clung to this friend in need as to the only helper left in the wide world. Beppo, the padrona's son, walked into Florence and brought out a little Italian doctor, who ordered beef-tea, horrified Pauline by a hint of bleeding, and left, promising to come again, which promise he did n't keep. Pauline was glad that he did not; she felt no confidence in the little doctor, and she knew, besides, that doctors cost money, and the small sum which mamma left was almost gone. Day after day passed, Molly growing no better, the padrona more anxious, Pauline more unhappy. It seemed as if years and years had gone by since mamma left them—almost as if it were a dream that they ever had a mamma,



"SHE BENT OVER MOLLY AND LISTENED."

but the tears ran quietly down her cheeks as she thought of home and mamma. Where was she? How was papa? Why did n't they write? And, oh dear! what should she, should she do, if Molly were to be very ill in that lonely place, where there was no doctor or any of the nice things which people in sickness need so much? No one can imagine how forlorn Pauline felt—that is, no one who has not tried the experiment of taking care of a sick friend in a foreign land, where the ways and customs are strange and uncomfortable, and the necessities of good nursing cannot be had.

Nobody in the world could be kinder than was the padrona to her young invalid guest. Night after night she sat up, all day long she watched and nursed and cooked and comforted. Pauline

or a home, or any of the happy things which now looked so sadly far away.

Then came the darkest day of all, when Molly lay so white and motionless that Pauline thought her dead; when the padrona sat for hours, putting a spoonful of something between the pale lips every little while, but never speaking, and the moments dragged along as though shod with lead. Morning grew to noon, noon faded into the dimness of twilight, still the white face on the pillow did not stir, and still the padrona sat silently and dropped in her spoonfuls. At last she stopped, laid down the spoon, bent over Molly, and listened. Was any breath at all coming from the quiet lips?

"Oh, padrona, is she dead?" sobbed Pauline, burying her face in the bed-clothes.

"No; she is asleep," said the padrona. Then she hid her own face and said a prayer of thankfulness, while Pauline wept for joy, hushing herself as much as possible that Molly might not be disturbed.

All that night and far into the morning, the blessed sleep continued, and when Molly awoke the fever was gone. She was very white, and as weak as a baby; but Pauline and the padrona were happy again, for they knew that she was going to get well.

So another week crept by, each day bringing a little more strength and appetite to Molly, and a little more color to her pale face, and then the padrona thought she might venture to sit up. They propped her into a big chair with many pillows ("brickbats" Molly called them), and had just pulled her across the room to the window, when a carriage rattled on the stones below, somebody ran upstairs, and into the room burst mamma! Yes, the little mamma herself, pale as Molly almost, from the fright she had gone through; but so overjoyed to see them, and so relieved at finding Molly up and getting well, that there was nothing for it but a hearty cry, in which all took part and which did them all a great deal of good.

Then came explanations. Papa was a great deal better. The doctor thought the fever would do him good in the end rather than harm. But he was still weak, and mamma had left him to rest at the hotel in Florence while she flew up the hill to her children. Why did n't she write? She *had* written, again and again, but the letters had gone astray somehow, and none of the girls' notes had reached her except one from Molly, written just after they went to Fiesole. I may as well say now that all these missing letters followed them to America three months later, with a great deal of postage to be paid on them; but they were not of much use *then*, as you can imagine!

There was so much to say and to hear that it seemed as though they could never get through. Pauline held mamma's hand tight, and cried and laughed by turns.

"It was dreadful!" she said. "It was just exactly as if you and papa and everybody we knew were dead and we were left all alone. And I thought Molly would die too, and then what would have become of me? The padrona has been so kind—you can't think how kind. She sat up nine nights with Molly, and always said she was n't tired; but I knew she was. I used to think it must be the nicest place in the world up here at Fiesole, but I never want to see it again in all my life."

"Don't say that, for Molly has got well here. And the good padrona too! You ought to love Fiesole for her sake."

"So I ought. And I do love her. But you'll not ever go away and leave us *anywhere* again, will you, mamma?"

"Not if I can help it," replied mamma, speaking over Molly's head, which was nestled comfortably on her shoulder. There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. It had not been possible to help it, but the tender mother's heart felt it a wrong to her children that they should have been without her in sickness.

It was another week before Molly could be moved. Mamma drove up twice during that time, bringing oranges and wine and all sorts of nice things, and the last time a parcel with a present in it for the children to give to the padrona. It was a pretty silk shawl and a small gold pin to fasten it. Pauline and Molly were enchanted to make this gift, and the padrona admired the shawl extremely, but Mrs. Hale sorrowfully longed to be richer that she might heap many tokens of gratitude in the kind hands which had worked so lovingly for her little girls in their trouble.

"I can't bear to say good-bye," were Molly's last words as she leaned from the carriage for a parting hug. "Dear padrona, how I wish you would just come with us to America and live there. We would call you 'auntie,' and love you so, and be so glad, you can't think! Do come!"

But the padrona, smiling and tearful, shook her head and declared that she could never leave her boys and the hill-top and old neighbors, but must stay in Fiesole as long as she lived. So with many kisses and blessings the good-byes were uttered, and out of the narrow street and across the piazza rattled the carriage, and so down the hill-road to Florence.

Pauline and Molly are safe in America now. They tell the girls at school a great deal about what they saw and where they went, but they don't talk much of the time of Molly's illness, and when Matilda Maria, who lives in a drawer now, entertains the other dolls with tales of travel, she skips that. It is still too fresh in their memories, and too sad, for them to like to speak of it. But sometimes after they go to bed at night, they put their heads on the same pillow and whisper to each other about the old church, the amphitheater, the padrona, those days of fever, and all the other things that happened to them when mamma went away and left them alone at Fiesole.

THE MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere."

—MILTON.

ALL through the spring months, and onward to the end of June, the evening star shone brightly in the west, slowly passing downward along the track which the sun had followed. She had been growing brighter and brighter up to the end of May, and for a week or so longer, but then she began to lose luster, night after night. She also drew nearer and nearer to the sun's place on the sky, so as to set sooner and sooner after him. At last she was no more seen. But if, during this September and October, and afterward till next spring, you get up before sunrise, you will see the morning star in the east, shining very brightly in September, but gradually with less and less splendor, until at length, late in spring next year, it will be lost to view. This morning star is the same body which before had shone in the evening. It shines half the time as an evening star, and half the time as a morning star; or, to be more exact, I ought to say that after shining for a long time as an evening star, and being lost for a time from view, it shines for just as long a time as a morning star, then is again lost from view, then shines for as long a time as before in the evening, and so on continually. It also changes in brightness all the time, in this way:

For rather more than eight months you see it in the evening, getting brighter and brighter, slowly, for the first seven months, and then getting fainter much more quickly, until at last you lose sight of it. In about a fortnight you see it as a morning star, getting brighter and brighter quickly during rather more than a month, and then getting slowly fainter and fainter during seven months, after which it can no more be seen. So that it shines about eight months as a morning star. After this it remains out of sight for about two months, and is then seen as an evening star. And so it goes on changing from a morning to an evening star, and from an evening star to a morning star continually, and always changing in brightness in the way just described.

The star which shows these strange changes is called by astronomers Venus, and is the most beautiful of all the stars. Venus was called the Planet of Love; and in old times, when men thought that the stars rule our fortunes, the rays

of Venus were supposed to do a great deal of good to those who were born when she was shining brightly. But in our time, men no longer fancy that because a star looks beautiful like Venus, it brings good luck; or that because a star looks dim and yellow, like Saturn, it brings bad fortune. They know that Venus is a globe like our own earth, going round the sun just as the earth does. Our earth seen from Venus looks like a star, just as Venus looks like a star to us. And if there are any creatures living on Venus who can study the stars as we do, they have quite as much reason for thinking that the globe on which we live brings them good luck, as we have for thinking that *their* globe brings *us* good luck.

It is strange that of all the stars we see, Venus is the only one which is in reality like the earth in size. All the others are either very much smaller or very much larger. Most of them—in fact all the stars properly so called—are great globes of fire like our sun, and are thousands of times larger than the globe we live on. A few others are like Venus and the earth in not being true stars, but bodies traveling round the sun and owing all their light to him. But it so happens that not one even of these is nearly of the same size as the earth; they are all either very much larger or very much smaller. Venus is the only sister-world the earth has, among all the orbs which travel round the sun. There may be others in the far off depths of space, traveling round some one or other of those suns which we call "stars," but if so, we can never know that such sister-worlds exist, for no telescope could ever be made which would show them to us.

And as Venus is the earth's sister-world, so is she her nearest neighbor, except the moon, which is the earth's constant companion. The globes which form the sun's family, go round him in paths which lie nearly in the same level. Venus is the second in order of distance, our earth the third, and Mars (a bright red body, of which you will see a good deal next year) is the fourth. So that Mars is our next neighbor on the outside, and Venus our next neighbor on the inside; but the path of Venus lies nearer to ours than that of Mars. Fig. 1 shows the shape and size of the paths of Venus and the earth, *s* being the sun, the inside circle (with eight little globes shown upon it) being the path of Venus, and the outside circle the path of the earth. The earth takes a year going round

her path, while Venus goes round hers in about seven months and a half, so that just as the two hands of a clock going round at different rates come together at regular intervals, so Venus and the earth come at regular intervals on a line with the sun, as shown at E and v_5 in Fig. 1. But it will be easier to see what changes must happen in the appearance of Venus, if we suppose the earth to stay still as at E, and Venus to go round from

side toward the earth, and looks like 4. At this time she looks much brighter than when she was on any part of the path from v_1 to v_5 . But now she draws up to the place v_6 , where her dark side is turned fully toward the earth. Her face is like the horned moon during this part of her course, but grows larger and larger, until when she is at v_7 it would be as large as 5 in Fig. 2, if it could be seen. But at this time it is out of sight, just as

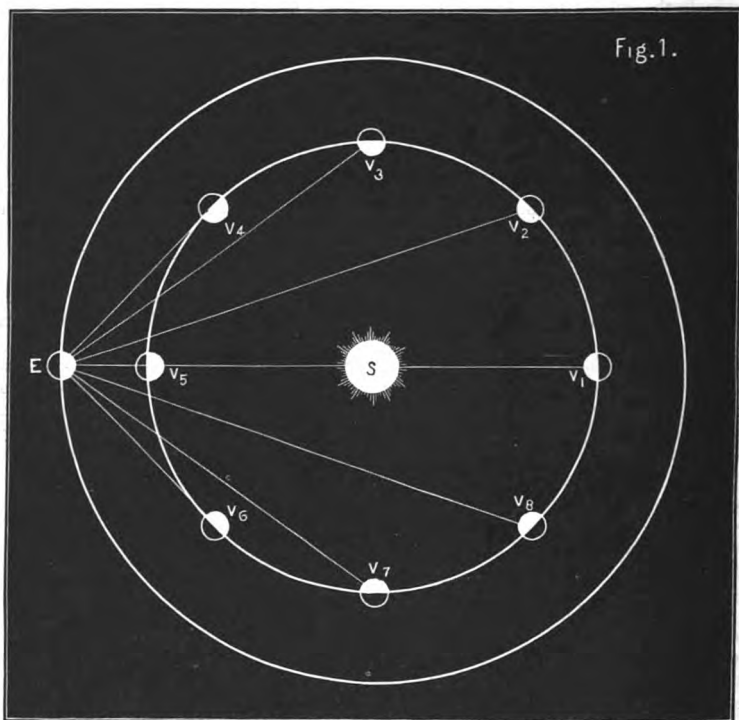


FIGURE 1.

the position v_1 to all the other places v_2, v_3 , etc., shown in the figure. It takes her about nineteen months to get through all these changes. When she is at v_1 she is very far away, as the figure shows. Her bright face—that is, the face the sun shines on—is turned toward the earth full front, and the face she shows is therefore like 1 in Fig. 2. She goes on to v_2 , drawing nearer, and turning a small part of her dark half toward the earth; so she looks as 2, Fig. 2. At v_3 she is still nearer, and turns still more of her dark half toward the earth; looking like 3, Fig. 2. At v_4 she turns rather more than half her dark

the moon is before she shows as a new moon. Afterward Venus goes through the same changes, but in the reverse order, getting smaller and smaller, but turning more and more of her bright face toward us, as shown at 6, 7, 8 and 1, Fig. 2. If you remember that Venus takes nineteen months in passing through all these changes, you will see how it is that for about seven months she gets brighter and brighter as an evening star (this is while she is moving from near v_1 to v_4). She then continues about a month more as an evening star, but growing fainter (while she is moving from v_4 to near v_5). After this she becomes a morning star,

growing brighter for a month or so (while she is moving from near v_1 to v_6). And lastly, for eight months more, remaining a morning star, she gets gradually fainter (while she is moving from v_6 to v_1).

When you look at Venus without a telescope, she always looks like a bright point of light, because she is so far away. But with a telescope, even a small one, the changes of shape and size shown in Fig. 2 can be easily seen. They were first seen by Galileo, the great Italian astronomer, in the year 1610. If we could only see Venus's bright face instead of her dark one, when she is nearest to us, we could learn more about her; but as it is, Venus cannot be seen at all when nearest, and the more of her bright face she turns toward us the farther away she gets. Yet we have learned some things about her which are very curious, and a few which no one ever could have thought we

PART II.

IN the first part of this article, I have given an account of the various changes of appearance presented by the beautiful star which sometimes shines as Hesperus, the star of evening, and sometimes as Lucifer, the morning star. Let us now consider what this star really is, so far, at least, as we can learn by using telescopes and other instruments.

Venus has, in the first place, been measured, and we find that she is a globe nearly as large as the earth. Like the earth, she travels round and round the sun continually, but not in the same time as the earth. The earth goes round the sun once in twelve months, while Venus goes round once in about seven and a half months; so that *her* year, the time in which the seasons run through their changes, is four and a half months less than ours. If Venus has four seasons like ours,—spring, sum-

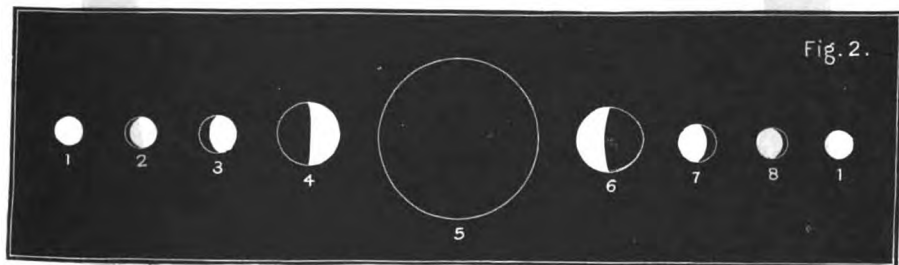


FIGURE 2.

should know. Venus looks very beautiful to us, but our earth must look far more beautiful to creatures living on Venus. For if you look at Fig. 1, you will see that when Venus is nearest to the earth, and turns her dark side to the earth, the earth turns her bright face to Venus.

Now if Venus looks so bright as she does when only turning toward us a small half-face like 4 or 6 (Fig. 2), and when shining on a bright sky, how glorious must the earth appear when turning a bright disc as large as 5 (Fig. 2), toward Venus, and shining on a black sky. For, observe,—when Venus is at v_6 , Fig. 1, the earth E is on that side of her which is just opposite the sun. The earth is therefore seen at midnight. So that beautiful as our sister world looks to us, our own world looks still more beautiful to Venus. It shines at midnight in her sky as a star far brighter than our star of morning and evening, and close by it the moon must be quite clearly seen, now on one side, now on the other. One cannot but wonder whether there are creatures on Venus who admire this beautiful sight in their skies, or try to find out if that distant world, our own earth, is the abode of other living creatures.

mer, autumn, and winter,—each of these seasons lasts eight weeks. Venus also, like our earth, turns on her axis, and so has night and day as we have. Her day is not quite so long as ours, but the difference—about twenty-five minutes—is not very important.

So far there is nothing in what we have learned about Venus which does not agree well with the idea that the planet is a world like our earth, where people like ourselves might live very comfortably. For it would not matter much to us, probably, if the year were shortened by four or five months, and the day by half an hour—supposing always that trees and vegetables were so made that they could thrive under the change. In fact, if anyone leaves the temperate regions to visit the tropics, he has to undergo a greater change. For here in England (where I am writing), and throughout the United States, the seasons change from the heat of summer to the cold of winter, and back again to the heat of summer, in twelve months; but at the equator, the greatest heat occurs in spring and autumn, or at intervals of only six months. So far as the length of the year is concerned, an American or an Englishman could very well bear the change

to the temperate zone of Venus, where the interval between the successive seasons of greatest heat amounts to seven and a half months.

But when we consider some other points, we see

would be a miserable home for us if her path were as close to the sun as that of Venus.

We see, then, that either there must be some peculiarities about Venus which prevent the sun

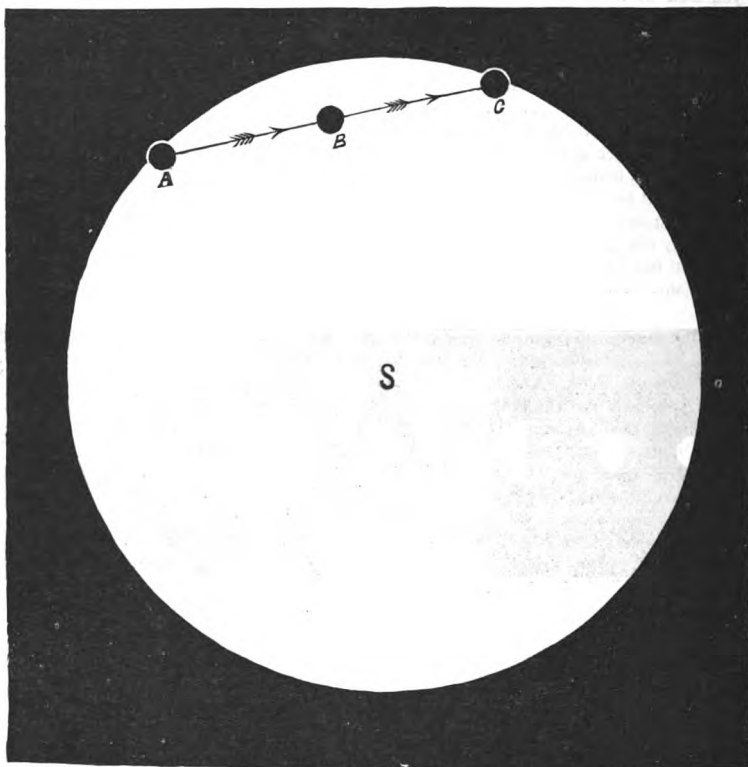


FIGURE 3.

that Venus, beautiful though she looks, would not be a comfortable home for us. In the first place, we know that if we draw nearer to a fire we get more heat from it. Now Venus is much nearer to the sun—the great fire of the solar system—than our earth is. She receives, then, much more heat from him. In fact, it is easily calculated that if our earth were set traveling on the path of Venus, we should receive almost exactly twice as much heat from the sun as we do at present. This would be unbearable, except, perhaps, in the polar regions; and even there the summer, with that tremendous sun above the horizon all through the twenty-four hours, would be scarcely bearable. Besides, what a contrast between the hot polar summer and the cold polar winter, when for weeks together the sun would not be seen at all. Altogether, this earth

from heating people there as he would certainly heat us if our home were there, or else the creatures which live on Venus must be different from ourselves and the other animal inhabitants of our earth. Unfortunately, we cannot make telescopes large enough to show us what is going on upon that planet, and there is no reason for hoping that such telescopes can ever be made. What we know, however, about the planet's condition does not seem to show that creatures living there would be more comfortable than we should be if the earth were put where Venus is. Just the contrary, so far as we can judge. You know that the seasons on our earth are caused by the fact that she turns on a slanted axis. If her axis were upright, there would be no seasons; if it were more slanted, the contrast between summer and winter would be greater.

Now Venus has her axis much more slanted than the earth's, so that her seasons must be very marked indeed. Thus the heat of her summer weather must be even more terrible than we thought just now.

But there is yet another point to be noticed. You know that on the upper slopes of lofty mountains, there is snow all the year round, even in the torrid zone. That is because the air up there is so rare that it does not act like the denser air lower down, which is a sort of clothing for the earth, keeping the heat from escaping. Now if the air of Venus were very rare, something of the same sort might happen on that planet. Just as people who live in torrid zones seek the high mountain slopes in the hottest seasons of the year, and find there a temperate climate, so the inhabitants of Venus might find it possible to bear the sun's intense heat if the air of the planet were rare like that above the snow-line in our mountain regions.

But it seems that, on the contrary, the air of Venus is even denser than ours. And it seems also to be a moist air, which is just the kind of air that keeps the heat in most. The air of Venus is, in fact, so dense and moist that it must be very uncomfortable to live in, quite apart from the intense heat; that is to say, it would be very uncomfortable for creatures like ourselves.

You will ask, however, how it can possibly be known that the air of Venus is dense. And you will wonder still more how astronomers can pretend to know that the air is moist. If no telescope can show living creatures on the planet, how can the planet's air be seen, and how can it be known whether the air is dense or rare, wet or dry? Although I cannot explain to you exactly how this has been found out (because to understand it you would have to study several rather dry books), I

the sun at regular intervals of about nineteen and a half months. Sometimes when this happens, she can be seen with a telescope crossing the sun's face, as shown in Fig. 3, where A is the black body of the planet entering on the sun's face, S; B is the planet in the middle of its path on the sun's face; and C is the planet passing off the sun's face. This happened on December 9, 1874, and will happen again on December 6, 1882, in such a way that every one in America will be able to see Venus on the sun, if the weather is clear.

Now, last December, when the planet was as at A, a bright arc of light was seen round the part of the planet which had not yet entered upon the sun's face. This arc was not a mere faint light, but strong sunlight. When the planet was as at C, a similar arc of light was seen, as shown in Fig. 3. There is only one way in which this arc of light can be accounted for, and that is by the action of air upon Venus bending the sun's rays, as shown in the second picture of Fig. 4, so that the sun is seen *round the corner*. Our air shows us the sun in this way, when he would be quite out of sight if there were no air; for when you see the sun's disc just touching the horizon, it is the air which really brings him into view, by bending his rays round the curved surface of the earth.

So we are quite certain that there is air of some kind on Venus. And we can even tell how much there is. Your countryman, Professor Lyman, has made observations of this kind (not exactly the same as are illustrated in Fig. 3, but depending upon the same bending power of the air on rays of light); and from what he has seen, it appears that the air on Venus is about twice as dense as the air on the earth.

But how can it possibly be shown that the air of Venus is moist? Why, if you remember that the

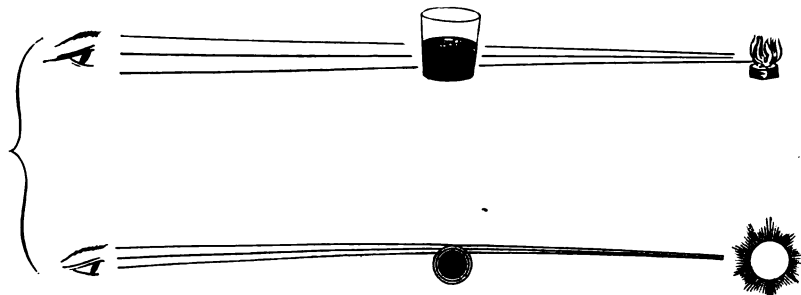


FIGURE 4.

can tell you enough to show how it is possible for astronomers to find out these things.

From what was explained in the first part, you could see that Venus comes between the earth and

sunlight has passed through that air, you will understand that this light when it comes to us may tell us what sort of air it has passed through. In the first picture of Fig. 4 there is shown an eye, a

tumbler with liquid in it, and a light. If the liquid is water, and a few drops of wine are added to it, the eye immediately perceives that the liquid has become faintly colored; and you can easily see that this does not depend on the distance of the tumbler and the light. So long, at least, as the light reaches the eye, it can convey its message, telling the eye that some colored fluid has been added to the water. Now there is an instrument called the spectroscope, by means of which the eye could not only learn this, but also precisely what fluid had been added. Consider, then, the second picture of Fig. 4. Here we have the eye as before, Venus with her air all round her instead of the tumbler of water, and the sun instead of the lamp. Can you not now understand that if there is moisture in the heavy air of Venus, the eye, properly armed with a spectroscope and a telescope, can learn the fact from the sun's rays which have passed through that air? That is what astronomers actually did last December, when the globe of Venus was passing,

as in Fig. 3, between our earth and the sun. There cannot be moisture in the air of a planet unless there are seas and oceans on the planet's surface. No doubt, then, Venus has her continents and oceans, her islands and promontories, and inland seas and lakes, very much as our earth has. Then there must be rivers on the land and currents in the ocean; there must be clouds and rain, wind and storm, thunder and lightning, and perhaps snow and hail.

Whether the planet is an inhabited world or not, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps it is a world getting ready for use as a home for living creatures. Some astronomers think that the sun is gradually parting with his heat. If, millions of years hence, the sun should only give out half as much heat as now, perhaps Venus would be as comfortable a place to live in as our earth is now. That may seem to us a long time for a planet to wait, but it is not long to Him in whose eyes "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day."

DICK HARDIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY LUCY S. RIDER.

Philadelphia, March 28, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: We got here. I like to live here. We went into a sleeping-car, and a black man let down a little cupboard, and made a bed in it. I slept in a top cupboard, and Uncle Ben down below. It had sheets just like a bed, only you bumped your head pretty often.

I climbed up. It was worse than a tree. There was a lady, and she had to sleep up high too. She did n't climb. The man brought some stairs, and she went to the top and worked herself in.

There was a little baby, and it cried worse than Tooty, and some man snored, and my bed joggled, and I thought I'd sleep with Uncle Ben. His bed did n't joggle. He is never afraid.

There is a horse-car in New York, and we rode in it. It has bells. A man can stop it any time. I can stop it. The other teams get on the track too, but the driver has a whistle, and the other man gets off.

A man comes in, and everybody gives him some money. He has a silver thing that rings to make him honest. Uncle Ben says he would like to put one on some folks. May be he will give me one. The women come in, and stop and look at some

man, and he stands up and she sits down, except the ones with an old bonnet on.

There is a road called Broadway. There is no grass. There is a stone floor and folks, and teams, like going home from meeting.

Uncle Ben showed me the house where they make my ST. NICHOLAS. It is a big house. Mr. Scribner lives in it. I saw his name way up on top in gold letters. It says "Scribner and Co." That means him and company. He has got lots of books.

Every little while there is a big man in the road, with a blue coat on, and a round stick as long as my leg, and he is a policeman, and he walks up and down, and everybody has to do just as he says. He walks across the road with the ladies, and they are not afraid. He has a silver star on his coat, and a belt with a silver buckle, and silver buttons. I am going to be a policeman after I get through college.

Your son,

DICKERSON HARDIN.

*Philadelphia, April 8, 1876.**

DEAR MOTHER: I am well. Aunt Martha is well, and Willie is well too. Willie wears shirts

and collars just like Uncle Ben, and neck-ties. He gave me a neck-tie. They have stiff bosoms in them. They do not have to be made. Aunt Martha buys them at the store. I wish I had a shiny shirt to wear with my neck-tie.

They have all brick houses here, with white boards for blinds. It makes it night inside when you shut them up. They do not pump up the water. It comes out in pipes, like my squirt-gun, only bigger, and more fun. It makes it fly half-a-mile, I guess.

There is a woman with a big dish on her head.



"HE IS A POLICEMAN (I DREW THIS LAST TIME)."

She walks fast, and does not hold it on, but it stays on. She sings a kind of song that says,

"Shadow! shadow!
Nice, fresh shadow!"

and that means that she has some shad to sell, and Hannah buys some.

There are men too, but they have a cart and a horse instead of their head, and they sing a kind of tune too, but you can't tell what they say pretty often.

Aunt M. (for Martha) thinks she will write you the letter next week. She s'poses that will be keeping my promise, and because this is a long one too. Willie don't like to write letters. I tell him I guess he would write letters if his mother let

him come to the Centennial. Then he said you was a jolly good woman, anyway.

He'd better believe.

Your son,

DICK HAR

P. S.—There was n't room for the rest of the name, but I thought you would remember.

Philadelphia, April 22, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: Me and Willie went down to the Independence Hall. Aunt Martha says that is where they made the first Fourth of July.

There is a marble statue before the house that stands for George Washington. He is leaning onto a stump, and has holes cut in his eyes. There is a gold fence in the room, to keep folks from touching the things. There is a table with seven drawers, and a big old chair, and some other chairs, and they signed it on it.

There was a man behind the fence. I think he was a general. He had gold spectacles.

There was more'n a hundred pictures on the wall, and two flags. One was yellow, and they had that on the ships; and one was red and white, and that was on the land; and there was a snake on them, and he said, "Don't tread on me." Benjamin Franklin was in a gold frame on the wall. There is another man up over him, in his shirt-sleeves, because he is a minister; and another man with his trousers tucked into his stockings. They are very tight. There is a sofa that Washington had; but nobody cannot sit on it. It looks hard. May be it was softer then. We saw the big bell. It has a crack and some Bible on it. The man behind the fence had some wood bells to sell. They had a crack too, but the tongue was gold. I wanted to buy one for Tooty, but we did not have enough.

Your son,

D. HARDIN.

P. S.—We had only 33.

May 12, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: It has opened. There is a yellow place to go in, and a little hole to drop the money in, and a thing that goes around.

There is a tall thing too that goes around when the folks want to go out. It has arms, and you are afraid it will catch you.

I went in. I heard the band; and that was the parade. Uncle Ben put me on a ladder, and I saw it. The sash was blue, and the men looked splendid with the red tassels on them.

President Grant came first, with a lady, and she bowed to the people; and then Mrs. Grant came, and then some generals, and then some men with hats made of fur, about as high as Tooty. There was a muddy place, and they talked and some folks sung, and they shot off some guns and bells that

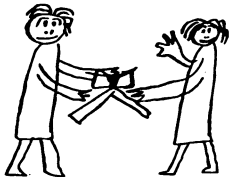
opened it. Then they went to another place, and the President pulled something, and it hissed, and all the machinery began to go, and it made a great noise. So good-bye.

Your son,

DICKERSON H.

May 25th, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: Me and Willie go up to the Centennial every Saturday, all alone. Men never



"HE GAVE ME A NECKTIE."

get lost, but little boys get lost. We never get lost. There is a long place, and that is the Main Building. It has flags on it. Every house has flags on it. There is a gold monument in the M. B. (you know what that means), and it says it was dug in five years, and it is sixty-five tons, and you must not touch it. There is lots of policemen, and there is a red stripe in their trouser-legs, and they don't have to pay to go in.

I drew this picture of Willie and me last month, but did n't put it in the letter.

I saw a cane that had a little gold man on the top of it. There was some chickens' feet with gold on them, to pin a shawl with, and a real goat's head with a hole in the top to put snuff in. Uncle Ben says snuff is good for goat's heads.

There was a bear, and he was stuffed and stood up straight, and held a tray, and said he was a dumb waiter on the card; but I guess he could growl once.

There is a organ that plays by turning a handle. I think we might sell the piano and get one. You don't have to learn to play on it; you just turn the handle. It has little things that hop up on the under-side to make the music. The man plays a beautiful tune. I could play a beautiful tune if I had it. The man said so.

There is a little silver boy on horseback, and he pours a drop of water out of a silver cup all the time. Everybody holds their handkerchiefs under it, and then it smells sweet.

Your boy,

D. H.

P. S.—How is the baby?

June 2, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: There is a Remorial Hall, with a woman on the top, and some eagles. There is a soldier and two black horses in front, up on a block, with a woman on one side, and a wing on the other, and a big tail. She is big.

There are statues inside. There are some people without any clothes on. There is Washing-

ton, but he is cut off, so he has n't got any legs; and there is a little boy that has pounded his fingers. There is a little horse, and a man came and said, "Where is the lady that belongs to that little horse?" But she had gone. There is a room full of old dirty heads and things that were dug up. The folks hold a telescope up to their eyes. It has two round places, and you look through. There are 'bout a million pictures, and you must not point a stick at them; it says so, or you'll get 'rested. There are some boots made of a alligator skin. A alligator is a snake. There is one in a glass box. There are some whales too. When they are little the mouth reaches almost to his tail, but when they grow big it is smaller. There are some folks that have shot a elk. They stand up and have guns, but they are not real folks. There is a fountain where four women hold a dish on their heads, and there is another fountain made out of snakes. The snakes hold their heads down, and the water comes out of their mouths, and squirts back. They are pretty, so good-bye.

Your son,

D. H.

P. S.—They are not alive.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: I am glad you are coming. Bring Tooty and bring the money in my bank. There is a Japanese place, and there is some turtles in a glass box, and I am going to buy one. They cost 25 cents, and they stick out their heads and feet and tail. There are canes for 20 cents. They are very good for a young man. The Japanese folks have funny eyes, and don't talk very well. I know one. He asked me what was my name, and I asked him what was his, but I don't remember.

They have little things that stick their tongue out at folks. They are 15 cents. I asked him if he wanted another clerk, but he did not. There is a old woman churning and a man whipping a horse; but they are only toys. I think they might do for Tooty. There is a meter that fell down out of the sky. It is a black stone. There is a looking-glass

that makes you fat. My legs are as short as Tooty's, but big around, and I step about two miles it looks like. I'll put in a picture I made of it.

There is only a little more about it, and I guess Aunt Martha will write that. I got your letter.

Your son,

D. HARDIN.

P. S.—Please don't forget the money in my bank.



IT MAKES YOU FAT.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

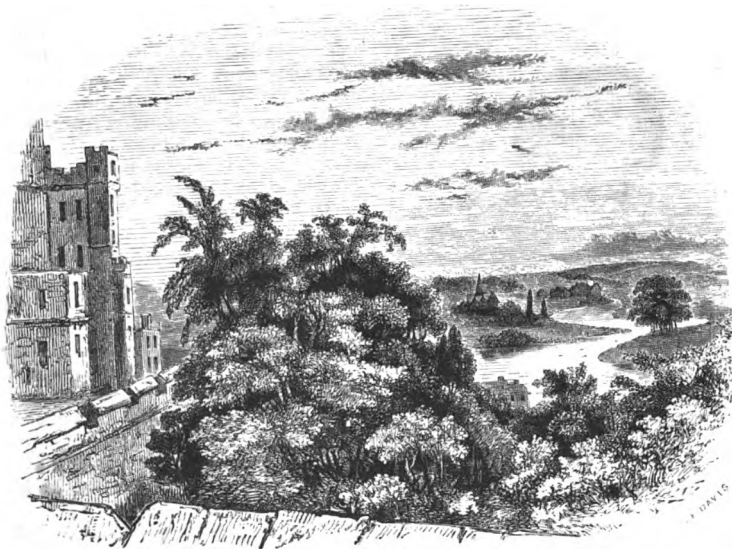
BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VI.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

IF you have been at all interested in the history of English rulers past and gone, who have each had their day in the old Castle of Windsor, and lent interest to its gray walls, I do not doubt that you will feel an equal, or perhaps even a warmer, interest in hearing something about their present representative, that lady whom we in England call

a picture in the Castle, which, although not a very good picture, catches the eye from this interest of subject merely. It is called "The Queen's First Council." There she sits, the young girl of eighteen, very simple, simpler in the girlish dress of that period than any girl of eighteen looks nowadays, in the midst of the grave circle of experienced statesmen, looking so young, so innocent, so unlike the rest, that it is impossible not to be touched by the sight. That is a long time ago, and it is said now that



VIEW FROM THE NORTH TERRACE—THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES.

Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and whom everybody has heard of all over the world, not only as a great queen, but as a good woman. The Queen is one of those fortunate persons to whom the world does full justice, a thing which does not always happen even to good people. Some, indeed, who do not take the popular fancy, never get justice done them at all, until, perhaps, some enthusiast arises who searches out the record and sets them in their right place; but the Queen, perhaps because of the interest of her position when she first succeeded to the throne, has always been appreciated. Her position was so interesting that it was not wonderful if all spectators were attracted. There is

among the statesmen of the present day there are few so experienced or so judicious as the Queen, who has won that name for herself by the attention she has always given to public business, and the long training she has had under the best masters; and, perhaps, by the cool head and clear intelligence which is in the Coburg family, to which she belongs by the mother's side. Queen Victoria was born in the year 1819, in the month of May, the only child of George III.'s fourth son, the Duke of Kent. Curiously enough, of all that large family, seven sons and several daughters, there are very few immediate representatives left in the world. George IV. had but one daughter, the Princess

Charlotte, who died very sadly, poor young soul, in the height of her happiness, a young wife, her little baby dying with her. William IV., who succeeded him, had two daughters, who died in their infancy; so you see that Providence, one way or another, had determined upon a queen for us.

I wish I had time to tell you about the old king, George III., who had more to do with Windsor Castle than almost any of his predecessors; and, indeed, he had a great deal to do with you also—for, I suppose, it was his obstinacy more than anything else which enraged the great American colony, and prompted your grandfathers to make that stand for independence and separation from the mother country which has ended in your great republican America. So that you ought to have more interest than usual in good

not good at all; but Princess Augusta, and Princess Sophia, and the rest, were very good and had very little amusement.

All at once, however, this dull, royal, domestic drama turned into a tragedy. The good father went mad, the family broke up, and Windsor Castle was made into a kind of prison, through which this poor, old, crazed King went roaming in melancholy distraction, sometimes drawing long wailing notes out of his organ, moping about the great, old, vacant suites of rooms where he was left to himself. Nothing could be more pitiful than this family story. When King George was young and his children were little, he used to take them all out to walk on the Slopes—such a train of them in their elaborate dresses, with high-heeled shoes and hoops, little swords at the little princes' sides, and cocked hats; and the princesses with funny little mobcaps upon their powdered heads. And the people came from far and near to look at them and make their bows and courtesies to the royal family, all friendly and smiling. That was in the beginning of his career, when he was King of America too, and all your grandfathers were our fellow-subjects. But fancy what a sad change there was when this old, mad king, like Shakspeare's King Lear, was left alone, his family all gone away from him, the little princes turned into bad, unkind men, the dutiful daughters dispersed, and he alone wandering with wild eyes and long white beard through the deserted rooms, bewildered and crazed and knowing nothing except that he was miserable. Poor old, foolish, friendly King George! He was never a great or dignified king; but when he went mad, the sacredness of great misfortune and sorrow came upon him, and you may fancy how melancholy our Castle looked when all the life was thus hushed out of it, and only this melancholy, wild-eyed, white-bearded old man was left in his madness there.

However, all that was changed before Queen Victoria's time. King George III.'s family had almost died away, surviving only in the persons of two respectable, not very clever old gentlemen, and some old ladies, when the little princess came to the throne. There is a pretty story told by her governess, which was published not very long ago, and which I am sure you will be pleased to hear, of how this little girl of twelve summers felt when she found out quite suddenly that she was to be the Queen. It is in a letter addressed to Queen Victoria herself.

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys [the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough,] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It



THE LITTLE VICTORIA.

old virtuous, narrow-minded, stubborn "Farmer George," who lived in princely Windsor, like an honest country squire, a good, dull, happy, domestic life, and gossiped and poked about everywhere—meddling, friendly, troublesome and kind; with a great many sons and daughters, and a good, plain, homely wife. Gainsborough painted Queen Charlotte and her daughters with powdered hair and simple smiles on their faces, plain women, but with natural, friendly looks; and they all lived together in Windsor, and did needle-work in the evenings, and yawned a good deal, and had grave, beautiful concerts of Handel's music for their only amusement. Poor Princesses! The music was beautiful, but I fear they were very dull as they sat round the table and "knotted," which was the fancy-work of the time. Their brothers went out into the world and amused themselves, and were

was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess having

Is not this a pretty story? Cannot you fancy the little girl, overawed by the great thought of being a queen, and understanding how wonderful it was, yet finding nothing more solemn to say in



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA WHEN FIRST TOLD THAT SHE WAS TO BECOME QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

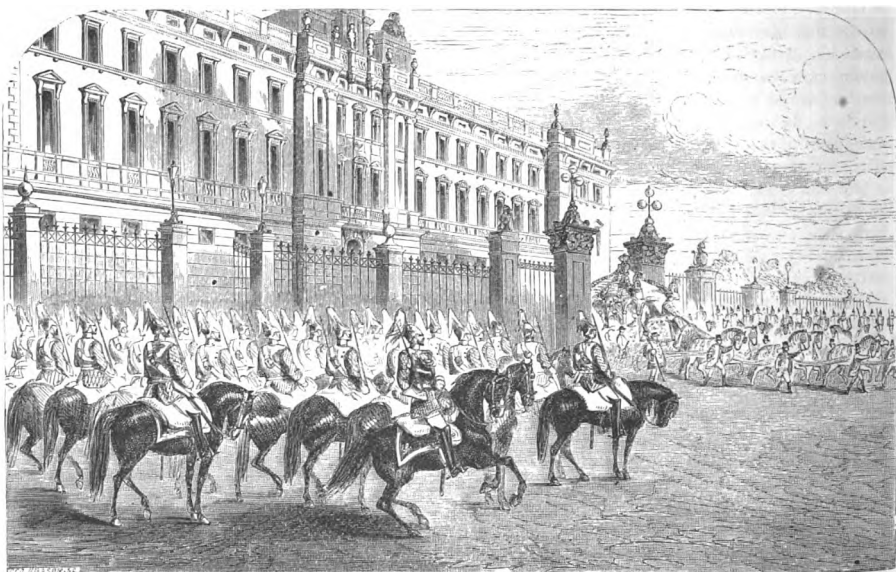
lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good!'

her simplicity (and, indeed, if she had searched the world for elegant expressions, what could she have found better?) than those dear child's-words "I will be good!" I think there could not be a more charming little historical scene. "I cried much

on learning it." is the note which the Queen's hand writes on the margin. No doubt the little maiden was frightened into seriousness and drew her breath quick when she first knew what was before her—Queen! of an empire upon which, as we are fond of saying, "the sun never sets"—yet only twelve years old, a little girl in a white frock, with big blue eyes opening wide with wonder. Think how you would feel who are the same age, if anything a tenth part as wonderful were told to you!

Princess Victoria was but eighteen when her uncle William IV. died, and she became actually Queen of England. "We are very steady-going

marked anywhere had she been only *Miss* Victoria. She had not much color in her youth; and it was a time of simplicity, as you will see by the portrait, when girls wore their pretty hair in a natural way without swelling it out by artificial means, or building it up like towers on their heads, and when their dresses were very simple, almost childish in their plainness. All this increased the sentiment of youth and naturalness and innocence in the little Queen; but I remember very distinctly when I saw her first, being myself very young, how the calm, full look of her eyes impressed and affected me. She was then a young mother and approach-



PARK ENTRANCE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE, IN LONDON.

people, you know, in the British Islands, and don't excite ourselves easily; but if the country had not been smitten with some enthusiasm for this young, slight creature, with those royal blue eyes looking full and fearless upon all the world, Englishmen would not have been what they are. You may fancy how touched and fatherly the statesmen felt who had to submit all their plans to her, and get her girlish approbation, and watch her first steps in life. Lord Melbourne, who was the Prime Minister then, had "tears in his eyes," we are told, several times, as he watched her. I do not suppose the Queen was ever beautiful, though that is a word which is used to describe many persons whose features would not bear any severe test of beauty; but yet her face was one which you would have re-

ing the maturity of womanhood. Those eyes were very blue, serene, still—looking at you with a tranquil breadth of expression which somehow conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestioned power and greatness, quite poetical in its serious simplicity. I do not suppose she was at all aware of this, for the Queen does not take credit for being so calmly royal; but this was how she looked to a fanciful girl seeing Her Majesty for the first time.

And then after the beginning, so full of touching interest, there came to this little maiden on the throne the prettiest simple love-story. The Queen has told it herself with touching and tender simplicity to her people, whose sympathy she was sure of, as a mother might tell her children, with tears and smiles, how their dead father wooed her. A queen

is so separated, so isolated, without equals like the rest of us, that when her heart is full you can fancy what a relief it must be to her to say it out to all her kindly people—the women who have loved like herself and wept like herself, and all the unknown friends whom she is more sure of than almost any one else can be. Poets do the same. Many of the best books and the finest poems ever written have been more or less a secret appeal to those unknown friends, those hearts which can understand and sympathize. The books which Queen Victoria has published, or sanctioned the publication of, are like this. She has no doubt of our tender friendship for her, our Queen, nor that we will be ready to take an interest in all that has happened to her: so, now that her individual romance is over, she has taken us all into her confidence, as it seems so natural that she should do, but as perhaps no one else ever did before. Therefore, without any breach of privacy, as she has herself told it, I can give you an account of this romance as it happened six and thirty years ago.

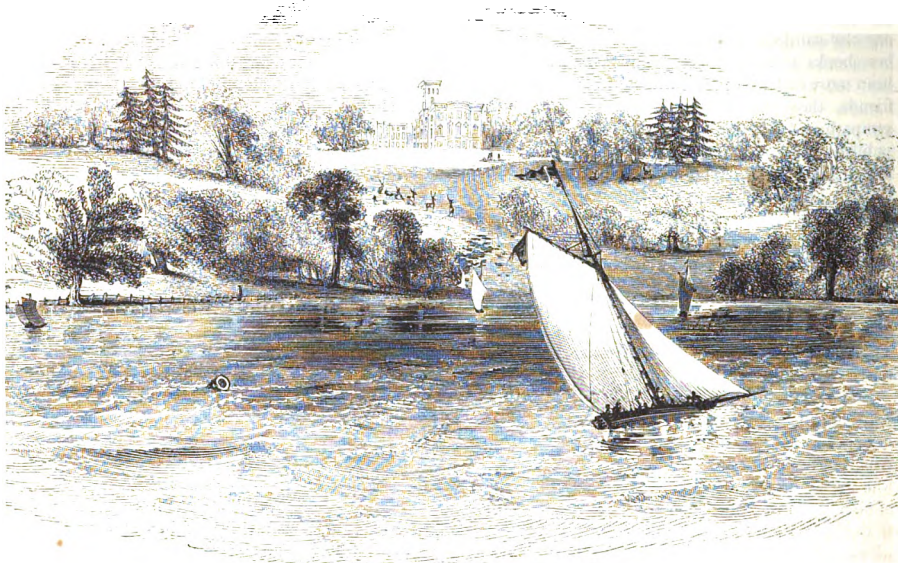
Just three months after Princess Victoria was born, another child came into the world, who was her cousin, the son of her mother's brother, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a pretty, gentle boy, who grew into one of the best and most blameless of men. He was not born to such great fortunes as the little Victoria, but he belonged to one of the wisest and most able families existing, and before he and his cousin were more than children, it began to enter into the minds of the fathers and mothers, and still more of the wise uncle, Leopold, who was King of the Belgians, that there was a pair who would be each other's fit helpmates, and would make a perfect marriage. They did not say very much about it, but they educated the young Prince as carefully as they were educating the young Princess, and taught him to think of life as something noble and serious, to be used for the good of his fellow-creatures, and not merely for pleasure to himself. When he was grown up and had become a handsome young man, he went to England to visit his aunt, who was Princess Victoria's mother. And there these two met, young, blooming, hopeful creatures, both of them loving everything, as St. Paul says, that was honest and lovely and of good report; fond of music, fond of art, and deeply touched with a sense of their own responsibilities and the high duty to which they were born. They met, unconscious of the plans that had been formed when they were in their cradles, and made each other's acquaintance in the frank and simple intercourse of relationship. At that moment, though destined to such great fortunes, they were but a boy and girl together. In the meantime, however, contrary to the usual rule, it was the girl upon whom the more serious weight

of life fell first. The youth went away to travel and study; the little maiden, modest and awestricken, yet brave in her deep sense of the responsibility of this honor to which she was born, had to mount the steps of the throne and seat herself there, all tremulous in grandeur and solitude, at an age when the biggest event that happens to most girls is a first ball! Her dearest friends, even her mother, had all to be left a step behind, below that lonely eminence. The ordinary rules of a girl's life, the sweet dependence, the support and control which keeps youth safe and blessed, have all to be reversed and changed when the girl is a reigning queen.

And this made the strangest change in the preliminaries of the romance that followed. Her cousin, Albert, who had kept a tender thought for Victoria in his heart, sending her now a flower, now a little picture, as he wandered about in Switzerland and Italy, through those thousand places where every one longs to go, came back three years after to England, with more definite hopes in his mind. And on her side the young sovereign had been pondering. She had made up her mind, she thought, not to marry, at least for the time. She was so young still, just twenty, and though she had begun to feel that it was a hard task to be a queen, and that of all chilly and unkindly seats there was none so lonely and cold as a throne, yet she was coy, as a girl has a right to be, and would not marry—not yet—not till she was older. So she said, and so, no doubt, she thought; and the lover-cousin came with his heart beating, but no words to plead his suit with, for what was he, a poor young German prince, her uncle's second son, to offer love to a queen? How it happened I cannot tell, but strangely enough, the Queen's unwillingness to marry all melted away like frost under the sunshine when this fair-haired young knight came into her enchanted palace. She did not say another word about being so young. But then there ensued a tremulous moment of uncertainty. It was her part, not his, to say the word which should make all clear between them, and you may suppose how the young Queen faltered and trembled over that necessary advance. At last—all the spectators about, you may be sure, watching with breathless interest—Prince Albert was told that the Queen wanted to see him. How it came about exactly only the two know who were most concerned, but it did not take long to settle matters. "These last few days have passed like a dream to me," the Queen wrote to her uncle after this agitating moment was over. "I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy." As for the young lover, he struck, as he ought, a bolder note. "The eyes see heaven open. The heart is drowned in blessedness," he writes, quoting Schiller, his

favorite poet. And how bright was all the world around them—the October sun still warm, the woods all green, yet touched with autumn, mists of sweet completion and harvest fullness, softening

After a while the house began to fill, and little feet of children went pattering about the galleries and towers. "Victoria plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping—as *old*, though I



VIEW OF OSBORNE HOUSE.

the outlines of the broad, warm, sunny landscape ! For it was at our old Windsor that all this pretty romance took place, and the royal lady offered her shy hand, all tremulous in sweet agitation and trouble, to the eager lover who dared not ask for it. The old Castle ought to have looked the brighter ever after for such a pretty scene.

And after they were married, with all the pomp and joy that you can imagine, all London turning out to see them, and people crowding along the whole twenty miles of road to watch for the carriages coming, it was in Windsor that they passed the few short days of happy seclusion which was all that could be permitted to a royal bride. Those gray, ancient towers, that had seen so many royal races, became a real home, with the happy young pair coming and going, Her Majesty learning to get up early in the morning (which, with artless girlish regret, she tells us had not been a habit of hers), and taking delightful walks in the park, brushing the dew from the grass, and finding out day by day how sweet life was, and love and kind companionship. "At Windsor the Prince was in his element," we are told. "I feel," were his own words, "as if in Paradise in this fine fresh air."

fear still *little*, Victoria of former days used to do," says the Queen. They had plenty of work, the two young people,—for you must not think that if a woman is idle the trade of Queen will suit her,—as they had a great deal to do and a great many troubles and annoyances to put up with, as people have everywhere, whether they be great or small; but God was very good to them and they were very happy. The house grew fuller and fuller with boys and girls, all smiling and strong, and St. George's has never looked more beautiful and splendid than when everything was brightened up for the christening of the heir of England, the Prince of Wales, who now, you know, has an heir of his own. The Queen's little boys and girls were perhaps not so quaint as George III.'s funny little princes and princesses in their cocked hats and hoops, but you may imagine how merry and how bright they made Windsor, and how the strangers and visitors, who are always coming to see our old Castle, rushed to get sight of the children, and liked to hear how well looked after they were, and what good, careful parents were the young Queen and young Prince. I should not wonder if you too liked to hear about those children, who were just like yourselves except

that they were princes and princesses. The Queen tells us a great deal about the Princess Royal, she who one day will be Empress of Germany, when she was quite a little girl—how good “Vicky” was, and how it amused and delighted herself to feel that her child was old enough to travel with her; “it puts me so in mind of myself when I was ‘the little Princess,’” she says. And then she tells us how “Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window.” This was the little lady’s first journey, and she was not quite four years old. You see how soon a baby can learn what it is to be a great personage, and how a princess is bound to be courteous, as, indeed, every lady is, even when she is only four years old. Here is another anecdote of Vicky, who was also called “Pussy,” as I dare say many of you girls are, or have been:

“Our *Pussy* learns a verse of Lamartine by heart, which ends with ‘le tableau se déroule à mes pieds.’ To show how well she understood this difficult line, I must tell you the following *bon-mot*. When she was riding on her pony, and looking at the cows and sheep, she turned to Madame Charnier (her governess), and said: ‘Voilà le tableau qui se déroule à mes pieds!’ Is not this extraordinary for a child of three?”

I think it was a wonderful performance for such a baby; and it is said now that the Princess Royal, Crown Princess of Prussia (but in England we like to give her her old title), is the cleverest of all the Queen’s family, and has great good sense and talent. Perhaps it is because she was the eldest that there is more about her in the Queen’s book than about the others; for when there is a large family, it becomes impossible to remember all the funny

up than these children of England. Little nobodies may be permitted sometimes to be saucy to their inferiors (which, you know, is very bad breeding in any one), but you may be sure the children at Windsor were never allowed any such vulgar privilege. They had to do as they were told, and to be kind and respectful, and you may see by that story about “Pussy” how very early they began. Even when the Queen was traveling about round the shores of Scotland in her yacht, she used to find time to give little Victoria a lesson, and to hear her read in her history book; and when the boys grew older, the Prince Consort was very earnest about their instruction. Here is one thing they did, and I think most of you boys would like this kind of education too:

As part of the system which the Prince upheld as inseparable from sound education, of making the pupil put into practice what he has learned in theory, the Prince’s two eldest sons, while still boys, had also to construct, with their own hands, a fortress, small in size, but complete in all its details. All the work, including the making of the bricks, was executed by the young Princes’ own hands. It remains a creditable monument of their constructive skill close to the Swiss cottage at Osborne, which was used by the Prince as a museum and school of practical science and industry in the education of the royal children.

I must tell you what Osborne is, of which this mention is made. It is a pretty house in the Isle of Wight, which the Queen and the Prince bought and improved, to be their very own, all made by themselves, and belonging to themselves, more homely than princely Windsor. ST. NICHOLAS has given you a very good picture of this pretty sea-side place, where the big waves come in rolling and



VIEW OF BALMORAL.

things the children do, and their cleverness; whereas the young father and mother have their minds free to treasure up all these wonders when there is but one. Never were children more carefully brought

thundering upon the shore, and the air comes wild and salt and delightful from the great sea.

They built also another house in the Highlands, among the mountains, which is called Balmoral;

and as the Prince directed everything himself at both these places,—laying out the grounds, and superintending the building, and putting the stamp of his own fine taste upon everything,—the Queen loves them so much that we are sometimes jealous for our beautiful royal Windsor, and think Her Majesty neglects the Castle. Alas! there is a reason why Windsor is very sad to her, sadder than any place upon earth, though it witnessed so much of her happiness. After they had been married for twenty-two years, and while they were both still in the very strength and fullness of their life, with their children growing up, and their house full of happiness, quite suddenly, when scarcely any one had begun to be frightened about his illness, this good Prince, who had made Queen Victoria so happy, died.

You should have heard the universal cry that went up over all the country on that terrible day. "The poor Queen!"—everybody, high and low, said the same words. What would she do? How could she live when he was gone? The very skies seemed to darken over England in sympathy. And from that day the skies have never been so blue, nor the sunshine so sweet to the Queen. For years, though she did her duty always, she hid herself, so far as a queen could, from the light of day; and all the splendors that become a Court have been toned down ever since in harmony with the mourning dress which she has never put off, and, I suppose, never will. There are many people in England who complain of this, and grudge that the head of society should thus withdraw her countenance from all that is gay and bright in the national life. But when time has gone a little further on, and the reign of Queen Victoria lies in the past, like the reign of Queen Elizabeth, history, you may be sure, will make a very affecting chapter out of this romance of royal life—the true love, the young happiness, the faithful sorrow of the Queen.

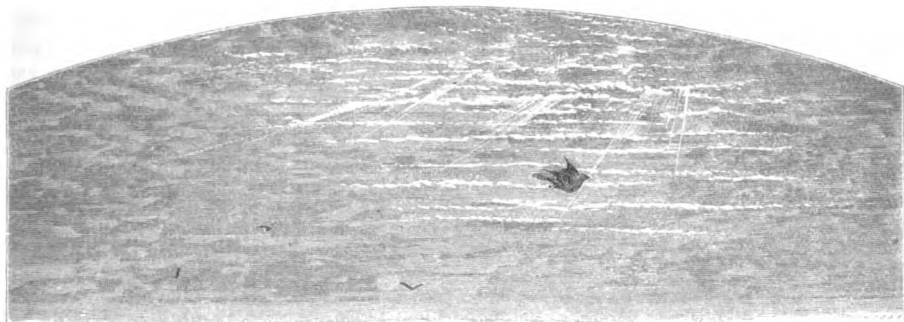
It is chiefly in consequence of this last sad event that the life and the brightness have again fled away from Windsor. The Queen still comes here for some part of the year, and now and then a foreign prince makes a brief visit, and the Castle

wakes up to something like the gayety of old; but it is not the same. Now and then, too, the married sons and daughters come and fill the old house with their children—fresh voices, always cheerful, with again and again a new Victoria, to renew the recollection of the others. I cannot tell you how many these children are; already they have grown beyond counting, and make a little tribe in themselves. But better than the stately towers of Windsor the Queen loves Highland Balmoral, with its Scotch-French turrets—this "dear paradise," as she calls it, "where all has become my dearest Albert's own creation;" or Osborne, by the sea, where "he delighted in the song of birds, and especially of nightingales, listening for them in the happy, peaceful walks he used to take with the Queen in the woods, and whistling to them in their own peculiar long note which they invariably answer." These are the Queen's own words; and those two private houses, so to speak, which the Prince made, are the places she loves best.

But our Castle, hospitable and calm in its stately old age, does not resent even this desertion. The trees rise round the gray walls as green as ever; the music peals as sweetly through St. George's; the sun shines as in its brightest days. These towers reign in a tranquil, unbroken sovereignty over the broad rich country as far as eye can reach; more proudly royal when the great standard floats from the Round Tower, yet never less than kingly; as fine an embodiment of state and strength and beauty as ever was made in stone. How many lives have come and gone under their shelter! How many touching stories of happiness and suffering, and love and pity, cling to the old walls, which are so much older than most things; older than steamships and railways, and all other modern discoveries which we are so proud of; older than your America—nay, older than Shakspeare and all our poets! England had no literature, and the great Republic of the West no existence, when the circle of the Keep first wore the English flag to show that the king was there; and we shall all of us be moldered into dust and forgotten, before decay will be able to gnaw away this almost everlasting stone.

OUT OF THE SKY.

By M. M. D.



“Ho! birdie, come play!
Ho! birdie, do stay
Just one little minute!
You've been to the sky,
Away up so high,
And know all that's in it;
You've pierced with your flight
Its wonderful light—
What makes it so blue?
Now tell me, oh do,
Little birdie!”

• The bird stopped awhile
To rest on a stile,
With mosses upon it;
And ere very long,
He poured forth a song
As sweet as a sonnet.
But never a word
My waiting ear heard,
Why the sky was so blue,
Though he told all he knew—
Stupid birdie!

I went in to look
For the facts in a book,
All told to a letter;
Yet somehow it seemed—
Though may be I dreamed—
The bird told it better.
Oh, never a word
My willing ear heard,
Why the sky was so blue,
Yet he told me quite true—
Knowing birdie!

HOW THE SCOTCH-CAP FAMILY SAVED ITS BACON.*

(A Tale of the Revolution.)

BY ETHEL C. GALE.



T was September in 1781. The little rocky promontory of Scotch-Cap—so called from its shape, was covered with the soft sheen of a fast drying dew. On the highest point of the Cap stood a frame house, two stories high on the front side, with rear roof sloping long and low. The unpainted wood was just taking on the prettiest of soft gray tints, but otherwise all was still as unpicturesque as newness always is. Beyond a wagon-track in front of the house running to the east beach, a thick growth of chestnuts, oaks and elms stretched for more than a mile toward the south shore. To the west, the woods were broken only by very small patches of clearing, protected by rude brush-wood fences, and bright with the ripening crops of corn and buckwheat, or noisy with flocks of half-wild hens and turkeys, pecking among the oat stubble.

Around the house was a cleared space of several rods square, but beyond this clearing rose a wall of dull green cedar-trees. In these woods the cows and sheep found whatever pasturage they might.

North and west of the house the ground was level, but on the east and south it dipped so abruptly that one standing on the door-step could see over the tree-tops for twenty miles away across the bright waters of the Sound (here at its widest) to the sand-cliffs of Long Island; or, looking ten miles to the eastward, could watch the coming of a sail round Guilford Point.

In the clearing, with one hand shading her blue eyes, stood the young dame of Scotch-Cap, wistfully gazing at a sail fast disappearing round the wooded point at the south-westward. She was comely, tall, and so well-proportioned that she seemed rather slender than robust. But her lithe ease of motion, her assured step, and the firm texture of her well-formed hand and arm, betokened a muscular strength unusual among even the hardy women of the coast. At this time, it must be remembered, nearly all of the men of our sea-coasts

were sailors in the service of their country; and their wives, with the poor help of some fellow too shiftless to "follow the water," or of some superannuated sailor, or one on shore for a week or two, and with the aid of their young children, were forced to plow and plant, and hoe and reap, as well as cook and wash, and spin and weave and sew. With all these things to do, the young dame was content to clothe herself in the scantiest of butter-nut-colored gowns, and to bind up her thick, soft, shining yellow hair in the loosest and simplest fashion.

By her side were four children. The eldest, a stout, energetic, sun-browned lad of twelve years; the youngest, a pretty little girl in her second summer; the others, boys of ten and eight years of age.

Out of the woods shambled a loose-jointed figure, topped with a coarse straw hat that shaded but did not hide a face, the two-fold expression of which was of craft and greed.

"Good-mornin', Mis' Steele. Glad to see ye so well. Did n't know how 't would be, though, seeing the Cap'n was off ag'in. I did n't know 's he was to hum, till I saw the Chloe Ann a-makin' off, or I'd ha' be'n round to see him."

"Guess I'll go clammin' neow, seein' 's I'm deown here, an' the tide 's eout. Could n't lend me a hoe, could ye?"

"Yes," said the dame, pleasantly, "only mind and not leave it down on the beach for the tide to carry off, like the last one you had. This is the only one I have now."

"Wal, I'll be keerful; an' I'll bring ye back some clams if you want."

"Thank you," replied the dame, "I would like some," and her visitor shambled off. After a few steps, however, he turned:

"I say," he cried, "hev ye heerd the news? There's two or three of His Majesty's frigates deown Stratford way, so they say. Hope they'll never think t' land here; it's so lonesome like for wimmen folks. But they'd never dew yew no harm; that is, so long's yew did n't say nur dew nothin' t' exasperate 'em, ye know. Bein' 's I'm a good fren' tew ye, I'd 'vise ye, if they was tew come, jist tew let 'em hev anything they wanted, an' not try tew hide nothin'. That 's the best way."

* This story is true. It was told me when I was a child, by an old man—once the very boy who kept watch upon the roof.—E. C. G.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Steele, energetically, as the shambling figure at last shuffled itself out of hearing. "There's nobody can give advice quite so easy as a fool, unless it's a knave; and I believe *he's* both. I suppose he thought I'd heed him, just because he offered to pick up a few clams! But I'll take his counsel as folks do their morning dreams, by contraries.

"If the British are in the Sound at all, they sail up this way; and if they do they'll be sure to

shall have a sparrib. But the porkers sha' n't drown, either, for they're the only meat we shall get this winter. I'm glad your father took with him all the oats and rye we could spare. We must manage some way to save what there is left."

"Who would think that a great war would make so many little troubles, mother? I wish it was over."

"So do I," replied the dame, with a sigh. "But not until we have our freedom. Otherwise, I'd



TORY JAKE AND THE LITTLE SENTINEL.

stop at the beach spring for fresh water; and then Jake'll tell 'em what he suspects about the Chloe Ann's being a privateer, so that the red-coats will pillage the house, and he'll get the information money."

"He'd like some of our fat pigs, as well as the money, mother, for his own are as thin as July shad," responded the eldest boy. "He half starves everything he owns."

"He wont get our pigs without working for 'em," said the dame with decision; "I'll sink 'em in the Sound before Tory Jake or his masters

rather that the war, hard and cruel as it is, should last till doomsday. There are some things worth going bare for."

"Mother, how came Tory Jake to know where the British are?"

"I don't know, Ollie, but I'm glad he gave us warning. We must hurry, too. To-day we must hide the grain and every other thing that they or Jake would be apt to want, and to-night the hogs must be killed."

"Hogs must be killed, mother! Why, who could do it? There is n't a man anywhere near

here now but Jake and his brother, and to get them would be like bringing the wolves to the sheep."

"Of course it would," replied the mother. "You and I and the boys must do it."

"You—and I—and the boys?" repeated Oliver.

"Why, mother, we might perhaps do the rest, but we can *never* scald and hang up those big hogs."

"Never's a long day," said the dame, proudly.

"The wife of the bravest sailor on this coast has never yet learned to say *can't*."

"Then his children and yours shall never learn to say it, either," said Oliver; and kissing each other, mother and son moved briskly toward the house.

"There is, first of all, the grain—forty bushels of rye and fifty of oats."

"Shall we bury it, mother?"

"No. I'm afraid it would take too much time to dig a hole large enough."

"There's the dry well, mother. We could put the grain in there, and then fill in with stones till it looked just like a heap of stones."

"That's a good thought, Ollie; at least for the oats. As for the rye, I'd be a little afraid to trust it there; for you know when it rains water runs in the well, then the rye would sprout and be useless for bread."

"Let me see. That well,—I used to wish your father had never tried to dig it, going so deep and never finding water,—that well is twenty feet deep and three feet across. The oats would fill it a little more than half full, and then there's all that way to fill in with stones. Here, Horace! Georgie! Tie Betsey in her high chair by the table, and give her some clam-shells to play with, while you take your little hand-cart and fill it with stones, and empty it close alongside the dry well."

The dame and Oliver were already in the house-garret, where, for want of a barn, the grain was stored, and were putting the oats into bags to be lowered first to the ground, and then into the well.

"Mother," said Oliver, "you know we need n't fill in the whole distance with stones. We can fill in with bundles of oat-straw to within a foot of the top, and then pile on the stones."

"Well thought of, Ollie. That will save ever so much trouble, and some of the straw too."

As soon as the oats and straw were in the well, the little boys were left to pile stones over its mouth, that there might seem to be only a heap from the clearing.

Meanwhile little Betsey's chair had been moved to the front door, where she was told to watch for "Uncle Jake," and ask him how many clams he

had brought for her dinner. "This," said the dame, "will give us warning of his coming. He must n't see what we are doing."

"Mother," said Oliver, despairingly, "I can't think of any place for the rye."

"I've thought of four places for it," said his mother, "places where I don't believe any one would think of looking for it. No," she added, as if in answer to a doubt of her own. "No, I don't think that even the British would rob a poor woman of the beds under herself and children."

"Beds, mother?" said Oliver.

"Yes. We will empty the four straw beds, and then put in each of them four sacks of rye. Each sack holds two and a half bushels; would hold three, only I think it would be better to give a little more room. After the four sacks are in each bed, there will still be room to fill up the spaces with straw."

"That'll be tip-top, mother." And as fast as they could, mother and son worked away until little Betsey's sweet pipe to "Untle Dake" warned them to go out, thank him for the few clams he brought, and receive the hoe.

"Now that we're rid of him," said Mrs. Steele, "I suppose we must have some dinner, though we've little time to get it or eat it. Just make a chip fire, Ollie, in the rock fire-place, and hang on a kettle of water to open the clams and boil the eggs in. They'll be the quickest got ready of anything."

The rock fire-place was a little in the rear of the house. Here, upon a large flat stone, which formed a hearth-stone, a fire burned merrily up against the smoke-blackened sides of two rocks, each about four feet high, which made an obtuse angle. Across from rock to rock, lay a broken-pointed iron crow-bar, on which hung the iron pot, or the brass boiler, or the copper tea-kettle, as either was needed. For, in pleasant summer weather, cooking and washing were done out-of-doors.

"Now," said Mrs. Steele, after the hurried dinner was over, "I must hide my butter. Perhaps we can bury the jars under the ash-heaps in the cellar. I think I remember hearing your father say that there was one place in the rock floor where there was earth enough to bury things. I guess it must be in the corner under the ash-heap, for there is nothing but solid rock everywhere else. At any rate, we had best shovel up ashes enough to see."

"Mother," said Oliver, "I'm most glad the barn was burnt down last spring."

"Why, Oliver?"

"Because, as there was n't any barn to draw the

hay into, or to feed the cattle in this winter, father stacked the salt-meadow hay in that rocky cedar grove near the east shore. That's such an out-of-the-way hollow that I don't believe even old Jake knows anything of it."

"By the way," said his mother, "did your father and you ever make the shed down there that you talked about?"

"Yes, 'm. Why, mother, how did it happen that you have n't seen it?"

"Oh, you know when your father is at home to look after things out-of-doors, I take the chance to get things ahead indoors. I remember hearing you talk about it, and thinking I'd go down there. I've never seen the place, I believe."

"Well, no wonder. It was just a hit that we found it this summer. There's about an acre of nice smooth land, with a natural wall of high rocks all around it; only in one place there's a sort of gate just big enough for a hay-cart to squeeze through. The cedar-trees grow so thick on top of the rocks that you can't see through 'em. I'm sure I did n't, till I fell into the hole when I was looking after the cows one day. So there's where we stacked the hay and built the shed."

Thus talking, mother and son were busily shoveling away the ashes from the great heap left from the last winter's big fires, until they came to the earth floor. Here they very carefully buried the butter jars.

"Mother, had n't we better put in your silver spoons, and grandpa Goldthwaite's silver tankard, and your brooch with the purple stones in it, and the money that father brought home with him last time?"

"I think so, Ollie, and your father's papers too. We'll wrap them all up in that big piece of sheet-lead in the garret. And then," she added, with a sigh, "if the house is burned from over our heads they will be safer here than in any other place I can think of."

The night brought no sleep. While the boys were milking the cows, and Mrs. Steele was preparing for the proposed work of the night, there came first the sound of a horse's gallop, and then of a tremulous halloo. Going quickly to the door, Mrs. Steele found a mounted messenger, sent by the select-men of the township, to warn all in exposed situations of impending danger. The enemy, he said, were not "down Stratford way," as Tory Jake had reported, but at New London. Yesterday, the sixth of September, they had captured Fort Griswold, after a most heroic resistance, massacred the garrison of one hundred and fifty men

after they had surrendered,* and then burned the towns of New London and Groton.

"The British commander," said the messenger, "set an example of cruelty and treachery, even worse than those of the savages, by murdering the brave Captain Ledyard with the sword he had just honorably surrendered.

"But what better could be expected?" pursued the messenger, "when we know that the whole fifty or sixty ships, and some say as many as five thousand soldiers,† are under that black-hearted villain and traitor, the accursed Benedict Arnold? But," he went on, "I was sent to you in particular, because, as Arnold knows all this coast well (the more's the pity and shame), he'll know about the spring by the beach here,—the best water on all the coast,—where ships can come so close, and if they land here to water ship, the wife of the captain of the Chloe Ann might be in danger. So Parson Perry told me to tell you his house was open to you and the children, if you choose to come, and welcome."

"Tell him," said Mrs. Steele, gratefully, "that I thank him with all my heart for his kind offer, and I know he means it well; but, if my husband should desert his ship without striking a blow, he'd be a traitor to his country. And if I desert the house he confided to my charge, without an effort to protect it, I'd not be much better. I am his deputy, and must do what he would do."

"But, Mrs. Steele, what can you do? A woman with four children! Remember Fort Griswold, and burning Groton and New London!"

"Yes," she replied, with pale face and burning eyes, "I do remember them all. But you know that where the British find a deserted house they always burn and destroy whatever they can't carry off. But, bad as they are, I don't think they'd burn the roof over the heads of a defenseless woman and children."

"Well, 'a willfu' woman maun hae her way,' as my Scotch grandfather used to say; and I'm sure I don't know but you are right. Anyhow, I must ride around to the Point and the Neck to give warning to the Wilmots and Blackstones."

So saying, the messenger turned his horse and galloped off through the woods. For a moment, the mother's heart sank at being left again in the loneliness of Scotch-Cap, six or seven miles from any neighbors, save traitorous Jake Cooke and his brother. In an instant more her resolution arose strong within her. "I will do the best I can for my children," she said to herself. Turning, she met Oliver, pale and resolute.

* Eighty-five were killed outright, and sixty wounded, most of whom afterward died of their wounds.

† There were in reality thirty-two ships, of which twenty-four were transports, carrying between 1,700 and 1,800 soldiers.

"I heard you, mother," he said, "and I'm glad we're going to stick it out."

Putting their arms around each other, the mother and son, looking oddly near in age,—the boy had suddenly grown so manly,—went in to finish their preparations and begin their task.

The work was to be done behind the house. In the cleared space there, coming and going, in and out of the shadows and the fire-light, four figures moved busily about. Over the fire in the rock fire-place hung two enormous three-footed iron pots of scalding water; near by stood the half of a molasses hogshead for a scalding-tub; while, skeleton-like in the fire-light, rose the rough gal-lows made of barkless cedar poles.

Five heavy hogs, and only one woman and three boys to kill, scald, hang and dress them, in the depth of night! It required more heroism, believe me, to do this hard, disagreeable, and dirty task, than has been spent many a time upon deeds of great renown.

It was a long night's work and a weary one; but by sunrise the fire was smoldering in ashes, and all traces of the butchery were carefully buried in the garden; the hogs had been taken down with great difficulty from the gallows, upon which, with equal difficulty, they had been hung, laid one by one upon the wheel-barrow, and slowly wheeled into the house.

Mother and boys were all weary enough, as may be supposed, from their twenty-four hours of hard work, but there could be no rest yet, for the pork must be divided and packed. This was done by Mrs. Steele and Oliver, while Horace was boy-of-all-work, and Georgie was sent to keep a bright look-out from the scuttle, at the same time keeping a watchful eye upon little Betsey, sleeping on the garret floor beneath him.

"Mother," said Oliver, "I don't see that the pork in that big barrel will be any safer than the poor pigs would have been, if we had left them alive."

"That's so, dear; but you see I'm cutting the pieces very large and putting them into the strongest possible brine. The moment a strange sail is seen rounding Guilford Point, we must take every bit out of the barrel and hang it up in the chimney. As soon as the pork is in the brine, we must put a ladder up in the chimney and drive spikes to hang it on."

The great chimney was twelve feet square. In one side was built the big brick oven; in two other sides were small fire-places; on the remaining side was the large kitchen fire-place, nine feet broad by four feet deep, and five feet high. Through this great mouth it was easy to put up a ladder and lay a couple of planks across, the inside of the

chimney, resting on projections in the masonry. Standing on these planks, Oliver and his mother drew the ladder up. Resting its foot firmly on the planks, Oliver could again mount it and drive spikes around the inside of the wide chimney, so that, whatever should hang there might get the full benefit of the smoke without being injured by the blaze from the fire, or exposed to the gaze of inquisitive eyes below.

The spikes being driven, mother and son descended by means of an extemporized scaffolding of tables and chairs, that the ladder might be left up the chimney ready for an emergency.

The dreaded emergency did not come on that day or the next, and all had time to recover somewhat from their great fatigue. But early on the morning of the third day, the "look-out-from-the-mast-head," as Georgie called himself, reported three strange sails rounding Guilford Point.

The pork was unpacked, and hung around the chimney; ladder, planks and scaffolding were taken down, and a fire was started on the hearth, with big kettles of lye and grease bubbling over it (for only soap-making could explain so large a fire in warm weather), before the vessels reached the Scotch-Cap beach.

Only one of the three schooners cast anchor in the little Scotch-Cap harbor, the others continuing their westward course.

The captain proved a kinder man than many of the coasters who were in those days the terror of the Connecticut coast; and though he did not hinder his men from carrying off money, provisions, arms or anything that might be useful to the King's service, he would not permit useless destruction or violence.

"If the house had been deserted," he said to Mrs. Steele, "I suppose I could n't have kept my men from pillaging and burning it; but as you have had the pluck to stay here, you sha' n't be troubled."

Diligent search, however, was made for valuables, and the ash-heap in the cellar was prodded with long sticks to find hidden treasure. But the sailors did not think of shoveling it away. The unwelcome guests only delayed to take in fresh water for the ship, and to enjoy a dinner of fish, wild ducks and turkeys, the fowls having been shot by the sailors.

Oliver had already driven the cows and sheep down to the hidden pasture, so they had not been discovered. But Tory Jake—full of confidence in the favorable disposition of His Majesty's forces toward one so well affected as himself—had the mortification to behold his own three cows driven off and killed, notwithstanding his tearfully earnest protestations of loyalty.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH.

That evening, soon after the departure of the British, the Scotch-Cap family saw flames shooting up across the harbor from the dwelling of the Wilmots, which, being abandoned by its inmates, was burned after having been pillaged.

"I'm so glad we stuck it out, mother," said Oliver, "and father'll be glad too when he comes home and finds nothing gone but a few turkeys."

"Wont he laugh," said Horace, "when he hears what a time we had to 'save our bacon?'"

LIZZY OF LA BOURGET.

By H. H.

I TELL you the tale as 't was told to me;
'T is a tale that I dearly love to tell,—
The tale of Lizzy of La Bourget,
Of faithful Lizzy who ran so well.

This Lizzy of La Bourget was a mare;
She was all snow-white except two black feet;
Her sire was an Arab steed coal-black;
Her dam was a wild Cossack pony fleet.

Her Arab blood made her tireless and strong;
Her Cossack blood made her loyng and true;
Oh, Lizzy of La Bourget could love
As warmly as human beings do.

She followed her peasant master to work;
Obeyed at a sign, or call of her name;
All day she tugged at his cart or plow,
And bounding at night she homeward came.

She was never groomed, but she shone like silk,
And fattened well on the scanty fare;
She played with the children like a dog,
And the children fed her with her share.

When the war broke out, and her master went
To fight with the French, good Lizzy went too,
And many a battle, night and day,
She carried him bravely, safely through.

But at last there came a turn in the tide,
For Lizzy and master disastrous day,—
The day on which a battle was fought,
A bloody battle at La Bourget.

The cavalry regiment, horse and man,
Were caught in an ambush, and hemmed in;
The Frenchman captured them every one,
And held them, a ransom large to win.

The captors were tipsy; 't was late at night:
The foolish men drank, because they were glad.
Alone, by a half-open casement low,
Sat Lizzy's master, weary and sad,

When sudden he heard a sound that he knew;
He could not mistake—it was Lizzy's neigh;
She had broken loose, and was seeking him,—
Oh, brave, good Lizzy of La Bourget!

The captors were tipsy,—they did not hear
Their prisoner call "Lizzy," in whisper low:

They did not notice the joyous neigh;
The first they knew, with one ringing blow,

The casement was burst from its hinges strong;
The captive had leaped on his horse's back,
And through the darkness he raced, he flew,
With a hundred bullets on his track.

No bridle, no spur; but well Lizzy knew
The life of her master lay in her speed;
She ran like a whirlwind, and paid to the shots,
No more than to summer rain-drops, heed.

No compass, no guide; naught knew the hussar
Of right, of left, in his perilous way;
But safe, sure instinct his Lizzy had;
She knew the road back to La Bourget.

A night and the most of a day she ran;
She had no water, she was not fed;
And when she arrived at La Bourget—
You well may think she was almost dead.

But a shout arose from each man who saw
Her dash into camp with her gallant stride;
And the General himself came out to see
The horse and master of such a ride.

The fight had been fierce, and many men won
Great fame in the heat of that bloody day;
But long after they are forgotten all,
The world will know Lizzy of La Bourget!

PATCHES.

BY ROSA GRAHAM.

"STRAWBERRIES! nice fresh strawberries!"

There was such a soft melody in the cry, that Aunt Ruth stopped her ironing to listen. Twice repeated, and then a quick step trotted up the path, and an odd little face peeped in at the window.

"Strawberries, ma'am? Want some nice fresh strawberries to-day?"

Aunt Ruth could ill afford berries so early in the season, but she came forward in answer to the pleading look.

"Please, ma'am," continued the child, brokenly, "please to buy *one* box. Patches is *so* tired!"—and a tear dropped upon the fruit.

A fountain swelled in Aunt Ruth's kind heart; she wasted no time in words, but lifted the child, basket and all, through the window, and settled her in the cosey rocking-chair. And before Patches could recover from her astonishment, the same hands brought to her a bowl of milk, and a plate heaped with doughnuts.

The eyes danced hungrily; but Aunt Ruth, without heeding the child's timid "thank you," motioned to her quite imperatively to eat, and ironed away furiously at Win's shirt-front.

Win found the shadow of a scorch on that bosom the next Sunday.

"It was righteous indignation did it," explained

Aunt Ruth, "and I wish it could always leave as good a mark."

Patches drank the milk and promptly disposed of two doughnuts; then stopped and sighed.

Aunt Ruth eyed her keenly. "Had enough?" she asked, with a show of brusqueness.

Patches hesitated. "Yes, ma'am, thank you." bubbled to her lips, but burst into thin air as a plump doughnut tumbled accidentally toward her.

"No, ma'am," she replied, decidedly.

The fact is, Patches at that moment felt equal to the occasion.

Aunt Ruth, with a sudden gesture, emptied the plate into her lap. "Eat," she said; which Patches did, indefinitely, while Aunt Ruth stood watching her in open astonishment.

"Mercy!" said that good lady, under her breath. "I verily believe the child is hungry. What a bursting shame! What an abomination to the Lord!"

A tired, hungry child! No greater crime could the world be guilty of, in Aunt Ruth's estimation.

Patches ate, and Aunt Ruth reflected. The child puzzled her; the honestly heaped boxes of berries puzzled her still more. It was evident not one had been abstracted; and yet this starved baby had been traveling all the day, with sight, sense, and smell square on the tempting fruit!

Patches seemed to divine her thoughts, and glanced toward the berries with a triumphant smile.

"It was awful hard not to," she said, "but I never touched one."

"And why did n't you?" burst forth Aunt Ruth, with a vigorous iron-slap that made both Patches and the berries jump. "Why did n't you, I'd like to know? Berries were made to eat."

A wondering reproach crept into Patches' face.

"It would n't have been right," spoke the sweet little voice.

The iron rested on the white-covered board, and Aunt Ruth stepped to Patches' side.

"Who taught you that?" she asked, huskily.

"Nobody, ma'am; I just knew it."

There was a moment's silence. Patches gazed curiously at Aunt Ruth's sober face, but the striking of the clock caused her to start and take up the basket.

"I must go now," she said. "It is so late, and Tim won't like it if I don't sell all the berries. They'll be stale by to-morrow, you know, ma'am."

"Who is Tim?" asked Aunt Ruth, gently, "and where do you live, little girl?"

"Tim is the grocer I sell things for, and I live at Milton, with Tim's wife, ma'am."

"Live at Milton! And you are going there to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The childish voice quivered, and the little stock-
ingless feet curled wearily sideways.

Aunt Ruth could stand it no longer. With a bound she snatched the basket from Patches' hand, and emptied the contents into the nearest receptacle, which chanced to be the bread-bowl.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Patty—Patsy—or whatever you said your name was —"

"Patches, please, ma'am," and the child stared, astonished at her good fortune.

"Patches!"

"Yes, ma'am. That's what the boys call me, because I wear such patched clothes. I used to cry at first, but I don't mind now."

"And have n't you got any other name?" Aunt Ruth burst forth indignantly, but with tears in her eyes.

"I don't know, ma'am. Somebody, a good while ago, I think used to call me Mamie, but I can't remember, ma'am. I asked Tim, but he can't tell, either."

"And who is Tim? Your brother?"

"Oh, ma'am, no. He's only the man I live with. I aint got any relations."

"Ah!" and Aunt Ruth gave vent to an involuntary sigh of relief. "Well, see here, Patches,—that'll do till we find a better," she muttered in an undertone,—"'between you and me, you're not going one step toward Milton to-night. You're going to stay here with me, help eat these berries, and sleep in the snuggest little bed I ever made in my life. Win shall carry the money over to Tim after tea, and in the morning *we'll see!*" And Aunt Ruth kicked the strawberry-basket into the corner with a gusto that meant something, as our story will show.

Whatever that something was, it developed into a settled determination when, on undressing Patches that night, she found the little feet streaked with blisters, and the worn-out shoes ugly with nails.

Early next morning Patches awoke from a dream of the old hard life with glad surprise. Her sleep-dewed eyes opened plump on a pair of soft gaiters, near which lay a set of snow-white stockings, and a calico dress, faded but whole. The naily shoes, the patched, dust-stained frock, were nowhere to be seen.

Patches could but think that some kind fairy had visited her in the night; but she jumped up quickly, and in great glee arrayed herself in the garments she honestly thought fit for a princess.

Aunt Ruth was picking over the berries when Patches burst into the kitchen, and her great heart swelled at the sight of the child's joyful face.

"Oh, ma'am, are these for me—these beautiful things?"

Win laughed outright, but Aunt Ruth could only

answer curtly, and hasten breakfast, lest she should "burst with righteous indignation."

The meal ended, a shadow crept into the little face. "I must go now," she said, with a choked sigh. "Tim will expect me early."

"Look here, Patches," exclaimed Aunt Ruth, quite severely, "you've never got to go away from here as long as you live—that is if you want to stay. There's no Tim expecting you at all. Win and I drove over last night while you were asleep, and arranged it all; so you see you don't belong to anybody but yourself now—that is if you're willing. I'll be fair, though. I'll give you your choice. Which will you do? Stay here and be taught, and fed, and clothed as is fit for a Christian child, or take the old strawberry-basket and go back to Tim?"

Aunt Ruth waited with mock gravity for the decision.

Two tears were coursing slowly down the child's cheeks. She came to Aunt Ruth's side, and said:

"Oh, ma'am, is it true? Wont I ever have to

go back to Tim? Wont I never have to go away from here as long as I live?"

And for answer Aunt Ruth gathered her up in her motherly arms, and between sobs and kisses, exclaimed:

"Never, never, never, so long as there's a world to hang on to!"

And so it was settled. Patches, henceforth to be called Mamie, staid with Aunt Ruth, and developed into such a bright, healthy girl, that in six months her old associates could scarcely recognize her. She was by nature an industrious little body, and tried her best to lighten the labors of the good woman to whom she owed so much. Aunt Ruth fed and clothed and taught her, and came to love her so dearly, that Win used to say jocosely that her own flesh and blood was "nowheres alongside of her adopted daughter."

Mamie has grown to maidenhood now, and as Aunt Ruth gazes fondly on the sweet young face, her heart rejoices in the hour that brought little Patches to her door.



THE cat and dog resolved to be good,
Truly kind and forgiving.
"What's the use," they sweetly said,
"Of such unpleasant living?"

So Pussy took her dear Tray's arm,
And out they sallied over the farm;
And all who saw them laughed with glee,
And wondering, said, "Can such things be?"

WORTH YOUR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

By M. M. D.

"YES, Miss Mamie, dat 's jes' what de missus sed to me. 'Aunt Patsy,' sez she, 'you's jes' wuf yer weight in gole.' An' so I wuz, Miss Mamie; I know'd it. Poor weak ole cull'd pusson as I is, I know'd she war tellin' ol' exac' trufe. De Lord knows 't aint no vain-gloruf'cation fur ole Patsy t' say dem words. I don't take no pus'nal credit 'bout it, Miss Mamie. Cookin' takes practice, but it's got to come fus' by natur'. De ang'l Gabr'el hisse'f could n' make a cook out o' some folks. It's got to be born inter yer like. I'se mighty 'umble and fearful ub myse'f 'bout some t'ings, but not 'bout cookin'. *Dat* I un'stan'; an' dat 's what made me wuf my weight in gole. Missus did n' hab no sort troubl' 'bout nothin' af'er once dis chile come. She *sed* so. Aint no use talkin' 'bout it—dere's her 'cise words to prove it.

"Well, de work wuz mighty heavy in dat house. Stocks o' comp'ny, and massa war one ob dem perwidars dat don't hab no sort notion how many pots kin go onto de stobe, and seem t' t'ink de oben was 'mos' big as de barn. Many's de time I got so tired seem'd to me 's if I'd drow'; but af'er missus sed *dat*, I did n' mind nuffin'. 'Patsy,' sez I, when I seed myse'f gettin' done up, 'yer goo' f' nuffin' lazy nigger, wha's matter wid yer? Don' yer know yer 's wuf yer weight in gole?'—and dat ud fotch me squar' up. Many's de time I'se sed dem words to myse'f sence dat day, but wid dis diff'ence: Missus, dear soul! she done gone to Ab'am's bosom four year 'go; an' ole Patsy eber sence's bin mos' too fur on wid dis ere cough to be much 'count to white folks—and so I keep sayin' to myse'f, 'Yer *wuz* wuf yer weight in gole. Don' nebber forgit dat.' "

And, all this time, the brightly kerchiefed and check-aproned speaker was going on briskly with her work, while I sat looking at her with an amused smile?

Not a bit of it. She was in bed, dying of a slow consumption, and my heart was full of reverence as I stood gently fanning her. She was talking beyond her strength, but I knew it was useless to check her while her thoughts were with this treasured saying of her "missus." Presently she sank into a doze. I stood there, afraid to move lest I should wake her.

In a few moments she opened her eyes.

"Bress yer heart, Miss Mamie, don' stan' dere no longer. Ole Patsy don' want ter be nussed like she war a queen."

Her eyes were so bright and her tones so cheerful that I thought she was going to laugh; but, instead, she said softly:

"'T aint fur much longer; de Lord 'll soon sen' his char'ot an' take me to glory."

She ceased speaking. I knew by her face, though not a sound could be heard, that she was singing under her breath one of the dear old negro hymns that we had been used to hearing when she was up and at work; and then she fell into another doze.

Two weeks from that day the chariot came.

Happy old Aunt Patsy! (Even with the memory of her illness and suffering fresh in mind, I always think of her as "happy old Aunt Patsy," for had she not been worth her weight in gold?) The dear old soul always had laid great stress, not at being prized at her weight in gold, but in being really *wuf it*. That was the point. And the best of it was, that her weight being mainly in her being a good servant, it increased just so much in proportion as she excelled. Simple-hearted creature though she was, she would have scorned the idea of weight, in this connection, being a matter of mere flesh and bones. No, it was Patsy the cook who was weighed in the balance.

It seems to me now, that if I had seen Aunt Patsy when I was a little girl, and heard her tell her story, it would have been a great help. It would have taught me, in one easy lesson, that to be worth your weight in gold is a great advantage, and that the best way of becoming worth your weight in gold is to learn to do some one thing thoroughly well. Aunt Patsy could cook. That is a fine thing in itself. Cooking is a good business when one has a living to make, and a valuable accomplishment when one has a living ready made. Every one of us girls, little and big, young and old, should know something about it, and should seize all good opportunities to improve in the art. But I am not going to ask you to learn to cook; that is, not now, especially if it is not "born into you." I only throw out as a friendly suggestion that every girl should make it an object, as Aunt Patsy did, to learn to do one thing well at a time. If, as a start, she selects some style of housework, so much the better. Let it be sweeping and dusting; let it be bed-making; let it be clear-starching, silver-cleaning or butter-making, or even a single branch of cookery, such as bread-making, or that rare art, potato-boiling. Let her aim at real excellence in

any one of these, taking the most exact pains, looking out day by day for ways of improvement, aiming to excel herself at each effort, until, at last, "Jenny did it" (or whatever her fortunate name may be) shall stand as a guarantee for excellence in this or that special department. Let Jenny's butter or Jenny's bread be the best her father and mother ever tasted; or let them feel that no one else can so brighten the silver, or the tins, or furniture; that it is sure to be all right if Jenny but sweeps the halls and stairs, or Jenny but makes the pudding,—“It's her specialty, you know,”—and you will see, if you are Jenny, what satisfaction there is in it.

Then, when one style of work is mastered, another can be taken up and made a study; and so on, till you are worth your weight in gold to your family. Mind, I do not mean to say that while these special endeavors are going on you are to do all other work carelessly and without interest. Not so, of course. I mean only that one branch at a time shall receive most care and attention till it is mastered to the utmost of your ability. Nor do I mean that you are to spend all of your young life in housework. An average of half an hour a day devoted to such work, or even less, all through one's girlhood, will in many cases be all that is necessary or desirable. But certainly a little girl is to be pitied who never has a chance to learn practically the rudiments of housewifery. I hope none of you who read this are so unfortunate.

There are other fields of effort which you may cultivate. Sewing or music, reading, fancy-work, drawing, certain school-studies, gardening—which ever of them seems most attractive to you—will serve as a starting-point. I have dwelt principally upon the art of cooking, because Aunt Patsy set me talking; but there are many fair paths opening in every direction. Take the one nearest by, whether it lead to the kitchen, the parlor, the library, or out-of-doors. But be sure to be thorough as you go along. Don't shamble-shamble through everything, and then wonder that those who love you best are not quite satisfied with your progress—that you do not really add to any one's comfort or interest; in short, that you are not worth your weight in gold.

“I love books best, but can I be a help to anybody at home if I sit and read all day?” you may ask.

And I answer, you cannot. If you read too much, you are not reading well. If you read too steadily, you are not reading well. And if you read books that do not make you more intelligent, more sunny, more charitable and Christian than you otherwise would be, you are reading very badly indeed. If you sit curled up on a sofa, selfishly neglecting

some duty, and filling your mind with false ideas of life, and arousing thoughts that in your secret heart you know are not good for you, you are doing not only yourself an injury, but every one else with whom you may henceforth be brought in contact.

But if at seasonable times, and after proper intervals of play or bodily exercise, you read in an inquiring, sincere way books that entertain or instruct the best part of you (we all soon find out what that best part of ourselves is), and that have been selected under guidance of some one competent to help you, then you *are* doing others good as well as yourself by your reading. You can hardly go up or down stairs when in the mood such reading engenders without doing somebody good. If it is only the cat on the landing, she'll get the benefit of it somehow. A sunny, healthy mind sheds beams of light unconsciously; and then there are the cheery word, the pleasant smile, the ready spirit of fun, the thoughtful question or answer, the entertaining bubbles of talk that rise to the surface of a mind set sparkling by good books worthily read. You will soon find the value of it all; or some one else will.

It is not so much what good thing we do, though that is of great consequence, but how well we do it that determines our success. A pragmatic, conceited manner, or a too selfish eagerness, will spoil any pursuit. There is such a thing, you must know, as being unpleasantly pleasant, meanly generous, incompetently competent, or even wickedly pious. If you will think a moment, you will see that it must be so. The wrong side of the prettiest fabric is always very near its smooth surface. If you do not keep the right side up with care, the wrong side will show itself. It is so with all desires and efforts for self-improvement. They have their wrong side.

Some persons, if once started on a road, will be so confident of their way that they'll forget to make the proper turnings; and there *are* persons who, if left to themselves, would from very earnestness hack a finger to pieces in getting out a splinter. That's over-zeal. Such persons are not worth their weight in gold to anybody. Then there's the self-satisfied kind, the worst kind of all, perhaps. Self-satisfaction is a wall that, builded by a girl's own vanity, shuts her in completely. She cannot get outside of it herself, and no one cares to scale it in order to get at her. A state of entire self-satisfaction is the loneliest thing on earth. Self-approbation is another matter. It is worth trying for because it is, in itself, good. But we must build steps with it, not walls.

That is what Aunt Patsy did. She cooked better and better every day. She worked hard for self-

approbation, and slowly made steps of it. Steadily she mounted, always humble and fearful of herself, but always hearing her mistress's words, "worth your weight in gold;" and when at last she stood on the top step of her little flight, she felt sure the

Lord would be pleased that Old Patsy had been of use to somebody, and she was ready to go when the chariot came.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home."

THE LEGEND ON THE PANE.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

DOWN in the old ancestral home,
Where sweet salt sea-winds blow,
And twice a day the crystal tide
Goes pulsing to and fro,
A dim old chamber, shadowy-bright,
Dear in its tarnished glow,
Stands as it stood, in simple pomp,
A hundred years ago.

Quaint is the Blue-room's ancient grace,—
Named from the azure tints
That zigzagged vividly across
Great-granddame's wedding chintz.
Here cherished guest was bade to rest,
The sweets of home to know,
Within this flowery, bowery nest,
A hundred years ago.

On every side, in rainbow hues,
The cheerful draperies fall,
A paradise of birds and leaves
And cherries on the wall,
And trellis-work, of heavenly blue
Meandering over all;
They gleam from out the great arm-chair,
Where two may sit and sew,—
The people were so very wide
A hundred years ago.

Such wild luxuriance of leaf
Would set a gardener mad;
Such mammoth cherries only may
In Wonderland be had;
Such portly robins plucking them,
Each bigger than a crow!
Oh, nature was most prodigal
A hundred years ago.

The stately bed, with testered top,
And tapestries fold on fold,
Mysterious, deep and shadow-filled,
Turns timid hearts a-cold;
For countless ghosts might cower there,
Or wander wan and slow,
As once they lurked and walked, perhaps,
A hundred years ago.

But on the narrow window-pane
No ghost has left his sign;
A little Great-aunt's little hand
Engraved the wavering line.
What marvel that her youthful heart
Must needs proclaim its woe,
For lovers had to go and fight
A hundred years ago.

No other cross, she sadly felt,
Was ever quite the same!
She meant to write, "Life is a blank,"
And sign it with her name.
She carved it with her diamond hoop,—
His gift should grave her woe,
And tell what deep despair prevailed
A hundred years ago.

But ah! it slipped! The diamond slipped,
And burlesqued all her grief!
And girlish laughter, long and light,
Brought sorrow swift relief;
And brothers gibed, and mother smiled,—
The diamond *would n't* go!
She tried, and tried in vain, for still
The mocking letters show
How "life" was said to be a "bean"
A hundred years ago.

The little Great-aunt's little hand
Has turned to phantom dust;
The diamond hoop is dimmed beneath
A century of rust;
The loyal lover long ago
Went up among the just;
And still the shadowy Blue-room stands,
With birds and fruits aglow,
As primly gay as on that day
A hundred years ago.

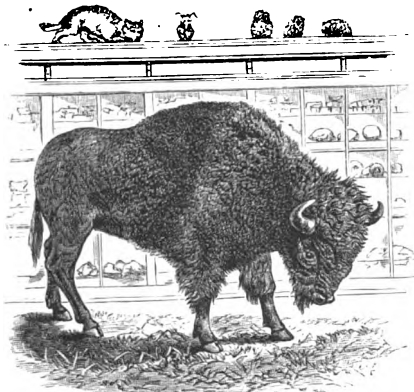
And still, as then, in happy youth
Joy soon succeeds to woe;
And still around the dear old home
The wild salt sea-winds blow;
And still th' unchanging crystal tide
Goes pulsing to and fro;
And still men's hearts are what they were
A hundred years ago.

A COLORADO WOMAN'S MUSEUM.

By H. H.

YOU will ask yourselves, "What does that mean—a woman's museum?" and you will think, I suppose, that it means only a collection of curious things which some woman has bought and arranged in glass cases. Ah, it is quite different from that. I will try to tell you about it, and perhaps by the help of the pictures, and what I say, you will get some idea of how wonderful a museum it is.

There are many things in this museum—shells, minerals, coins, curious armor from Japan, queer garments from Alaska, tapa cloth from the Sandwich Islands, and a great many other curiosities, more than I can remember, or could have room in the St. NICHOLAS to tell you about. I am going



THE BISON.

to tell you only about the stuffed animals and birds. These are the most interesting things in the museum, and the wonderful thing about them is, that they all were stuffed and many of them killed by the woman who owns the museum. Think of that!—of a woman's being able to fire her rifle as well as any old hunter could, and then, after she has brought down her bear or her wild-cat, knowing how to skin it and stuff it so that it looks exactly as if it were alive. This is really the most wonderful thing of all. You know very well how stuffed animals generally look. You know they are dead as far off as you can see them; but these animals all look as if they might walk off any minute they liked. Mrs. Maxwell (that is the name of the woman who has made this remarkable museum) is really a sculptor of animals. Most

people who stuff animals, take the skin, I fancy, very much as a sausage-maker takes a sausage-skin, and simply cram into it as much as it will hold without bursting; and an animal's skin will hold a great deal without bursting, for it is very elastic. I have heard that the skin of any animal will bear stretching till it is one-third larger than the animal was when alive. Well, if a dead animal's skin is as elastic as that, it is very easy to see how, in stuffing it, one might entirely spoil its shape and make it look unnatural. I have seen many a stuffed animal that did n't look any more like what it was when it was alive, than a sausage looks like a pig!

Mrs. Maxwell stuffs her animals on a totally different plan, and this is why I say she is a sculptor of animals. The first thing she does is to mold the animal out of plaster, of the size and in the position she wishes. Then she fits the skin on the plaster shape. In the case of large animals, such as the bison or buffalo, she makes the figure partly of hay as well as of plaster, and what sort of a bison this results in you can see by the picture. I have never seen a live bison, but if I ever do, I do not believe he will put his head down and glare out from under his horns in one whit fiercer a way than this one does.

When I went into Mrs. Maxwell's museum, the first thing that caught my eye was a little black and tan terrier dog, lying under the table. He was a remarkably pretty dog, and, as we walked toward him, he fixed his eyes on us with a very keen and suspicious look, I thought. But he did not stir. I said to myself, "Why, what is the matter with that dog? Why does n't he get up?" And then I saw that he was only a stuffed dog! Then I wished I had had a real live dog with me, to see if he would n't have been deceived too. I think he would.

Now I must tell you how the large groups of animals are arranged, for one reason that they look so natural is that Mrs. Maxwell has made an "outdoors" for them at one end of the room. She has had built up a sort of wooden frame-work, in the shape of rocks. This is covered with a coarse canvas cloth, which has been prepared with glue or some sticky substance. Over this, coarse shining sand of a dark gray color is sprinkled thick; and as the cloth is sticky, the sand remains. At a very little distance nobody would know the rocks from real rocks of dark gray stone. Then she has set

real pine and fir trees among them, and little clumps of grasses, and mounds of real dirt. You can see all these in the pictures.

One of the most effective groups is the one where you see a large animal springing from a tree.



A GROUP OF ANIMALS.

That is a mountain lion. They are often found in the woods of Colorado. He is leaping down in pursuit of the poor stag, which you see just to the right. The stag has run till he can run no longer; he is falling down on his knees, and his tongue is lolling out of his mouth, he is so out of breath. Just below these is a happy family of deer—father and mother and two little fawns. The little fawns are only a few days old. They are beautifully mottled with white spots on light brown. The doe is bending her neck down and licking one of them as affectionately as a cat licks her kitten, and the father, just behind, is holding up his head and looking off very proudly, as much as to say, "Who's got a prettier family than I have; I'd like to know!"

Below them are some porcupinés, musk-rats, weasels, and small creatures; and off on the left, two splendid great bears, one a grizzly fellow that you would n't like to meet in the woods. Once, when I was riding in the woods on the rim of the Yosemite Valley, I saw the tracks of a grizzly bear in the sand. He had been there only a short time before us, for the tracks were very fresh. They looked just like the print of a giant's mittens, and they made us all feel very uncomfortable.

Another happy family in this museum is that of the mountain sheep—father, mother, and an only

child. The father looks like a huge goat, with queer curling horns. The Colorado hunters see a great many like him, scrambling around on the rocks in high and precipitous places. Below him in the group is a fox, just ready to spring on a mouse, and near by is a wild-cat creeping out of a cave, and making up her mind to have a gray rabbit in front of her for dinner.

This group is not shown you, but you will have many a good laugh over those that the engraver has copied so admirably. As I sit here in my Colorado home, it does my very heart good to think how many thousand children will shout over the pictures of the monkeys playing cards, and of the little house out of which Mr. Brown Squirrel and Miss Yellow Duckling are coming arm-in-arm to take a walk. Mrs. Maxwell calls this "The Moonlight Walk." The duckling is all covered with bright yellow down, and is not more than three or four inches high. I think she must have been caught as soon as she was fairly out of the shell. The squirrel is a head taller, as he ought to be, and has the most comical air of gallant protection toward his lady-love. They both look so droll, that nobody can help laughing at the first sight of them.

The monkeys, too, are very droll. One old fellow, with a pipe in his mouth, is scratching his head in his perplexity to know what card to play. The one next him is peering out from behind his cards, and watching the opposite monkey's face most keenly, to discover, if he can, what cards he holds; and while they are all too absorbed in their game to see what is going on, a sly little rascal of

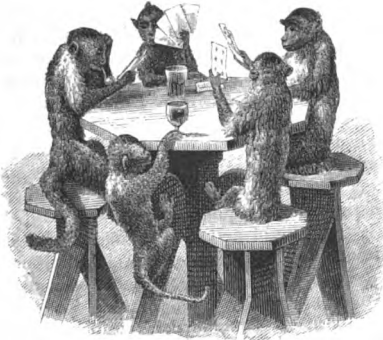


"THE MOONLIGHT WALK."

a monkey is climbing up the leg of the table and taking their goblet.

But of all the groups, I am not sure that the prairie-dog's hole is not the very best. I see dozens

of such mounds every day when I drive out, in Colorado, and on all the warm sunshiny days I see just such little prairie-dogs popping their heads out of the hole to find out who is going by, and there are always one or two more courageous ones who sit up on their haunches and look boldly at us. I have never happened to see either an owl or a



AN EXCITING GAME.

rattlesnake on the mounds, but it is a well-known fact that they live in them. Mrs. Maxwell says she has often seen them come out of the holes, but "what their arrangements are for living there" she does not know, and nobody ever can know.

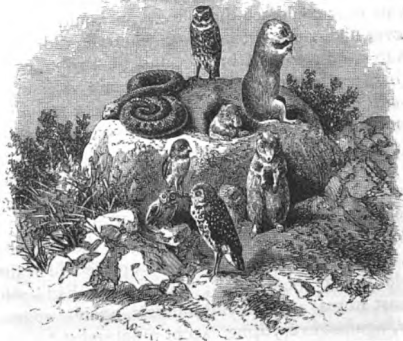
There would not be room here to tell you about half of the animals, neither can I tell you about the stuffed birds. They are as wonderful as the animals, and there are hundreds of them—all the birds of Colorado, and a great many of other countries. You will see by the two groups on the next page, however, that they look just as natural as the animals, and not at all like the usual double guide-post arrangements of stuffed birds. They look like flocks that had just alighted on a dead tree. You must not forget to look at the old mother-quail at the foot of one of these trees, with her little chickens all about her, one on her back and one sticking its head out through her wing. You'd think, if you called, "Chick, chick, chick," they'd all come running to get corn.

Now I can tell you about only two more things—an owl and a bird's nest. The owl is alive; it is Mrs. Maxwell's pet. She had two, but, unfortunately, her live bear ate up one of them. She found these young owls in their nest, when they were tiny little creatures, all covered with soft fluffy down. I saw them just after she found them, a year ago. They looked like little balls of gray feathers, with two big glass beads sewed on them for eyes. Now, this little owl's downy feathers are all smooth and flat, and two small feather horns, looking just

like cats' ears, have grown out of his head; and though he is only a few inches high, he looks as wise as any owl in the world. If you rub him gently on his head between his ears, he shuts his eyes right up and goes to sleep; but however sound asleep he seems to be, if you touch him on his back ever so lightly, he wakes up, makes a sharp angry noise, and whirls round and round quick as lightning, to bite your finger. Whenever he did this, he reminded me of a kitten going round and round after its tail. His head seems to be set on a pivot, for, without moving his body, he can turn it clear round, and see anything he wants to see behind him. He can also wink with one eye, while the other eye looks at you in a fixed stare. When he does this, his expression is more impudent than any human face could possibly wear. We laughed till the tears came into our eyes, watching this comical little creature.

I think that tears almost came into my eyes also when I looked at the bird's nest I am going to tell you of. They would not have been tears from laughter, however; they would have been tears of tender wonder and admiration for the little bird who built it.

Up in the mountains some thirty miles northwest of Denver is a wild cañon called Bowlder Cañon. A cañon is a steep-sided valley between two mountains; sometimes it is little more than a rift between two precipices of rock. In this Bowlder Cañon there is just room for a carriage-road and a swift little river, which is hardly more



THE PRAIRIE-DOG'S MOUND.

than a brook. Half-way down this cañon another cañon opens into it, and another swift little brook comes leaping down and fairly bounds into the first one. A few rods up this second cañon is a fine fall, or succession of falls, known as Bowlder Falls.

One day, a young man, sitting near these falls, saw a small bird fly apparently into the falling sheet of water. Presently it came back, was gone



GROUP OF BIRDS, NO. 1.

a short time, returned, bringing something in its beak, and a second time darted into the spray and disappeared. This young man was an enthusiastic lover of natural history, and he determined to find out what that bird was doing behind Bowlder Falls. If you only could see the place, you would wonder he ever had courage to venture where he did. He had to build a sort of bridge, and he had to wade in between rocks, where the stream was swift enough to knock him senseless in a very few minutes if he lost his footing; he really risked his life to track that little bird to her home. And do you not think he was rewarded when he found, snugly stowed away in a hollow behind the sheet of falling water, the nest, with the young birds in it?

Poor little bird! One would have thought she had found the very safest sort of a place which the whole world could offer; and so she had—safe against storm, against wild animals, against sportsmen, against everything except a naturalist!

The nest is made of clay and green moss; its mouth looks like the mouth of an old-fashioned brick oven; and there are all the little birds, with their mouths wide open, just as they waited for

their mother to bring them food that day. The mother, too, he shot and brought away with the beautiful little house she had built. I think I could not have had the heart to kill her, even for the sake of the science of natural history. However, many things which seem cruel in themselves, must be done, or else we should never learn the truth about the wonderful creatures of which the world is full. But while I stood looking at the nest, I would have given a great deal to put it back under Bowlder Falls again, with some happy little live birds in it, getting their dinner from their wet and dripping mamma. And the more I thought about it, the more I wondered whether it were really right for us ever to kill a living creature except for food. If there were a race of beings as much larger and stronger than we are, as we are than the birds, we would think it pretty hard, would we not, if they were in the habit of pulling our houses down over our heads, and killing us and our children, merely that they might classify us and label us and keep us in their museums?

If you visit the Centennial Exposition at Phila-



GROUP OF BIRDS, NO. 2.

delphia, you may see these stuffed animals and birds in the Kansas and Colorado building, where Mrs. Maxwell has arranged them for exhibition.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NEWS AND DISCOVERIES.

"LETTERS! letters!" shouted Arthur, with great glee, one night, as the tired miners came up to their cabin from the claim. They had had good luck during the past few days; but even the sight of much gold, now no longer 'strange, could not wholly relieve the feeling of weariness of long and exacting labor. The glimpse of a bundle of letters from home, which Arty shook in their faces as they approached the cabin, banished all fatigue. Nothing was so precious as these much-worn packets of news and loving messages from friends far away. They had been handled a great deal since they arrived in San Francisco. Bearing the marks of travel, as well as the queer red and blue stamps of the express companies, these letters had hunted for the young emigrants all the way from Sacramento and Nye's Ranch through various diggings and camps. A bright-eyed, alert-looking young fellow, mounted on a scrubby but speedy mustang, had dashed into town, dropped a few packages at "Freeman & Co.'s Agency," banded compliments with the loungers about the place, mounted his steed again, and had loped off in a more leisurely way toward Sardine Gulch.

Dropping his preparations for supper, Arty had raced across "the branch" to the store, where he was rewarded with a huge package of letters, for which the enormous express charges seemed to him a small price. Letter-carriage in those days was costly; 'nobody knew what the rates were; they varied every week, but anywhere from a dollar to five dollars for a single letter—the original postage on which was ten or twenty cents—was not an unusual charge. The boys murmured sometimes, after they had read their infrequent letters many times; but nobody thought of grumbling until the first excitement of receiving letters was over, and the brisk young express-rider was far away.

A pleasant excitement reigned in the cabin of the young miners while news from home was read and discussed. The Sugar Grove folks had received their California gold with great pride and delight. The neighbors had all been in to look at it before it was taken to town and sold. Other Lee County people, scattered through California, had sent home gold, but the brothers of Barnard and Arthur wrote that no such gold as this had ever been seen before in those parts. How proud and

thankful they were! The mortgage on the farm was now to be paid off; brother Sam was to have the double-barreled shot-gun (which he had long coveted) before the season for prairie-chickens came again. The mother had bought a new rocking-chair for father; and there was even some talk of having a hired girl to help about the house.

Arty read and re-read these simple details of the far-away home-life with glistening eyes, and then looked out on the ragged mining-camp, the turbid creek, the hill-sides covered with furze and chaparral, and wondered if it were possible that these existed on the same planet that held his old home—the tidy Lee County farm.

Hi, who was now able to get about his work after a feeble fashion, grew pensive over his letters, and began to think that home was, after all, a better place for him than this, even though he should not carry a fortune to it. Mont encouraged this idea; and he too looked up, with a bright face and with tenderness in his eyes, from the finely written pages which had come to him all the way from New England.

Most of all, however, were the boys interested in an extraordinary letter which Johnny received from a lawyer in Richardson. Farmer Stevens had put into this man's hands all the facts about Johnny's parentage and supposed wrongs, and he had traced up the case as far as possible. Mr. Stevens wrote to his boys that there was a good prospect of recovering the property which Johnny's faithless guardian had taken possession of, but some legal documents were needed; and the lawyer had written to Johnny of all that had been done. This is the lawyer's letter, written in a stiff, upright hand:

Richardson, Lee County, Ills., April 9, 18—.

Master J. F. Bluebaker.

RESPECTED SIR: I have to communicate to you the following facts concerning your case, which I have undertaken at the instance of Obadiah L. Stevens, Esq., a worthy citizen of Sugar Grove township, this county, with whose sons, or other relatives, I understand you are associated in business.

To wit: Jane Ann Bluebaker, maiden name Jenness, your mother, as I now understand the case, was left a widow with one child, name, John Francis Bluebaker, about seven years ago. The widow resided near Oregon, Ogle County, this State, where she held legal possession of landed property, stock, fixtures, agricultural implements, the schedule of which now exists in the Probate Court records of said Ogle County, Oregon being the shire town thereof. In due process of nature, Mrs. Bluebaker died, leaving her infant son to the guardianship of her brother, one John F. Jenness, a veterinary surgeon, commonly called a horse-doctor, of Lick Springs, Vermilion County, this State.

The property hereinbefore mentioned passed with the boy (who was, I understand and beg leave to say, yourself) into the custody of said Jenness. This person, being the only surviving relative of Mrs. Blue-

baker, your respected mother, except yourself, seems to have conceived the idea of secreting or otherwise fraudulently disposing of the lad—meaning yourself. Jenness, commonly called Dr. Jenness, as nearly as I can discover, had already managed to convert to his own use and behoof a portion of the income of the estate of the late Bluebaker; and, if the facts which come to me are trustworthy, he employed one William Bunce and Ephraim W. Mullet to carry the boy, meaning yourself, to California and “lose” him on the way. For this unlawful service said Bunce and Mullet were to receive an outfit for California, and the boy was to be provided with a sum of money which would subsist him for a time if left in a strange place; but it may occur to an unprejudiced person that the money given to the boy, which was in gold, might also have been intended to tempt the ruffians to dealing foully with him.

These facts are partly derived from the admissions which the said W. Bunce has made to the Messrs. Stevens, Morse and Fender, in California. But they are, with additions, confirmed by the affidavits of one Polly Gardner, an inmate and housekeeper in the family of the late Jenness. I say the late Jenness, because that person was killed by being thrown from his wagon, in February last. Proceedings may be instituted to recover for you the unexpended portion of your estate, as soon as you choose a legal guardian and have forwarded to your attorney (in which capacity I should be pleased to serve you) the necessary papers. I am unfamiliar with the laws in your somewhat unsettled country; but presume that a power of attorney given to Mr. Stevens, from your guardian when chosen, would enable him to institute proceedings to recover.

I have the honor, sir, to subscribe myself,

Your obt. serv't,

CYRIL H. DUFFER, Att'y-at-Law.

P. S.—It may interest you to know that the estate hereinbefore referred to is variously estimated by experts, who are neighbors, at from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars value.

C. H. D.

“What a prosy old duffer!” cried Tom, when the reading was concluded.

“Twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars!” said Hi, putting his hand painfully to his head. “That’s a power of money. More’n I ever hope to take home with me. Thirty thousand! That beats me.”

“You’re rich before us, Johnny,” said Arty, with an honest glow of satisfaction. “But,” he added with concern, “you’ll have to leave us and go home to look after your property.”

“Oh, no,” Mont explained. “He need not go until he gets ready. We can go down to Sacramento, or to the new mayor at Marysville, and have the papers fixed up for him. By the way, Johnny, what are you going to do about a guardian?”

“A guardeen,” repeated Johnny, with a troubled air. “Who’ll be my guardeen? Will you, Arty?”

Everybody laughed, and Mont said:

“No, Johnny, you must have a guardian who is twenty-one years of age. Arty’s too young.”

“Then I’ll take Barney,” said the boy, quickly; and appealing to Barnard, he said: “Will you be my guardeen, Barney? I must have one, and I don’t know anybody else, scarcely, but you.”

“Yes,” cried Barnard, heartily, “I’ll be your guardian. But I shall have to give bonds, I suppose. Shall I, Mont?”

Mont, thus appealed to, thought all that could be arranged satisfactorily, but he was not sure about the bonds; and Johnny, with a gleam of light in his sober face, put his hand in Barnard’s,

and said: “Is n’t it something like a father-in-law, this guardeen?”

The matter was, on the whole, easily arranged. It was not necessary to go to Sacramento in order to secure the necessary legal papers. An accommodating magistrate was found nearer home; and though the machinery of the law was somewhat rude in the region of Hoosiertown, it satisfied the needs of the young miners, and the papers were made out and sent home.

“You can call him ‘pap,’ I suppose, now,” said Tom, curiously, when Barnard was declared to be the lawful guardian of Master John F. Bluebaker.

“And a young-looking father he is, too!” struck in Arty, who was highly amused with this novel turn of affairs. “Call him ‘guardy,’ Johnny; it’s just as good as anything else.”

“I never called anybody ‘pap,’” said the poor boy. “I never knew anybody to call ‘father;’ but I’ll do just what Barney says.”

“Never mind,” said Barnard. “Call me whatever you please. But I don’t want any handle to my name. ‘Barney,’ or even ‘Barney Crogan,’ is good enough for me, although that young scapegrace of a brother of mine did put on the Crogan.”

“Now don’t put on any airs, Barney Crogan,” joined in Nance, who took part in all the family councils on the subject of Johnny’s future prospects. “Crogan you be, and Crogan you’ll stay, guardeen or no guardeen, you can jest bet yer—I mean, that is, you may be very sure,” and Nance coughed violently to hide her confusion.

“Hello!” cried Tom, rudely, “if Nance did n’t come nigh saying ‘you bet yer life,’ jest like she used to. Laws sakes alive! Miss Nancy Dobbs, how peart you have growed!” and the boy minced along the cabin floor, stepping on the tips of his bare toes and drawing up his shoulders, as if imitating some imaginary fine lady.

The girl flashed up suddenly, and before Tom knew what was about to happen, she gave him such a cuff that he tumbled headlong into a corner, where he fell ingloriously into a confused huddle of pots and pans.

“Come, now! I say, Nance, jest you strike a feller of your size, can’t you?”

And, red with anger, Tom scrambled out of the way and regarded Nance with some defiance as well as mortification.

The boys laughed at Tom’s discomfiture, but Nance, with some mortification in her turn, said:

“I beg pardon, Tom; I did n’t mean to cuff you. But if you give me any of your chin—I mean if you sass me that way—well, no matter what I mean.” And she walked off without another word.

“There, now!” said Hi, angrily; “you’ve been and vexed the best gal in Hoosiertown, and it’ll

serve you right if she don't come into this shebang ag'in for a week."

"Say the only gal in Hoosiertown and you 'll hit it," replied Tom, surlily. "'Cause you're sweet on Nance, must she give me a whack on the side of the cabesa like that? Whew! but she's got a heavy hand, though!"—and Tom rubbed his head, with a comical air of misery.

"If you did n't know I was weakly," said his brother, with a very red face, "you would n't dare to sass me like that. Take that, impudence!" and here Hi's tin cup flew over Tom's head, that young gentleman having dodged just in time.

But, though Hiram was yet "weakly," he was now able to work quite regularly in his claim. He had insisted on timbering the rude tunnel; he had a dread of its caving in upon him "again," as he expressed it—for Hi had never been able to get rid of the idea that he had been injured by the falling of the roof of his tunnel. As a matter of opinion, he "allowed" that Dr. Carson was right; but he spoke of his wounds as the result of "that cave." He was afraid the roof would "drop again."

"But the roof *did not* drop, Hiram," said the doctor one day when Hiram was discussing the prospects of his claim.

"How did my head get hit, then?" petulantly demanded Hi. "That's what I want to know."

"And that's what I want to know," replied the doctor, fixing his keen eyes on Hi's face. "You are found wounded and bleeding in the road, a quarter of a mile from the claim. You say you have been caved in upon by the tunnel. But the tunnel is not disturbed in the least. To this day it is all sound overhead. Nobody supposes you would tell a wrong story about your misadventure, Hiram. But how were you injured? That's the question."

Hi had only one story to tell. And if Dr. Carson had any theory of his own (and very likely he had), he gave no hint of what it was. In his occasional "spells," as Tom impatiently called them, Hi mandered on about his jacket being heavy and the day warm; and he almost always pleaded with some imaginary comrade that "it" was "in the other pocket."

Mont tried at such times to get Hi to explain. "What is in the other pocket, old fellow? Where is your pocket?" But Hi only struggled painfully, and begged, "Don't hit me ag'in! Oh, don't!" It was pitiful. "I give it up," said Mont. It was no use trying to draw the secret from him.

Hi murmured and grumbled a great deal about his lost bag of dust. Nevertheless, he was now meeting with good fortune in his claim. He worked at a great disadvantage. Tom was not a valuable assistant, and Hi's health was very feeble indeed. He seemed to have lost much of his old ambition,

though he grew covetous and avaricious. Sometimes, he was obliged to leave off work for several days at a time. When he went back to his claim, he felt more like sitting down in the mouth of the tunnel and musing—while Tom went gunning for gophers—than striking with pick or shovel.

"Just my ornery luck," he said, discontentedly, one day, as he sat complaining to himself by a heap of dirt thrown out from the tunnel. He aimlessly threw the lumps of sand and dried earth at a stake which marked a miner's "corner" near by. And as he sat tossing the dirt, his thoughts were not in the diggings. He was thinking of Nance.

"Powerful nice gal!" muttered Hi to himself. "Chirky and peart, but drefle sassy. My gosh, what a tongue!"—and Hi threw another lump at Gubbins's corner stake. "Just my ornery luck!"

Then he got half-way up, and trembling with excitement, crawled on his hands and knees to the little heap of earth, fallen apart where it struck the stake. He snatched the crumbly mass in his hands. It was whitish-yellow, sprinkled with small angular bits of pure white stone; but all through it were lumps, streaks, and jagged wires of gold.

"Gosh all Friday! I've struck a quartz lead! I've struck it! I've struck it!" And Hi, in a delirium of joy, pressed the precious handful to his lips, as if to devour it.

Tom, who was patiently waiting by the side of a gopher-hole on the hill-side above, his pistol ready for the appearance of its persecuted tenant, looked down and saw his brother's extraordinary actions.

"Another spell onto him, I s'pose," complained Tom, and he sauntered down to Hi's relief.

Poor Hiram looked vacantly at his brother when he came down, brushed the glittering dust off his face with a great effort, and said: "Don't hit me ag'in! It's in the other pocket!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEVELOPMENTS.

THE news that a rich quartz lead had been discovered on Brush Hill created a tremendous excitement in Hoosiertown. Only a few claims had been located in that region, and those that were worked were considered as paying only fairly. Before night every foot of ground along the hill was taken up. Very little was then known about quartz-mining. Here and there, deposits of decayed yellowish quartz rock, richly speckled with gold, had been found. These had usually been dug out speedily with pick and shovel. The rock was easily pulverized, and, being pounded in an iron mortar, or even between two smooth stones, the golden grains in it were thus loosened and secured. But much of this flint-like quartz was pure white

and as hard as adamant. The miners looked at it covetously and passed on to find gold in a more accessible condition.

Lately, however, there had been some experiments at quartz mining with machinery in the southern mines. There ran a rumor that fabulous sums had been made by pounding up the gold-bearing quartz in the Mariposa country, where some new kind of machinery had been put up for that purpose. Then, too, there came inflaming reports of rich quartz mines being found and worked in Tuolumne. The rock was crushed by "arastras," as the Mexicans called them, a simple invention of old times. The arastra was something like a huge grindstone, revolving on an axis, one end of which was made fast to an upright, but turning, post in the center of a circle; the other end was moved around by mules or cattle. The great stone, revolving over the broken quartz which was laid in a large circular trough, crushed all before it. Powdered quartz and free gold were gathered up in a wet paste, and the precious stuff was then separated from the refuse.

Very soon, quartz mining became "all the rage," and everybody wanted to try it. The rude mortar and arastra served to extract only the larger particles of gold; probably, more was wasted than was saved. The miners, in their eagerness to crack open the rocky ledges, snatch the large pieces of gold and go away, threw aside everything that did not promise them an immediate return.

The fame of the Mariposa and Tuolumne quartz ledges had reached Hoosiertown and Brush Hill diggings. Some restless prospectors had dug down below the surface wherever they had found lumps of white rock sticking up through the soil, like a coat-sleeve out at the elbow. But nobody had found gold-bearing quartz; it was thought an unlikely thing that it should exist here. And when Hi's discovery was announced, everybody said at once that they "always knew there was quartz in that hill." In Hi's little tunnel, now famous, he found a thin vein of rock just cropping above the irregular floor of the chamber. It was a loose, friable sort of rock, full of cracks and holes, easily scraped off with a strong shovel, yellowish-white and gray in color, and mottled with gold. Hi had previously shoveled up some of this loose stuff, which soon became covered with dirt, and was dumped out with what was thought to be worthless stuff. When Hi accidentally cracked open one of these rich lumps of golden rock, it flashed on him that he had at last found what the whole country was looking for—a quartz lead.

"A fool for luck," said some of the Hoosiertown miners when they found that Hi had blundered on a mine of gold. Then they rushed out to Brush

Hill and covered it over with stakes and notices of claims. Men who were making fortunes in the river diggings, or in the ravine claims, dropped everything else and seized upon quartz mining as affording the very shortest road to riches. It was early in the forenoon when Hi, weak and overcome by his sudden discovery, had fallen in a fit. Tom, with great amazement, had wiped the golden dust and dirt from his brother's face, and had dragged him into the cool shadow of the tunnel, where he gradually recovered. It was noon when Hiram, feverish and trembling, was able to examine his



"HI PRESSED THE PRECIOUS HANDFUL TO HIS LIPS."

vein of quartz and gold, and tell his nearest neighbors of his luck. Before the sun went down that night, Brush Hill was looked upon as a bank on which hundreds of men were to present checks in the shape of picks and shovels, and draw gold in any quantity.

Hiram was the hero of the hour. He bore his fame with indifference, and announced his readiness to sell out and go back to the States. Everybody wanted to buy. Nobody was willing to say what the claim was worth. Some men thought it ought to bring one hundred thousand dollars. There were those who said that capitalists at the

Bay, as San Francisco was called, would jump at a chance to give two millions for it.

"Two millions!" whispered Hi to himself. "What a heap of money! Is there so much in this yere world?"

However, nobody offered to buy the mine at any price, and Hi and Tom went on slowly digging in it.

One Sunday morning, when Hoosiertown was given up to the cleaning, cooking, mending, and letter-writing, with which that day was always occupied in the mines, a rough-bearded, red-shirted, booted miner rode down the divide just south of Table Mountain, and made his way into Hoosiertown. Stopping at the express-office, a log hut of noble dimensions, he inquired for "the boys from Crowbait, whosumever they might be."

He was directed to the cabin where Mont, Barnard, Hi, and the three boys were gathered about the door. Without wasting words on the loungers at the express-office, he cantered across the branch, dismounted, and saluted the party with, "Howdy? Nice day."

Seating himself on Arty's chopping-block, he opened his errand.

"Which of you fellers is Hi Fender?"

"That's my name," answered Hi.

"How's yer head?" he asked, with a curious grin. "I'm from Cherokee Flat, t'other side of the divide."

"All right," said Hi. "Glad to see ye. My head's improvin', thank ye. How's yerself?"

"It's just like this," said the stranger, in a queer and inconsequent way. "We caught a feller a-robbin' Kentucky Bob's sluice, over to Cherokee, last night. Bob let drive at him and shot him in the leg—winged him, so to speak. Dark night, yer see, or Bob'd done better. Anyhow, the thief could n't get away, and we boys turned out and tied him up for the night. This mornin' he war tried. Do yer foller me?"

His listeners assured him that they understood him, and he went on.

"When he was gone through with, we lighted on a bag of dust stowed away in his traps. Look yar," and the man opened a buck-skin bag and poured into the crown of his hat a handful of coarse gold. "This yar," he said, parting some grains of light-colored yellow metal from the other, "is Cherokee gold. All on our side of the divide, leastways as fur as we've prospected, is like that thar. This yar,"—and here his stumpy finger poked out some coarser bits of dark reddish gold,—"this yar came from your side of Table Mountain. Brush Hill gold, bein' a gold-sharp, I mought say."

Nobody spoke.

"Now yer see that when we went through this yar galoot, we found his buck-skin full of all sorts

and kinds. Sure as shootin', he had bin playin' it low down on any number of honest miners. Not bein' an honest miner himself, he had bin goin' for everything in sight on both sides of Table Mount'in. D'yer foller my meanin'?"

Mont, rather impatiently, said that they did, and would like the rest of his story.

"*Pre*-cisely," said the man, "and jest what I was comin' to when you interrupted me. Seein' as how this chap did n't hev long to live, we gave him warnin' to make a clean breast of it, which he did. He had n't sold no dust, but had packed it away in holes and crevices, wherè we found most of it. This yar dark gold, from the south of the divide, he allowed was some out of a lot that he got away with belongin' to a chap named Fender. Yar it is writ out, yer see, by the clerk of the meetin'. 'Hiram Fender,' which is you, accordin' to 'pearances'"—and the man saluted Hi, with gravity.

Hiram looked at him painfully and with a troubled expression, and said:

"I allow he must have found my bag when I dropped, the day I was caved in on."

"Nary time, strannger. He confessed that he laid for you better 'n four days, a-waitin' fur you to get where he could knock you over and go fur yer buck-skin. One day, he war on the nigh side of Table Mount'in as yer went down the trail from yer claim. Yer slouched along right under whar he war, leastways so he allowed to us. Then he rocked yer. The first dornick took yer plum' on the cabesa, and yer dropped in yer tracks. He let fly another at yer, climbed down the bluff, went through yer clothes, nipped yer buck-skin, and lit out. Leastways, so he let on to us at the meetin'."

"Good heavens!" said Mont, "this is an amazing story!"

Arthur, whose eyes had opened wider and wider while the story was being told, exclaimed:

"Do you know this man's name?"

"Well, I disremember; usual he war called Lame Bill, but I allow it war some such name as Bunch."

"Bunce!" cried the boys.

"You've hit it. Bunce war his name."

"Was his name?" said Barnard. "You don't mean —"

"*Pre*-cisely. What little he had to say, he said a-standin' on a wagon-box, with rope around his neck, and it over a convenient sycamore handy by. The boys war buryin' of him when I left."

"Lynched?" said the boys, with horror.

"Lynched it war. But everything reg'lar. He could n't hev asked for no squarer game. Chair-man, clerk, rope committee, and everything accordin' to rule. Oh, we're a law-abidin' lot on *our* side of the divide."

This was slightly sarcastic, for there had been

some scandalous irregularities reported of the Hoosiertown people.

"Law-abidin' people and travel on the squar'. Your friend Bunch went off like a lamb."

"Did he really say that he dropped rocks on my head?" asked Hi, who could not believe this story.

"Sartin, sartin. Did n't yer feel 'em?"

"No," said Mont. "Hi has never had a clear idea of what happened. The first blow made him insensible, probably, and his brain was so affected by the hurt that he had a notion that he had been caved in on while in the tunnel. He never knew what hurt him."

"Sho, now!"

"It's a strange case. Did Bunce say how Hi behaved when he was robbed of his bag of dust?"

"I disremember pertickeler. But he did say that while he war a-goin' through yer pardner thar, that he sorter freshened up a bit and sung out to Bunch, so he did, and says, 'Don't hit me ag'in; it's in the other pocket'—meanin' the dust, yer see. With that, Bunch he clips him another, which finishes him, he allowed. Then he grabs the buck-skin, does Bunch, and breaks for tall timber."

"The story is complete, Hi, my boy," added Barney. "I guess Dr. Carson had it all figured out except as to the robber. You know Arty saw Bunce from the hill."

"I'm clean beat, and don't know anything about it," said Hiram, discontentedly. And he sat back from the group with the air of one who has no further interest in a discussion.

"And yar," said the stranger, producing an empty buck-skin bag, "yar is a bag that we allowed belonged over yar. Hit's got 'Boston' onto it, and you chaps hail from thereaway, they say."

"My bag!" exclaimed Arty. "I marked that on there and gave the bag to Hi. Was there anything in it?"

"No," said the man. "Hit war stowed inside of another buck-skin. Both on 'em war buried near a lone pine, where we found 'em 'cordin' to directions."

It was then explained that the "meetin'" at Cherokee had directed this envoy to leave with Hiram Fender the gold which had been sent over. It belonged to nobody at Cherokee. It was about equal in weight to the darker gold found among Bunce's deposits. The rest had been confiscated, by popular vote, for the relief of a distressed miner who was laid up with the rheumatism.

"One more question before you go," said Mont. "Did Bunce confess any other crimes before he was—hanged?"

"Heaps, heaps on 'em," replied the man. "But none that I set much by. Except he denied that he stole Columbus's money at Loup Fork, as one

of our fellers said he did. It war his pardner, Eph Mullet, that did that. Leastways, so Lame Bill allowed. Hit don't matter now, anyhow."

So saying, he swung himself into his saddle, touched his horse's flank, clattered over the branch, down the trail, and disappeared in the thickets which covered the divide.

The boys looked at each other with a feeling of awe. Bill Bunce had at last met with his fate. He would lie and steal no more. With his awful taking-off had come the explanation of Hi's mysterious disaster. Here was conclusive proof that Hi had been living under a strange delusion. Indeed, he was still deluded. His comrades were satisfied that he had been waylaid, cruelly wounded, and robbed by Bunce. Arty and Johnny had seen the crime from the hill, though they had not seen Hiram in the road below. Arty went over the whole story again, point by point.

Hi only said: "Boys, it gets me. I give it up. I s'pose you're right. But I allow I shall never know how it happened."

CHAPTER XXIX.

RECKONING UP THE GAINS.

Hi's "luck" did not seem to desert him, although nobody made a distinct offer to buy his quartz lead. There was much talk about capitalists coming up from the Bay in search of just such investments as this. Somehow, they never came, and Hi went on with his work, his comrades occasionally giving him a helping hand. A week had passed since his great discovery, and the people who had taken up claims on Brush Hill were becoming discontented with their failure to "strike it rich." Hi steadily took out gold-bearing quartz in paying quantities; the gold was pounded out in a big iron mortar, brought at great expense from San Francisco.

One day, Tom was industriously picking away at the loose vein of rock inside the tunnel, when he uttered a wild shriek, which made Hi drop his basket and hurry to the spot. Tom had cleft off a thin layer of rock which had slanted downward beneath the surface. About six inches below this was another similar layer, and between these two, as far as uncovered, was a reddish-gray deposit of rotten rock veined and mottled through and through with virgin gold. It was nearly one-half gold, glittering, sparkling, and in all sorts of shapes. Some of it was like ferns, in long and leafy sprays; some was like sheets of foil crumpled by pressure; and some was in thick splinters, as if it had been hammered into the crevices of the rock, ages ago, before these quartz crystals had begun to decay.

Hi uttered a howl of delight, and seized the pick from Tom's unwilling hand. In a moment, he

had laid bare the vein, which did not extend quite across the tunnel, and was of unknown depth. Trembling with eagerness, he held the candle down to the shining mass, and said: "Millions! millions! millions!"

"And I struck it," added Tom, proudly.

"So you did, Tommy, my boy," said Hi, fondly. "So you did, and a right peart striker you are. You shall have a specimen out of this for a buzzum-pin, so you shall; and we'll go back to Sugar Grove and hold up our heads with them proud Gashwilers and Perkinses and all the rest."

And Hi lovingly laid a golden leaf in his hands and doubled it up, as if in mere wantonness of wealth. It was a wonderful thing to be able to handle one's own gold like that—just as if it were sheets of common tin.

"Now, you Tom, just keep your mouth shut about this. Don't let it get around. We'll have the whole camp down on us if ye do."

"What!" cried Tom, opening his eyes very wide. "Not tell Mont and the boys?"

"Sartinly not! sartinly not!" replied his brother, and his face grew haggard and anxious as he regarded the glittering vein. "Nothin' to nobody. D'ye hear that?"

"Yes, I hear," said Tom, who was bursting to rush out and tell the news.

That night, Hi went staggering home with the proceeds of his day's work, mingled with bits of broken quartz with gold sticking to them.

"What luck to-day?" asked Dr. Carson, checking his horse as he rode past the two brothers.

"Oh, just ornery, just ornery, Doctor. Times is drefle mixed up here," answered Hi, with something like a whine.

"Golly! what a whopper!" cried Tom, as the doctor rode off with a pleasant word for the boys.

"Keep yer head shet, will ye, young onc. You are the talkinest creetur I ever came acrost. Did n't I say that things was mixed? Aint that gettin' around the truth without strainin' it?"

But Hi felt guilty; and when he remembered how Dr. Carson had guessed out the truth about the affair of Bunce, he was afraid that he might somehow divine the golden secret of the mine.

When Hi and Tom reached the cabin, they found the rest of the party in great excitement. Arty had that day found in the claim two nuggets, or chispas, worth at least five hundred dollars each.

"Are n't they beauties, Hi?" asked Johnny; and he rolled the potato-shaped lumps over and over on the supper-table.

"Hang it all, boys," said Hi, with a sudden burst of candor. "I did n't mean to tell. But just look at this yere." And he poured out the glittering contents of his sack.

"There now!" exclaimed Tom. "You've been and gone and told, and I kept shut about it!"

"Did n't mean to tell?" said Mont, with a look of surprise. "You don't mean to say that you would keep the good news from us, Hi?"

Hi blushed and explained that he wanted to keep the news from the rest of the camp. He could not keep it from the boys when he saw how frank they were. But it was all out now. Would the boys say nothing about it for the present?

There was no need. The very next day, Hi, scooping out the contents of the rift of rock in which his treasure lay, suddenly struck his pick against a hard wall. It was the virgin quartz—pure, white, adamantine, and without a flaw or seam. In this shallow fissure the decayed gold-bearing quartz had been shut up for ages. A day's work had been sufficient to scrape it all out; and the pocket was empty.

Hi nervously plied his pick and shovel in all directions. For hours he dug and scratched at the rock, above, below, to the left and to the right. In vain; only barren quartz met him on all sides. Hi wiped his heated head and shoulders and sat down to rest, saying: "There's no use talkin', Tom. This yere claim's played out. I'm goin' home."

And, in spite of Tom's remonstrances, Hiram deliberately shouldered his bag of ore and mining-tools, and set his face toward the tunnel's mouth. Reaching the open air, he blew out his candle, laid it carefully away in a crevice of rock, as if he was going away for the night. But, turning about, he said: "Good-bye, old tunnel. You've given me sorrer, and you've given me gold. We part friends. I'm bound for the States!"

"To the States!" re-echoed the boys in grand chorus, when Hiram, that night, announced his sudden determination.

"Yes. I've made my pile, you see. Not millions, nor even hundred thousands, but more'n I ever thought for when I started. It don't pay, this livin' in a hole in the ground."

"Well, I must say," said Barney, with deliberation, "this is a new freak for you. What has happened to change your mind about making that million that you thought you had struck?"

"Oh, I say, I wonder if it is n't because Nance and her folks are going home?" broke in little Johnny, with great simplicity.

"Yer know too much, youngster," interrupted Hi, wrathfully; but he blushed red, nevertheless.

"We may as well all go together," said Arty. "We've sent home five thousand dollars, all told. Have n't we got as much more, share and share alike, Barney Crogan?"

They took account of stock, went over all their gains, and found that they would have, after selling

their claim, forty thousand dollars. This was a fortune to the boys. Divided, it gave Barney and Arthur twenty thousand dollars between them, and the same to Mont and his little partner.

Hi and his brother, notwithstanding their occasional "spurts of luck," had not accumulated quite so much. Hi's sickness had disabled him, various expenses had eaten into the profits, and the gold never turned out to be so much in value as it looked.

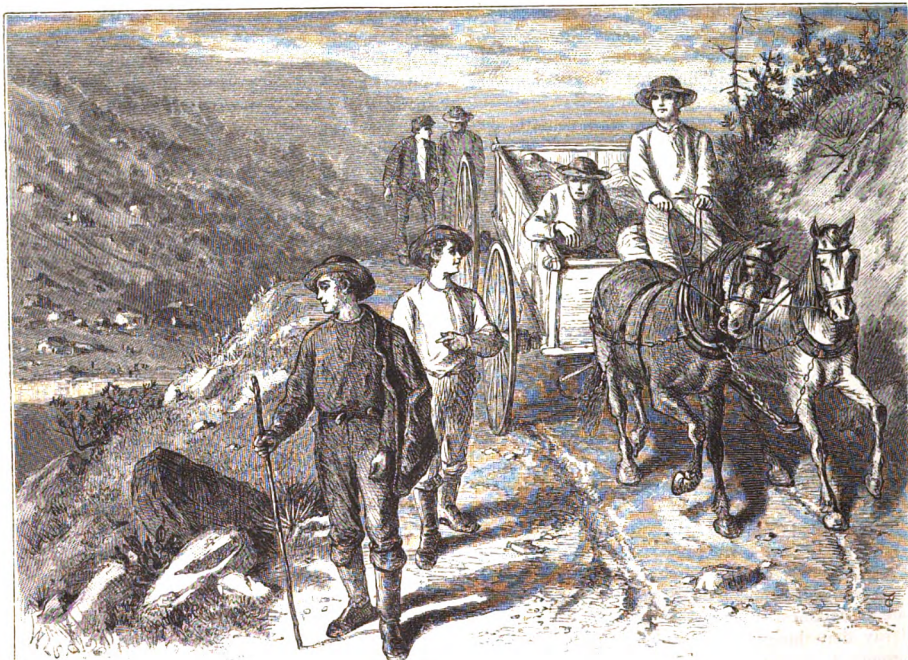
The boys decided to go home.

players within: "Can any of this gay and garrulous crowd tell a passing stranger where to find the Boston Boys?"

"Reckon you'll find 'em down about the Bay somewhar, strannger. It's your deal, Kaintuck," and the man went on with his play.

"Sho! you don't tell me so! Gone to the Bay! Made their pile?"

"They've made right smart, I hear," explained one of the lounging group. "Yer see Nance, she went with the old man Dobbs. Then the feller



STARTING HOMEWARD.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

PEOPLE moved suddenly in those days. A miner would go to his cabin at night, grimy with a day's work, and leaving his pick and shovel in his claim. Next day, clad in a "biled" (or white) shirt, and uncomfortable in "store clothes," he would wave a farewell from the top of the stage, or from the back of his mule, as he took his way to Sacramento, San Francisco, and the States.

Late in September, Jehiel Bush, seedy but cheery, dropped his mining kit in front of the Hoosiertown express-office, and said to a noisy party of card-

that struck it up on Brush Hill, he went. Then that smart Boston chap, he went, and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em went."

"To the States?" said Bush, aghast.

"That's the size of it, strannger."

Bush looked down dejectedly, and murmured:

"And I'm clean busted! Oh, it gets 'em! it gets 'em! One gal like that can clear out a hull camp."

So saying, he shouldered his pack and moved on.

In those days there were steamers plying between San Francisco and Panama, laden with homeward-bound gold-hunters. Now and then, there was a fearful disaster, and hundreds of men, with

their faces turned toward home, sunk in the waters. In a little space, a ship-load of hopefulness, life, manhood, and treasure was swallowed in the sea. But, safely creeping down the coast, across the hot and gorgeous isthmus of Panama, and up the boisterous Atlantic, went our young adventurers.

It was a happy day when the boys, so lately from the rough wilds of California, found themselves in the glitter and excitement of New York. The streets seemed foreign to them, and the great stores were almost awful in their magnificence. But their thoughts ran out to the West, where father, mother, brothers and sisters waited for them day by day. It was hard parting with Mont; but he manfully insisted that it was only for a time. They should meet again, and soon. He had lost his taste for city-life; he would go out West and settle down in Lee County, by and by. So he sped home to his mother.

In the houses of Stevens and Fender, at Sugar Grove, there was great rejoicing when the fortunate young gold-seekers, like seamen from the waters, came home in triumph. Farmer Stevens and Oliver had gone into town with their new farm-wagon, and, meeting the wanderers at the stage, had brought them out, bag and baggage, and with great acclaim, Arty standing up with a flag handkerchief on a ramrod, as the party drove up the farm-road. It was like the last act in a play, when all is happiness, reunion and congratulation. The boys who had gone out with slender equipment, followed by hopes and fears, prayers and forebodings, had come again, rejoicing and bringing their golden sheaves with them.

"And this is little Johnny?" said the good mother, when Barney and Arty had been welcomed again and again.

"Yes, mother," broke in Arthur. "And he shall never go away, shall he? Say that's so, quick, because you know," and the lad dropped his voice, "he's got no home unless it is with us."

"Johnny shall stay with my boys ever and always, if he likes," said the mother.

Barnard, with a little air of authority, added: "I'm Johnny's guardian, and he shall stay with me."

"My son!" said the home-mother, her kindly arm about the orphan's shoulder. The lad's blue eyes were moist as he kissed his new mother. He was at home at last.

How Johnny came into his own again, and how he sent back to Mont all that was left of his own share of the gold, when he was once more settled—these and other things can be left to the imagination of the dear young folks who have followed the varying fortunes of the Boy Emigrants.

Prosperity has come back to the Grove from the Golden Land. Barney, Arty, and Johnny tell their adventures over and over again in the comfortable home of the Stevens family, and to willing ears.

Old man Fender thought that Hi had "missed it" by leaving his mining partners and striking out for himself. If Hi had not been ignorant, he said, he would have been more patient and more successful. So, as he leans over his fence-rail, smoking his pipe at eventide, he looks at the thrifty Stevens' farm, and mutters:

"Tell yer what—eddicacion's a great thing!"

THE END.

IN THE CLOSET.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THEY 'VE taken away the ball,

Oh dear!

And I'll never get it back,

I fear.

And now they've gone away,

And left me here to stay

All alone the livelong day,

In here.

It was *my* ball, anyway,—

Not his;

For he never had a ball

Like this.

Such a coward you'll not see,

E'en if you should live to be

Old as Deuteronomy,

As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm—

None at all!

I just held out my hand

For the ball,

And somehow it hit his head;
Then his nose it went and bled;
And as if I'd killed him dead,
He did bawl.

Nurse said I was a horrid
Little wretch,
And Aunt Jane said the police
She would fetch;
And cook, who's always glad
Of a chance to make me mad,
Said, "Indeed, she niver *had*
Seen setch!"

No, I never, never *will*
Be good!
I'll go and be a babe
In the wood!
I'll run away to sea,
And a pirate I will be!
Then they'll never call me
Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting,—
Let me see!

I wonder what they're going to have
For tea!
Of course there will be jam,
And that lovely potted ham.
How unfortunate I am!
Dear me!

Oh! it's growing very dark
In here,
And the shadow in that corner
Looks so queer!
Wont they bring me any light?
Must I stay in here all night?
I shall surely die of fright,
Oh dear!

Mother, darling! will you never
Come back?
I am sorry that I hit him
Such a crack.
Hark! Yes, 'tis her voice I hear!
Now good-bye to every fear,
For she's calling me her dear
Little Jack.

SEA-JELLIES.

BY J. RICHARDSON.

THEY are commonly called jelly-fish; but, strictly speaking, they are no more fish than toad-stools are trees. They live and move in water, but there their likeness to true fish is at an end.

They are sometimes called sea-nettles, because they sting, at least some of them do, and woe to the swimmer, whether man or fish, that runs against one of these; their touch is like a stroke from an electric cat-o'-nine-tails—thousand-and-nine-tails rather, for each of the innumerable whip-like tentacles burns like a fine streak of lightning.

They are of all sizes, from microscopic specks, too small to be seen with the naked eye, to huge monsters many feet across, with streaming tentacles fifty or a hundred feet long. Off the Massachusetts coast, Mrs. Agassiz saw one having a body eight or ten feet across, and tentacles some scores of feet in length trailing behind. But that was a trifle to those which travelers tell of seeing in tropical seas. A trustworthy writer describes one which was cast upon the Bombay shore by a storm—an enormous mass of jelly weighing many tons. It was nine months before it entirely melted away and dis-

appeared; and while it was decaying travelers had to avoid the spot, changing the road that ran by it nearly a quarter of a mile to escape the sickening stench that came from the putrid mass.

Voyagers tell of sailing through shoals of them, covering the sea for miles and miles, so close together that they impede the progress of a vessel, as the weeds of Saragossa Sea did the ships of Columbus. And a beautiful sight it is at night when a ship encounters them, for they are often phosphorescent, and at such times the vessel turns a luminous furrow and leaves a trail of brightness in its wake.

In arctic seas microscopic sea-jellies are inconceivably abundant, swarming in such countless myriads that the water is thick with them. Sometimes, for hundreds of square miles, the sea is deeply colored with them—a sort of animated jelly-soup, on which the giant whale lives and fattens, straining out his microscopic, yet most abundant food, by means of the enormous whalebone sieve which he carries in the roof of his great mouth.

In the picture herewith is shown a school of



MEDUSÆ, OR SEA-JELLIES.

moderate-sized sea-jellies, the two nearest swimming, one toward the left, the other directly downward. They swim with a pulsating motion, which may be compared with the opening and shutting of a parasol, usually with lazy gracefulness, but when disturbed they dive to deep water with surprising quickness. In most of them the mouth is placed in the center, on the under side, like the hole in the frame-work of a parasol through which the stick passes. They have no hard parts, jaws or teeth, yet they are able to devour small fish, worms, minute crustacea, even each other, making themselves all mouth, if necessary, to swallow their captives.

They have another name, *medusæ*, suggested by their long tentacular appendages, which are sometimes coiled close to the body, sometimes thrown out to a great distance, sometimes but half un-

folded, writhing and twisting like the snaky locks of the fabled Medusa. Yet there is no snaky repulsiveness about *medusæ*. On the contrary, they rank among the most beautiful of living creatures.

"When floating in the ocean," says an eloquent writer, "most of them appear like crystal bowls of purest transparency, veined and patterned with the most brilliant colors, their rims ornamented with fringes, furbelows, and arbuscles of such delicacy and intricacy of workmanship, that even the most experienced in nature's works marvel how it is that such textures, too frail to bear the slightest handling, are kept entire amid the restless element of their nativity."

And a poet says :

"There's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moonlight brighter where they flow."

HOW GENERAL WASHINGTON GOT HIS CLOTHES.

BY N. PERKINS.

DOUBTLESS the young lads who read the ST. NICHOLAS are familiar with the principal events in the life of General Washington. As it is the custom just now to recall pleasing events of the past century, I propose, in this little sketch, to give a pen-picture of sunny days at Mount Vernon before the Revolutionary war.

At the time of which I write, George Washington was thirty-one years of age. He was a tall, well-proportioned young man, of fine appearance, great physical strength, and fond of athletic exercise. He had everything which money could buy, but, better still, he possessed those qualities which make a true-hearted, noble and loyal man, and which cannot be purchased at any price. Every one on his plantation loved and honored him. His household was a very large one, and comprised among its inmates a chief steward, an overseer, and a great number of colored servants. In addition to these, the number of slaves employed on his plantation, with their families, constituted quite a colony by themselves.

In the year 1759, we find Washington living at his quiet home on the banks of the Potomac, in the house left him by his elder brother Lawrence. He had passed safely through many engagements with the Indians and French settlers, had made his only sea-voyage (to the Barbadoes), and had

so miraculously escaped injury in battle that he was believed to have a charmed life. But though wealthy, Washington was by no means an idle man. He devoted himself to the cultivation of his estates, and especially to the raising of wheat and tobacco. He had a brick-yard on the plantation, and was also interested in certain fisheries which were extensively carried on in the Potomac.

Washington was fond of entertaining his friends, and many were the pleasant re-unions which took place in the old homestead. There were no public means of conveyance in those days, and visitors had necessarily to come in their own private coaches, bringing their servants with them. Every one kept his carriages and horses as a necessary part of the household. The coaches were large enough for a small family to ride in, and to hold their baggage too. Such a coach, with its brightly painted body and gay hammer-cloths, with colored coachman and footman, was kept for Mrs. Washington to ride about in with her friends. Many and many a Sunday has that old coach driven up to the little weather-beaten Episcopal church, which still stands in Alexandria, and Mrs. Washington, with her visitors, attended there the service of the Church of England. Honored indeed were those friends who were recipients of hospitality at Mount Vernon. Even now the tale is told of

merry feasts in the large dining-room, of drives through the Virginia woods, and sailing parties on the Potomac, which were the sources of enjoyment a hundred years ago.

If Washington was a kind and hospitable entertainer, he was also a just and upright master. He never failed to keep a strict watch over his place and servants. There was no eye-service among his slaves. He was untiring in his labors, and displayed on his plantation, and in his home, the same activity, method and scrupulous neatness that characterized his life in the field. He was not too proud to mingle with his people, and frequently would engage with them in the work-shops, making a plow at the forge with his own hands, or shaping some garden-tool in the carpenter's shop. In this way he knew his people well, and gained from them confidence and respect.

At this time the rebellion of the Colonies had not taken place. The inhabitants of the different settlements were loyal adherents of King George III. The mother country supplied the American colonists with all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life. In return, the colonists sent back, in the British ships, the products of their soil—tobacco and grain. Cotton at that time had not been cultivated, and the first export of that article to Great Britain did not occur until the year 1770. There were no means of weaving cloth in the Colonies, save as it could be done by small hand-looms. Everything of that nature came from London. Twice a month, vessels would arrive from England with such supplies. The dresses of the ladies, and the clothes of the men, had to be ordered from shops three thousand miles away, and be subjected to the risk and delay of transportation by sailing-vessels. In one of Washington's letters to his London agents, he complains that if goods ordered are not sent by vessels coming to the Potomac, they sometimes remain in other ports three months before he can get them. Think of that, you boys, who can so easily step into a tailor's shop and be measured for a suit, expecting to see the finished garments in three or four days, "without fail!" How much the young ladies of those days valued a new dress, although when it arrived it might be six months behind the London fashions!

The London merchants found Washington a good customer, and no doubt did their best to supply all his wants. If he was particular in ordering his supplies, he was equally particular to ship the best productions of his plantation to foreign ports. So favorably was the Mount Vernon flour known, that whenever a cargo of that brand arrived in foreign ports, it was passed without inspection—a

high compliment to the integrity of Washington. Twice a year Washington sent his orders for clothing, and other necessary articles for his family, to his agents in London, Messrs. Robert Cary & Co. To show how very particular he was in all his dealings, it is an historical fact that he required his agents to forward the bills specifying each article purchased of different tradesmen on his account, and these he carefully copied into a book, and also transcribed *verbatim* the receipts in full of every person to whom his money was paid.

The following letter is still preserved by a gentleman in London. It was written in 1763, from Mount Vernon, and enclosed were strips of brown paper fastened together, and marked with letters and figures in Washington's own handwriting :

Virginia, 26th of April, 1763.

MR. LAWRENCE: Be pleased to send me a genteel sute of cloaths, made of superfine broadcloth, handsomely chosen. I should have enclosed you my measure, but in a general way they are so badly taken here that I am convinced it would be of very little service. I would, therefore, have you take measure of a gentleman who wears well-made cloaths of the following size, to wit: Six feet high and proportionably made, if anything rather slender than thick for a person of that height, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last; and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make by you, and if any alteration is required in my next, it shall be pointed out. Mr. Cary will pay your bill, and

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

Note.—For your further government and knowledge of my size, I have sent the enclosed; and you must observe y^l from y^l coat end No. 1 and No. 3 is y^e size over y^e breast and hips; No. 2, over y^e belly; No. 4, round y^e arms; and from y^e breeches end to No. 4 is for waistband; b, thick of y^e thigh; c, upper button-hole; d, knee-band; e, for length of breeches. Therefore if you take measure of a person of about six feet high, of this bigness, I think you can't go amiss. You must take notice that enclosed is y^e exact size, without any allowance for seams, &c.

GO. WASHINGTON.

Doubtless if we could find Washington's household accounts for the year 1763, we should see recorded therein the receipt of this "sute of cloaths," with full description of them, and the price paid therefor. Possibly they may be the very ones spoken of in Irving's History of Washington, where is recorded, among the orders sent his London agent: "A riding-frock of handsome drab-colored broadcloth, with plain double-gilt buttons, a riding-waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth, with gold lace, with buttons like those of the coat, and a blue surtout coat."

Whether we can "put this and that together," and believe them to be the same, is of little consequence. We know that Washington was always scrupulously well attired, and that all his "superfine" clothes came from England, and therefore we conclude that Mr. Lawrence was able to find a man "six feet high, of correct bigness," and one "who wore well-made cloaths."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

VACATION is over, and school is in. Good. My chicks are rested now, and ready to enjoy themselves in new study. But there's plenty of play-time, I am thankful to say, during school-terms; the green fields don't turn white the moment the teacher's bell rings. Now, I'll tell you about

OBJECT CARDS.

OBJECT-CARDS are quite the fashion this season among the children of the red school-house. Do you know what they are, my chicks? Not being able to hear your answer distinctly at this distance, I must take the safe course and tell you. You simply fasten any interesting natural object on a card, and write under it, as well as you can, just what the object is. Sometimes you'll have to hunt up the name in a book, sometimes you'll get it from father, mother or friend, and oftener you'll know it yourself; for it is quite likely to be some object that you have been in the habit of seeing nearly every day of your life. One of the little girls sewed a spray of rye on one card, oats on another, wheat on another, barley on another, buckwheat on another, all picked and labeled by herself at various times, and you've no idea what a sensation they made. Little friends and big were glad enough to take up these cards and study out the exact differences between them. Many said they then noted the distinctive features of the various grains for the first time. A little boy who went to the sea-side brought home cards with many pretty shells gummed upon them, one or two shells to a card. He had to look in a work on conchology before he could name his specimens. His sister made a fine set of pressed-leaf cards—maple, oak, cherry, apple, sycamore, elm, beech, and so on, till she had over a hundred, representing as many

different kinds of tree. One boy had a set of butterfly-cards, another of beetles; but I did not quite approve of them. One girl had sets of bark-cards, showing over thirty varieties of bark (she and the tree-leaf girl should go into partnership), and another had a set of pine-cone cards—bristling things that had to be kept in a roomy box. The cones were neatly sliced in half, lengthwise, and the flat side was glued to the card.

I cannot begin to tell you half of the styles of object-cards that the children of the red school-house have made, and still are making. The Little Schoolma'am read in the newspaper about a sort of progressive object-card that is used in some of the Belgian and Swedish schools. On one card is seen the flax-seed, the flax-blossom, the thread made of flax, and the woven linen. Others show the ore of a metal placed beside some finished article manufactured from the same. In fact, many branches of natural history and manufactures, as you see, can well be studied by making sets of object-cards. There is no danger either of making them too simple. The moment any natural object, however common, is looked at inquiringly, it becomes interesting.

Now, my chicks, take a hint from this. Enter our open-air school and begin to make object-cards. Report to your Jack whenever you have anything to tell about.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S PICTURE.

Canaan, August 5th, 1876.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I think I have found the answer to your question on page 671 of the August ST. NICHOLAS. It is Sir Humphrey Davy, an eminent chemist, who was born in England in 1778, and died at Geneva in 1829.

Among the most important results of his observations were the decomposition of the alkalis and earths, and the discovery of an entirely new class of metals. He also rendered a memorable service to chemistry by his papers on "Oxymuriatic Acid."

Hoping that this answer is correct, I remain your friend,
C. A. D.

The Little Schoolma'am thanks C. A. D. and all the other children who have sent answers to her question; but she wishes to call attention to an important omission in C. A. D.'s letter. Who can discover it?

PICKLES.

SHARP things, are n't they?—but children usually like them, I know. Now, how *do* you suppose they got their funny name? It's very queer, but I'll tell you how I found out. A droll-looking old fellow, one of those who are always digging out things,—from books, I mean,—sat down with a young lad in my woods the other day for a good long talk. I tell you, I kept my ears open to catch any scrap of wisdom he might let fall; for, since I've had such a big circle of listeners, I have to be on the watch, and I know those quiet-looking chaps, with rusty coat and spectacles, know a great deal.

Well, I heard him tell the lad that the first man who saked and preserved herrings, so as to keep them nicely, was named Beukelzoon (Dutch, of course, as anybody can see). This name was shortened to Beukel (sensibly, I'm sure). Now, you

ask some Dutchman to pronounce that name, and see how much it sounds like Pickle.

Any way, that's where the word came from,—so the wise man said.

OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE OF WISCONSIN.

WITH Jack's permission, my young friends, I have the pleasure of showing you a beautiful picture of "Old Abe, the War Eagle of Wisconsin." It was taken from life on purpose for ST. NICHOLAS, and I can certify that it is a good likeness of the grand old bird as he sits on his perch at the Centennial Exposition. Every boy and girl who goes to the great show at Philadelphia is anxious to get a sight of this famous bird. During the late war he went for three years with the Eighth Regiment



of Wisconsin Volunteers through the thickest of the fight, sharing in turn their hardships, dangers, and victories.

He belongs to the Wisconsin regiment still, and though they purchased him for only one bushel of corn, no amount of money can buy him now. He is named after Abraham Lincoln; and a Union soldier, who is very proud of his office, has the charge of him at the Exposition, where Northerners and Southerners alike admire his beauty and bravery.

A book which is sold at the Centennial tells his entire history, from the day on which the Indian "Chief Sky" found him, a baby eagle, in his nest,

to the present time, when he stands in martial dignity and fixes his piercing eyes upon the crowds that daily gather to do him honor.

Long live Old Abe, and may his end be peaceful!
SILAS GREEN.

THE TERMITES.

YOUR Jack wishes to thank Mary E. Moore, Charley W., D., Arthur Weston, William G., and others for their letters about the termites, in answer to the question in "Every One to his Taste," in the June ST. NICHOLAS. He would like to show you all of the notes, but these two must suffice:

Montrose, N. J., May 25.

DEAR JACK: The ants you asked about in the June number, in "Every One to his Taste," are termites, or white ants, a genus of insects of the order *neuroptera*, and of the family *termitidae*, or *termitina*. They live in great communities, chiefly in the tropical countries. The termites that make their nests on the ground make them in a conical shape, twelve feet, and even thirty feet high, in groups like a little village. These termites are used for food in Africa, and are said to be very good. The female is supposed to lay thirty-one millions of eggs in a year.—Yours truly,

GEORGE H. DALE.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I write to answer your question about the ants. They belong to the order *neuroptera*, "and are popularly but erroneously known by the name of white ants, because they live in vast colonies, and in many of their habits display a resemblance to the insect from which they take their name." Their proper name is termites. "One good quality is, however, attributable to the termites. The insect is edible, and even by Europeans is pronounced to be peculiarly delicate and well-flavored, something like sweetened cream. The termites are prepared for the table by various methods, some persons pounding them so as to form a sort of soft paste, while others roast them like coffee beans or chestnuts" (Wood's Natural History).

I could tell you a great deal more about them, as, besides the book I have quoted from, we have "Homes without Hands," by the same author; but as you only asked for the name, I fear even this is too much.—Yours,

GEORGE HAYS.

TO BE LEARNED BY HEART.

HERE, my beloved, is something which your Jack sends you, to be learned by heart. It is one of those easy lessons for beginners that become very hard to master as time goes on:

"Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace."

ABOUT THE MUD-FISH.

THIS letter came too late to be shown to you last month, but you shall have it now:

Day's Landing, Cal.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I can tell you something about that strange fish you mentioned in the July ST. NICHOLAS.

It is not exactly a fish, though it has a fish-like form, covered with scales; but it has four little legs (that do not look very much like legs either), and it belongs to a class called *batrachia*, order *lepidota*. There are three species known; they are found in South America as well as in Africa. The South American species is called the mud-fish—*lepidostren paradoxus*; the *lepidostren annectus* is found in the river Gambia.

Hoping that this bit of information will be of some benefit to my ST. NICHOLAS cousins, I sign myself your sincere admirer,
MARTIE S. D.

Ells T. B. and Henry Finn also send descriptions of the mud-fish, and Georgie Hays, of California, sends a long and interesting account, from "Wood's Natural History."

THE LITTLE DOG WITH THE GREEN TAIL.

ONCE upon a time, there came to the town where all the little dogs live, a strange little dog, whose tail was of a most beautiful bright green color—so very bright that it shone like an emerald. Now, when all the other little dogs saw this, they were filled with admiration and envy, and they all ran to the strange little dog and said:

“Oh, little dog! what makes your tail so beautifully green? Pray tell us, that we may make ours green too, for we never saw anything so lovely in all our lives.”

But the strange little dog laughed and said: “There are many things far



THE LITTLE DOGS DIG HOLES AND GET INTO THEM.

greener than my tail. There is the grass down in the meadow; go and ask that what makes it green, and perhaps it will tell you.”

So all the little dogs ran down into the meadow where the grass was growing, and they said: “Oh, grass, grass! what makes you so green? Pray tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog’s.”

But all the little blades of grass shook their heads, and said: “We can tell you nothing about that. All we know is, that we were down under the ground last winter, and that when we came up this spring we were all green. You might try that, and perhaps it would make you green too.”

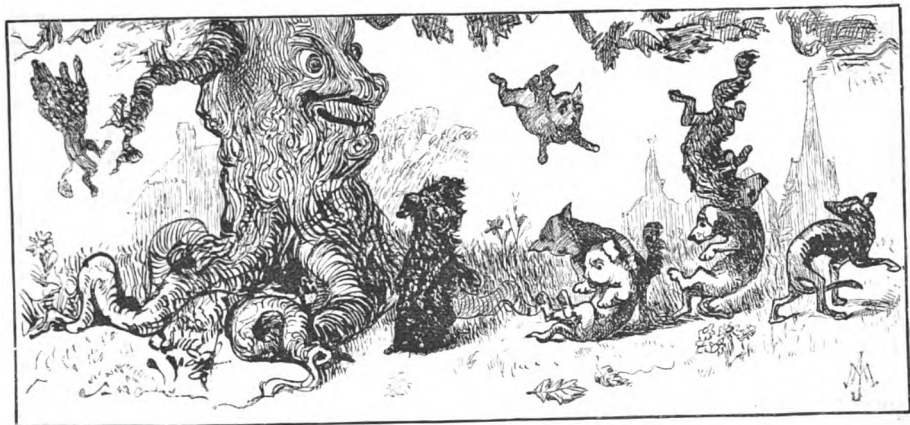
So all the little dogs went to work as fast as they could, and dug holes in the ground; and then they got into them and covered themselves up with earth. But very soon they found that they could not breathe; so they were all obliged to come up again. And when they looked at each other, they

saw to their sorrow that they were not green at all, but just the same colors that they were before—some black, some brown, and some spotted. So then they all went again to the strange little dog, and said :

“Oh, little dog, little dog ! we have been to the grass, and it has not helped us at all. Now, do please tell us what makes your tail so beautifully green, for we never can be happy till ours are like it.”

But the strange little dog only laughed again, and answered : “My tail is not the only green thing in the world. There are the leaves on the great oak-tree ; they are very green indeed. Go and ask them what makes them so, and perhaps they will tell you.”

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could to the great oak-tree, and called out to the little leaves : “Oh, little leaves ! what makes you so beauti-



THE LITTLE DOGS TUMBLE OUT OF THE TREE.

fully green ? Do tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog's.”

But the little leaves all shook their heads, and said : “We know nothing about that. We came out of our buds last spring, and then we were very pale. But we danced about, and the more we danced the greener we grew. Perhaps, if you come up here and dance, you will grow green too.”

So all the little dogs climbed up the tree as fast as they could, and tried to dance about on the branches. But they were not fastened on like the little leaves, so they all fell down and hurt themselves very much ; and when they got up and looked at each other, they were not any greener than before. So then they all cried bitterly, and they ran once more to the strange little dog, and said : “Oh, little dog, little dog ! we have tried the way that the leaves told us, and we have only hurt ourselves dreadfully, and have not got

green at all. And now, if you do not tell us, we shall all die of grief, for we never can rest again till our tails are green."

But the strange little dog only laughed more than ever, and said: "What stupid creatures you are, to think that there is nothing green in the world except my tail. There is the Sea; he is twenty times as green as my tail. Go and ask him, and he will surely tell you all about it, for he is very wise and knows everything."

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could down to the shore; and there was the great hungry Sea prowling up and down, twirling his white moustaches and tossing his white hair, and looking very green and very



THE LITTLE DOGS GO DOWN TO THE SEA.

fierce. The little dogs were very much frightened, but they took courage when they thought of the beautiful green tail, and they said, trembling:

"Oh, great Sea! the strange little dog told us that you were very wise and knew everything, and that you would tell us how to make our tails green like his."

The great Sea smiled wickedly, and answered: "Oh, yes, my children, I can tell you. I am green myself, and I make everything green that touches me. So let me take you in my arms a moment, and you will all become beautifully green just like me."

So the great hungry Sea held out his long green arms, and beckoned to them with his white hands; and the poor little dogs all shut their eyes and jumped in, and in less than a minute the Sea gobbled them all up, so that not one was left. And there was an end of all the little dogs. And the strange little dog went back to the place he came from, with his green tail curled up behind him; and he never was seen or heard of again.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE THREE GIANTS.

THIS is a story that papa told us. He said I could write it out for the ST. NICHOLAS. If I do not tell it well enough, I wish the Little Schoolma'am would do it, for I think it is a good story.

Once there lived a giant. He was very big, and many hundred years old. He was a giant who was not contented unless he was fighting. When he was young he fought with a club; as he grew older, he had armor, a sword, and a lance. When guns came into use, he used them. He could handle a cannon as easily as we can a pocket-pistol.

He had two sons. The oldest was very ambitious and enterprising; the other was of a more quiet disposition. It was not the fashion among giants to let their children do as they chose when they were of age. They wanted to rule them as long as they lived. The ambitious giant did not like this; he wanted his own way, as is the case with most children. He could not run away, because he was so large. There was no place in the world in which he could hide where the old giant would not find him. He concluded he would have to fight it out. He tried to get his brother to join with him, but he would not. He fought a great many times. At last, the old giant got tired of it; he thought, this son made him so much trouble, he would let him go. This was about a hundred years ago. Since then he has grown very rich, and has done many wonderful things. Meanwhile, the other brother has been at work in a quiet way. He spends the most of his time working a farm, under the direction of his father.

Here papa asked us if we could guess who these giants were. He said the farm of the younger giant was not far away, while with the other we were still better acquainted. He is sometimes called Uncle Sam. Then Johnny guessed it was Uncle Sam, or the United States. Then I knew the other brother was Canada, and that the old giant was Old England. Then papa asked us which we thought would come out best at the end. We were patriotic enough to think the United States would. Papa said it depended much upon children like us. When we were older we should all help lead the giant many years. A. S.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

One hundred years, oh now we see
The joyous fruits of liberty!
One hundred years, and now we stand
The people of a mighty land!
Our borders wide, from East to West,
Bear witness that the crucial test
Of freedom has not failed.

Our country's name is not unknown
In arctic climes and deserts lone;
By poets are our glories sung,
In strange as well as native tongue;
From many lands sad pilgrims come
To find in ours a rest and home,
And liberty to all.

And now a hundred years have passed,
We're yet unvanquished to the last;
Unconquered still, and still as brave
As when on land, on ocean's wave,
We fought for homes, for peace and love,
And, trusting in the God above,
Gained our glorious cause.

So then to celebrate our birth,
And show the peoples of the earth
The greatness of the mighty land
Where rule and love go hand in hand,
We ask them now to come and see
The country of the brave, the free,
In its centennial year.

We give our welcome unto all,
The rich, the poor, the great and small;
As well to nation of an hour
As unto royal pomp and power;
To silent poles and sunny lands,
Where Arabs fierce and pilgrim bands
Cross the deserts drear.

Come England, "merrie" land of old,
Mother of kings and heroes bold;
Come Scotland, Wales, and Ireland too,
And see the people sprung from you;

And with you, France, whose tuneful name
Won from us all a lasting fame,
Through one, her honored son.

Welcome, Spain! let o'er the past a veil
Be thrown, and hushed be Cuba's wail.
Brave Prussia, dear old Fatherland,
We greet you with a clasp'ing hand.
To you best wishes, fair Italian shore,
And to your Rome, of priestly lore
The center and the home.

And now, let all the world obey
The summons which we give to-day;
And in our own beloved States
Let all the struggles, strifes and hates,
Which have between the South and North
As hideous specters oft crept forth,
Be buried and forgot.

And so with cheered and trusting hearts,
We'll forward go and fill the parts
That raise our country high and still,
And show that courage, strength, and will
Alone can make us great and good,
And bowing not to shrines of wood,
But to our nation's God.

M. W., JR.

CAMPING OUT.

EARLY one September morning, father, my brother Hugh, a gentleman, and I set out to a little trout stream about eight miles distant. Father, Hugh, and I went in a spring wagon; Mr. Mac, the gentleman, on a horse. We soon got there. Father and Hugh set about fishing, while I unhooked and fed the horses and unloaded the wagon. Mr. Mac staid behind to shoot squirrels. I was soon ready to fish, so I took my rod and fished. I had fished about an hour and had not had a bite, and was not going to fish any more, when I was jerked into the water. But I jerked too, and I had a large trout nearly on land when my rod grew very light, and I looked. The trout, hook, line, and all were gone, I did not know where. By this time it was time to have some dinner, so I went and got it ready. We were all very hungry, and ate a good deal. Mr. Mac had shot some squirrels and wild pigeons, which we plucked and roasted on some sticks. It was now quite dark, so we went to bed—Hugh and I in the wagon, father and Mr. Mac on the ground near the fire. We were up with the sun, and ready to fish again; but one of our horses had got loose, and so I had to look for it. After a walk of about five miles, I found it eating some new-mown hay. I soon rode him back to camp, hitched him up, and we were soon on our way home. Our game amounted to fifty-two trout, six squirrels, and three wild pigeons. P. M.

THE NAUGHTY TURKEY.

BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

ONCE upon a time, when the pigs were swine, and the turkeys chewed tobacco, there lived an old man, who kept turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks. One day, the old man, who lived in a cottage in the country, told his fowls he was going out for a long ride (for he kept a horse), and would probably be gone as long as a week. He gave the key of the house to the care of the largest of the turkeys, and told him to be sure and not lose it; also to keep the fowls in good order. The turkey promised, and the old man went away.

When he had gone, the turkey to whom so much care had been intrusted, strutted about the yard very proudly indeed. Said he:

"Now our master is gone, and I have the care of the place, I say let's have some fun."

"All right," said the other fowls, in chorus; "only what shall we begin with?"

"Well," said Sir Strut (that was the big turkey's name), "we will go into the house."

Accordingly, they went into the house, and did as follows: First, they found their way to the cupboard, where they got out some of the catables and had a feast. They next went upstairs and had some good games of play; they ran everywhere, turned everything topsy-turvy, cackling and clucking at a great rate. When night came, they roosted on the backs of the chairs. After about five days, they had eaten up all the grain the old man had left for them. So they gathered together to discuss.

"Well," said Sir Strut (it was the day before the old man was to

return), "I have not thought of it before, but seems to me we will have an awful time to put the house in order again."

"Yes," said the fowls; and instead of trying to clear up the house as well as they could, they all commenced to sigh, and sighed that and the next day.

Suddenly, the old man arrived, much to the fowls' alarm. He asked the trembling Sir Strut for the key. He slowly drew it out from under his wing, and handed it to his master. The old man was surprised at the behavior of his fowls, but soon found out the cause of their alarm when he entered the house. He was right angry at Sir Strut for not behaving better, and for punishment put him in a large chest for an hour. When he was let out, he behaved better for the future, and the old man, with his turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks, lived in peace to the end of his days.

R. H. W.

THE HOMELESS CAT.

WHAT was that ran along by the eaves,
And hid itself in that darkened place;
That crouched so low, that ran so swift,
And looked so sad in its thin, black face?

His voice broke forth in a mournful plea,
As he crouched him away where none might see;
All day he hid in that lonesome place—
His scarred old form and his sad old face.

"It was the old black cat that has no home,
That hides and trembles till night has come,
And then he hunts in the hushed-up street,—
No sight, no sound, but his poor black feet.

There up and along the still, dark way
He hunts, and hurries all night till the day;
Sometimes in the cellars he catches a rat,
And sometimes he meets some other lost cat;

And sometimes he meets a family pet,
Whose form is lusty with morsels sweet.
Poor cat with the scars and the torn old ears,
No wonder he creeps, no wonder he fears!

Last night in the stables the hostler threw
A stone as he passed, and laughed at the mew,—
The wild, sad mew, as he slunk down the street,
In the cold and darkness, new foes to meet.

Oh, speak to him kindly, his eyes are so sad;
Don't scare him away, no food has he had;
He has n't a friend in the cold, dreary street,
But gets hissings and blows from all he may meet.

Under the house is his damp, chilly bed;
And no one will cry when the old cat is dead.
Then speak to him kindly, and help him, oh do!
The old cat is hungry. God made him and you. J. H.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MANY of our readers will sympathize with the fancies of D. E. M., who sends the Letter-Box

THE GAMES I LIKE.

I like a rousing game of ball,
No matter how base so it's played with a will;
I like "shinny," and marbles, and "getting a haul,"
And playing at soldier, if I lead the drill.

I like sending a kite far up out of sight,
Where only the man in the moon can see;
I like "pulling her in," with my whole main and might,
But I *don't* like to get her caught fast in a tree.

I like "tag" in all weathers, and "stumping" as well—
That is if the fellows are all of a size;
And jumping off hay-stacks (with no one to tell)—
That is if the pitchfork don't get in your eyes.

But better than marbles, kite, "shinny," or hay,
And better than drilling or stumping or ball,
I like a good rollicksome game of croquet,
When the girls who are playing are not very small.

I like leap-frog and hop-scotch—glorious fun!
Summer and winter, spring-time and fall;
And better than anything under the sun
Are skating and coasting—hurrah for them all!

Cohasset.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about a little exhibition we girls got up a few months ago. We saw that piece entitled "Quer People" in the April number for 1896, and that, with some of the animals in the April number for 1895, music, and a few other tableaux, made quite a nice little exhibition.

We had ten cents admission, and made over six dollars. It went off very finely, and every one seemed to like it.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS better than any other magazine. G. T.

Daytona, Volusia Co., Florida.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: We live here on a peninsula half a mile wide, with Halifax River on one side and the Atlantic on the other. We are on the coast, opposite the head of St. John's River.

We go bathing sometimes, and hunting turtle-eggs, which are very funny soft-shelled things.

There are quantities of shells, corals, sea-anemones, star-fish, etc., on the beach. I have an aquarium just like the one described in the February ST. NICHOLAS, only I have crabs in mine. We have had a great many flowers blooming all winter out-doors. There have been but two frosts. Papa has a large orange grove, and in the season I have more than I can eat. There are wild groves too, all around, with sour fruit on all the time. We could well afford to "scrub our floors with oranges," as Jack tells about.—Yours lovingly,
CARRIE W. MITCHELL.

We are indebted to the courtesy of J. E. Davis, Esq., author of "The Annals of Windsor," for some of the illustrations to the present installment of "Windsor Castle."

Shady Side, Pittsburgh, Aug. 2d.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not believe I have ever seen a letter from Pittsburgh in the Letter-Box, but this will show you that there are children here who take and love you. We are always delighted when you come every month, and we take turns in reading and looking at you. I am studying French, and hope I shall soon be able to translate your stories in that language. I have been to the Centennial, and I believe I liked England's display in the Main Building best of all. I also liked that of France and Russia very much indeed.

Please put down my name, and the names of my two brothers, Kennedy and Samuel, as Bird-defenders.

LIZZIE B. MOORHEAD.

The name of Laura Moss was unintentionally omitted from the Roll of Honor in Deacon Green's report on the Declarations of Independence, published in the August number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed you very much, and I say that you are the best boys' and girls' magazine out. I like the Jack Hazard stories and "The Boy Emigrants" best, and I say that if the boys and girls have lost Andersen, they need not fret if they have two such writers as Noah Brooks and J. T. Trowbridge, who write such excellent stories that one never tires of reading them.

CHARLES S. RICHÉ.

THE following letters seem to show that, though the birds destroy great numbers of insects, the victory is not always on their side. A wasp or a bee is a very different kind of prey from a fly, and altogether too formidable an enemy for a small singing-bird to engage with. But it even appears from these cases that the insects are sometimes the attacking party.

Cold Spring.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday our bird was hung out on the stoop, and was singing away, when all of a sudden he stopped and began to beat his head against the wires. We took him down and found that a wasp had stung him on the top of the head. After we had put water on his head, he began to get better, but may not live.—Yours truly,

W. L. M.
Mandeville.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I dearly love your magazine. I want to tell you about a little humming-bird that was stung to death by a bee. I was out in the garden one evening, when I heard a buzzing in the honeysuckle vine, and went to see what was the matter, when I saw a tiny little humming-bird on a branch, and a large bee buzzing angrily around it. I frightened the bee away, and took the bird into the house, where I saw it had been stung by the bee. I tried to revive it, but it only struggled a few minutes and then died.—Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, and they are stanch and strong to this day. Children one hundred

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS ONE CENTURY AGO.

New York, July 6, 1896.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please show the children these Centennial chairs, which Miss Donlevy has drawn for me "from life." They were made for two little folks (brother and sister) just one hundred years ago, and have been in the same house ever since—an old stone cottage still standing in Rockland County, New York. Both chairs are made of oak; they have never been varnished or painted; and they are stanch and strong to this day. Children one hundred



years ago, you see, knew nothing about spring seats or fancy rockers. A good strong straight-backed affair was all they wanted.
On last New Year's Eve, two dear great-grandchildren sat in these chairs before a log-fire in the wide old-fashioned chimney-place, while fifty of their aunts, uncles, and cousins told with delight how they too had enjoyed the same chairs in their childhood.—Yours very truly,
GRANDMOTHER.

Newark, N. J.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to describe to you the birds in our neighborhood. The principal birds around here are the cat-bird, robin, chippy, wren, crow, hawk, quail, humming-bird, thrush, blue-bird, swallow, black-bird, and wild duck.
The cat-bird is of a dark gray color, and destroys a great many cherries.
The robin is a very beautiful bird; the color of his back is mottled, while that of his breast is a dull red. He is a little larger than the cat-bird.
The chippy is a very small bird, of a sort of mottled gray and black. It lays eggs speckled brown and white.
The wren is considerably smaller than the chippy, and very nearly the same color.
The crow is a large bird, with feathers of a glossy jet black. You can usually spy him in some distant corn-field, which he delights to visit.
The hawk is still larger than the crow, often measuring three feet from wing to wing. We have a pair of wings measuring three feet six inches. There are two kinds of hawks around here. The first is the chicken-hawk, who lives altogether on chickens, pigeons, etc.

The other is the fish-hawk, whose name tells you what he preys upon. The quail is a bird very much hunted, but nature has provided him with a good pair of legs, that he can use to advantage; and often when he is badly wounded in the wing, he can escape by means of his running powers. He is of a brown color, and not very large.
The humming-bird is the smallest bird I know of. He is usually seen around trumpet-creepers and sweet flowers. He can be shot only with water, as the smallest shot tear him to pieces.
The thrush is about the size of a robin, but of a brown color.
The blue-bird is the first of the spring. His name tells you his hue. He is a little smaller than the cat-bird.
The swallow builds his nest in chimneys and corners of barns. His back is black, while his breast is white.
The black-bird lives in marshy places. The female bird is black all over, and the male has a white breast.
The wild-duck also resides in marshy places. He is about the size of the crow, with a very long neck. His color is gray.

Yours truly,
D. H.

J. P. B., whose initials are pleasantly familiar to readers of the Riddle-Box, sends that department a very ingenious "Quadruple Acrostic." It is quite hard to solve, however, as puzzles of equal merit usually are, and so we have concluded to print both acrostic and answer here. By this means, too, the excellence of the puzzle will be seen at once, and more clearly than if it were printed in the customary manner and the answer held over for a month.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

(Fill two blanks in succession with words having the same initial and final.)

My initials "one" and finals "two" being reckoned,
My first to all will call to mind my second;
And both the present year will oft be spoken,
As each of patriotism may stand a token.

Easy as for the chattering — to —
Is it, in this famed — words to draw
In praise of my —; both its first,
As well as finals, proving — that burst
From lips as glibly as one asks the —
To credit me I'm sure none will refuse,
When I assert my finals loved the —
(Even as the — loves music) from his youth.
He was a zeal no — could forestall;
Nor, for defeat, like — would he fall.
No — to hide at — the power that burned,
And, seeking — help, we turned
—, and, seeking —, found deliverance from strife.
No — secured our nation's life.
Without — he struck the mighty blow,
From which my first results—one hundred years —;
Letting a nation on his prowess —,
— in heart, though like a lamb in mien.

ANSWER.

CENTENNIAL, WASHINGTON.
C — ro — W C — a — W
E — t — A E — nigm — A
N — ame — S N — ew — S
T — rut — H T — hrus — H
E — nnu — I E — t — I
N — u — N N — oo — N
N — earin — G N — eed — C
I — T — L — mpton — T
A — d — O A — g — O
L — ca — N L — io — N

Logansport, July 18th, 1896.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little girl, but mamma says your magazine is published for little children, and I want to tell you all about little Dick. Dick was my canary-bird, and yesterday morning the cat caught him, and last night mamma found him dead in his cage. I cried when the cat hurt him, and last night I cried myself to sleep. This morning we put him in a little box, lined with pink merino, and we trimmed it with geranium leaves and white verbenas. Then we dug a little grave and put him in. Mamma helped me plant the flowers on it. Papa says, "Don't cry, little daughter; you shall have another bird." But the new one won't be Dick.
I have no little sister, only a little brother, and we have taken the Sp. NICHOLAS for a long long while. It belongs to Hadie, and the Youth's Companion belongs to me. I spoke "The Dead Doll" at the closing of school, and we lent our books to all our little friends. Mamma is going to have them bound for us. We buy them at the book-store, and Hadie is going to get up a club for the next year. I want you to write me a little verse about my dead bird, then I can always have it.
From one of your little readers,
MAMIE RHODES.

Princeton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you two things. Will you please answer them in the Letter-Box?

Now for the first question. How can I clean dirty coins so that I can read them, and keep gold and silver coins clean? As I have a collection of about five hundred coins, it is quite important to know how to have them nice and clean and legible.

And also this—Can a Bird-defender have a canary? I have a canary, and yet am a Bird-defender. But a lady sent it to me as a present, and of course I could not refuse it. And if I let it go free in the open air, it will perish on account of the climate. So don't you think I am justifiable in keeping him? But I am afraid I am writing too much, so good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—I remain, yours truly,
A. G. CAMERON.

To clean tarnished gold, silver, and copper coins, procure a box of "electro silicon" at a grocer's, and mix a small quantity of the powder with alcohol so as to make a thin paste. Rub the coins with a brush dipped in this, precisely as in cleaning silver with whiting, and then wash in warm soap-suds, and lastly in clean water. Rub the coins dry with chamois-skin to finish the work. Any ordinary stains may be readily removed by this process.

A Bird-defender can keep a canary.

The following story was sent by A. E. M., and was written by her little brother just six years old:

A roaring bull went up in a tree, and a man after him, and a mad dog after the man. Then the bull jumped down and tossed the man and the mad dog in the air. Then he ran home. When the man came down, he ran away, and the dog ran in front of the man, and the man tripped over him and falled in a river, and a great big whale eaten him all up.

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know a boy who says that, as roosters are fowls and not birds, it is not wrong to make them fight. I think it is both wrong and cruel. Please give me your opinion on the subject. I hope, when he hears your decision, he will be convinced and become a Bird-defender.—Very truly yours,
A LITTLE GIRL.

"Roosters" are fowls, and fowls are birds, and that boy ought to know better.

AFTER the pages of Jack-in-the-Pulpit for this month were in type, we received word from the Little Schoolma'am begging us to say that the "important omission" to which your attention is called on p. 798 does not occur in all of the many notes containing answers to her queries on p. 671 of the August number. The following boys and girls gave the "missing item" in full: Allie Bertram, J. Johnson, James N. Benton, Robert L. Groendycke, "Bob White," Jennie Louise Bird, Alfred E. Forstall, Fannie Ford, M. M. Hoppin, Carl E. Edson, Walter E. Fish, "Scientific," A. G. Cameron, Willie Haydon, E. A. Law, Humphreys Kortrecht, Lena J. Moore, Louise P. Russell, Phoebe Loving, Henry H. Huss, Charles H. Hall, A. B. Ropes, Milfred R. B., Alfred A. Whitman, J. J. Lawrence, Frank E. Davis, Charlie Dale, Hiram Hathaway, Jr., and Charles M. Morris.

H. M. D. wishes ST. NICHOLAS to tell the boys and girls of a delightful book which he has just been reading—"The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sydney," published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York. He says it is so very entertaining, and so clearly written, that "you think you are only having a good time when in reality you are learning history."

Having personal knowledge of this little work, we very gladly endorse H. M. D.'s opinion. A study of the character of Sir Philip Sydney will show boys what is most worthy of emulation, and girls what to look for in their boy friends. You cannot follow Sir Philip in every way, but you can be good and brave and courtly to-day, boys, as well as if you were living in the times of Queen Elizabeth.

MANY of our big boys and girls will have a treat in reading an excellent volume of stories lately issued by Roberts Brothers. It is written by Susan Coolidge, who, as you all know, is a frequent contributor to ST. NICHOLAS; and though its title is "For Summer Afternoons," it is just as good for October as for June. Susan Coolidge does n't know how to be dull. Her books are as fresh and bracing as the air of her own New England hills.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded and curtailed.

1. The engineer made a — of the ship, and the poet wrote an — the same day. 2. These — are — for our purpose. 3. He showed much — to the needs of others when he forced the beggar from his —. 4. The — came too — to do his work to-day. 5. Upon this — there are many works of —. 6. How — you are to know my —.
CYRIL DEANE.

A HIDDEN TOUR.

Fragments from a School-girl's Diary.

EACH complete sentence includes the name of a city, or town, or river, or country in Europe.

1. When we landed, H. flourished his sabre, mended for the occasion. 2. This city is more apt to be slighted than over-estimated. 3. Here we heard music of which each motive lingers in the memory. 4. Here we bought sandwiches of ham most curiously flavored. 5. Here we met our uncle, unexpectedly, on stepping from the cars. 6. Is prospect. 7. A hasty glance at the "phrase book," and then said Henrico: "L'ogneyun serrya mantenong de bong—che—smell!" 8. Here Maria bought yards of ribbon, not to mention gloves and handkerchiefs. 9. As we approached this place, the cleverness of our courier Jacob lent zest to all our enjoyment. 10. We met here a lady.

of rank, fortune, and most fascinating appearance. 11. We here found that, as we were entirely dependent on our "mann," he imposed upon us sometimes. 12. Here, for two days, H. carried a sick robin, gently tucked into a basket. 13. Here everything had enjoys perfect immunity. 14. This place provoked the following original remark from Jones: "Tut! gardens are no great novelty." 15. Near this place, after a collision, we heard a Scotchman murmur: "Mun I change cars anny mair?" 16. Here all of us "wished to live to be ninety," rollicking party that we were! 17. To this place we went over on a special train. 18. Here all who visit have nice times. 19. Here we saw a gentleman of the P. R., a guest whose company was not an agreeable acquisition. 20. Here we heard this from a French tourist: "I will zee Londres, den ze rest of ze Vest End!" 21. Here we had often to recall that the German verb to live is "leben." 22. Here we enjoyed a tournament of wit, ten burghers vociferating at once. 23. Here we saw a splendid review,—cavalry without number, lines of infantry,—all the departments in perfect condition. GUMMIDGE.

EASY METAGRAM.

(BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.)

CHANGE initial letter of a girl's name, and find a time; again, and find a word meaning 'desire'; again, and find an entrance; again, and find an emotion that you should avoid; again, change initial letter, and find something which we all should dislike dear ST. NICHOLAS to be.
LIZZIE KIERNAN.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

- First diamond: 1. In a store. 2. A card. 3. To frighten. 4. A time. 5. In a museum.
 Second diamond: 1. In a circus. 2. Before. 3. Common birds. 4. An animal. 5. In a dwelling-house.
 Centrals connected: Ugly things sometimes found in fields.

C. D.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A precious stone. 2. An evergreen tree. 3. A girl's name. 4. A heavy metal. ISOLA.

RIDDLE.



An interjection; vowel sound;
 Another exclamation;
 A game of cards; verb; relative;
 A ruler of a nation;
 And, lying snug within them all,
 A little preposition
 That's never out when lawyers read
 A learned deposition.
 These eight I find within a word,
 Not moving e'en a letter;
 Though using each oft as I please,
 To make my riddle better.

So, in the next, I find a sound
 That oft leads to the right, sir;
 Followed by that which to the heart
 Of lover gives delight, sir,
 And then a little adverb, quite
 As harmless as a daisy;
 Besides, an animal which oft
 Is stupid deemed, and lazy.

Now put the two down side by side,
 Without a shade of mixture;
 You'll find a something brought to mind
 Quite clearly in this picture.

JOEL S.

CONSONANT PUZZLE.

INTERPERSE consonants in the following line of vowels (without disarranging the order of the vowels), so that nine States and one Territory will appear:

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOAOIIIIIIIIIA.
 F. N. C.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a plaintive poem, and leave a part of the body.
2. Behead and curtail a small fruit, and leave a quick, smart blow.
3. Behead and curtail a precious stone, and leave a domestic animal.
4. Behead and curtail a coniferous tree, and leave a part of a circle.
5. Behead and curtail a Turkish officer, and leave a forest tree.
6. Behead and curtail a bird used for food, and leave a pinch with the nails or teeth.
7. Behead and curtail a motive power, and leave a beverage.
8. Behead and curtail a color, and leave a resinous substance.
9. Behead and curtail a small animal, and leave a number.
10. Behead and curtail a large basket or hamper, and leave a small animal.

ISOLA.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

WHY, what a very strange —
 To offer stews at such —
 Of course each one may have his —
 But rather than eat meat and —
 Which costs so much, I'd live on —.

X.

EASY ENIGMAS.

I.—EIGHT LETTERS.

A BOY held a 5, 6, 7, 8 close to the eyes of my whole, to 5, 4, 2, 8 at him better, and laughed to see him 3, 2, 1 and 1, 5, 6, 7, 8.

II.—ELEVEN LETTERS.

YOU find my whole in the 1, 11, 3, 5, 4. He keeps a 4, 6, 3, 11, 9 lookout, and when he 6, 10, 3, 2, 5 the least noise 6, 7, 9, 4 quickly beyond your 1, 11, 3, 5, 8.

J. P. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals give the names of two places where battles were fought during the Revolutionary war.

1. An Indian chief.
2. A mythological ship.
3. A singing bird.
4. A part of the body.
5. A garden vegetable.
6. A kind of brass.
7. A domestic animal.
8. A forest tree.

ISOLA.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
2. Frozen water.
3. Is used to propel vessels.
4. A reptile.
5. A consonant.

H. E.

PUZZLE.

THERE is a word of seven letters which signifies to be worthy of distinction. If it be divided (without transposition of letters) into two words of two and five letters respectively, they signify a want of a household convenience and ornament. If divided into words of three and four letters respectively, they signify incapacity.

L. W. H.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in ice, but not in snow;
 My second is in ash, but not in pine;
 My third is in sail, but not in row;
 My fourth is in drink, but not in wine;
 My fifth is in evil, but not in wrong;
 My sixth is in like, but not in same;
 My seventh is in tune, but not in song;
 My whole is a very pretty name.

A. B.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a tropical plant, and leave a beverage.
2. Syncopate a relative, and leave an insect.
3. Syncopate a fish, and leave a covering for the head.
4. Syncopate an article of clothing, and leave an animal.
5. Syncopate an animal, and leave a dwelling.
6. Syncopate a metal, and leave a boy.
7. Syncopate an excuse, and leave a vegetable.
8. Syncopate a plant, and leave a color.
9. Syncopate a flower, and leave an animal.
10. Syncopate a ponderous volume, and leave a part of the body.

ISOLA.

EASY CHARADE.

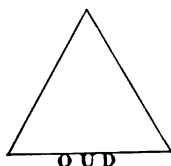
I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second united form a kitchen utensil. My third is a toy, and is used in the army. My whole is a fashionable entertainment.

R. P.

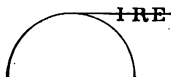
GEOMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

A NEW PUZZLE FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS.

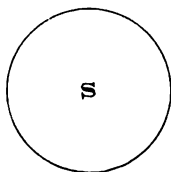
(Transpose what is expressed by each figure into a single word which will answer to the definition given beneath the figure. Thus: the first figure represents "triangle on Q U D," which can be transposed into "grandiloquent.")



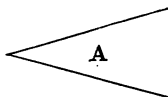
Pompous.



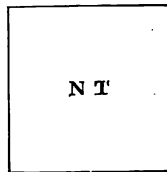
Diverting.



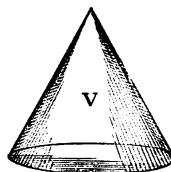
Pertaining to the circus.



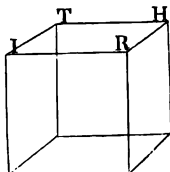
A girl's name.



Waiting-times.



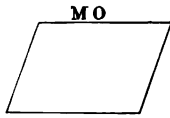
To feign ignorance.



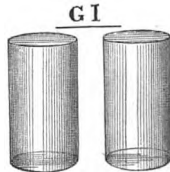
An historic river.



Illiberality.



An irregular crystal.



With deliberation.

J. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Laming, malign. 2. Stray, trays. 3. Abode, adobe. 4. Keen, knee. 5. Inks, sink, skin. 6. Statement, testament. 7. Disprove, provides. 8. Bet, beet. 9. Phrase, seraph. 10. Smote, tomes, notes. 11. Serves, Scves, verses, severs. 12. Trace, crate. REBUS.—"Man looks before and after, and sighs for what is not." ENIGMA.—Baltimore. REMAINDERS.—Florida

Tri —F— les
Mo —l—ded
Thr—O—ugh
Gar—R—als
Lab—l—als
Tri —D—ent
Gre—A—ter

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—The Letter-Box, The Riddle-Box.
WORD-SQUARE.—

CHANT
HONOR
AWNIE
NOISE
TREES

RIDDLE.—Box.

EXCEPTIONS.—1. Album, alum. 2. Boy, by. 3. Wreath, wrath. 4. Roman, roan. 5. Horse, hose. 6. Rose, roc. 7. Table, tale.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Bird's nest, Satisfied.

B L U E I R D S
B I L O C U L A R
B A R R I S T E R
H O O D W I N K S
B L E S S I N G S
B L U F F N E S S
P R I C E L E S S
M E C H A N I S T
D E P E N D E N T

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Craft, raft, aft. Shark, hark, ark. Spill, pill, ill. Blow, low, ow(e). Charm, harm, arm.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS.—Forewarned, forearmed.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Administrators. 2. Agreements. 3. Pension. 4. Apprentice. 5. Pension. 6. Mortgage.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—"Owe nothing, be behindhand in nothing, and be on time."

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Tidal, Ladle, Order.

T R O L L
I R A
D
L E A
E R R O L

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Delightful St. Nicholas.

D —elicious—S
E —legant—T
L —inde—N
I —gnis Fatu—I
G —alli—C
H —ashees—H
T —oront—O
F —inga—L
U —mbrell—A
L —uminous—S

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

O
E M U
B A N N S
D E R I D E D
D E B U T
D U E
S

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 18, from Emil P. Albrecht, Allie Bertram, Laura Hannabery, Eddie M. Semple, "Ella and Edith," "Bob White," Ellen M. Field, Harry K. White, Emma Elliott, "Zerlina and Zitella," Mamie A. Rich, John F. Haseltine, Lulu Howes, Arthur D. Smith, A. Carter, Nettie Hall, Anna P. Warren, J. M. Paton, Jeannie Sprunt, Mary H. Wilson, "Ardent Admirer," George B. Van Volkenburgh, Virginia Davago, "Alex," Edward Roome, Fred Eastman, Ella Grigg, D. L. Lodge, Mary I. Ellis, Marion J. Ellis, Albert E. Hoyt, Lucy S. Schwab, "Cousin Willie," Louise Hinsdale, Jenny R. Miller, Anna Laura Buckingham, E. B. Ross, Jr., John B. Greiner, Nessie E. Stevens, "Apollo," Louis M. Ogden, Marie Emery, Lottie Warbasse, "Violet," Helena M. D., Arnold Guyot Cameron, Walter Raymond Spalding, Therese Mosenenthal, Carrie V. Douglas, Delavan W. Gee, Bessie G. Le Moyné, Louis Cope Washburn, Carrie Mitchell, Alfred R. Mitchell, Brainerd P. Emery, Willie F. Abbott, Moll Pitcher, Fannie H. Ford, Howard Steel Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, Eddie Devinne, Robert L. Groendycke, Jerusha M. Coult, E. L. Shays, "Grace and Allie," Addie L. Rondenbush, Adelaide, A. Pronty, Fanny F. Gardner, Lucy Aller Paton, "Juno," Lulu Way, Florence Brewer and Sadie Hamilton.





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